







REMARKS

ON THE TIDES

IN THE BAY OF

*Federico Halp. & Arzuffi*

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# REMARKS

On several PARTS of

*ITALY, &c.*

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REMEMBRANCE

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## REMARKS

ON SEVERAL

PARTS

OF

ITALY, &amp;c.

In the Years 1701, 1702, 1703.

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*Verum ergo id est, si quis in cœlum ascendisset, naturamque mundi & pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, insuavem illam admirationem ei fore, quæ jucundissima fuisset, si aliquem cui narraret habuisset.*

Cicer. de Amic.

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 L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next Grays-Inn Lane. 1705.

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REMARKS  
ON THE  
LAW  
OF  
THE  
VI  
IV

ASB

1705.

*(Faint handwritten flourish)*





To the Right Honourable

*John Lord Sommers,*

*Baron of Evesham.*

*My* LORD,

**T**HERE is a Pleasure  
in owning Obligati-  
ons which it is an  
Honour to have receiv'd, but  
should I publish any Favours  
A done

## *Dedication.*

done me by Your Lordship, I am afraid it would look more like Vanity than Gratitude.

I had a very early Ambition to recommend my self to Your Lordship's Patronage, which yet encreas'd in me as I Travell'd through the Countries, of which I here give Your Lordship some Account: For whatever great Impressions an *Englishman* must have of Your Lordship, they who have been Conversant Abroad will find 'em still improv'd. It can't but be obvious to them, thattho' they see Your Lordship's

## *Dedication.*

ship's Admirers every where, they meet with very few of Your Well-wishers at *Paris* or at *Rome*. And I could not but observe when I pass'd through most of the Protestant Governments in *Europe*, that their Hopes or Fears for the Common Cause rose or fell with Your Lordship's Interest and Authority in *England*.

I here present Your Lordship with the Remarks that I made in a Part of these my Travels; wherein, notwithstanding the Variety of the Subject, I am very sensible that I offer nothing New

*Dedication.*

to Your Lordship, and can  
have no other Design in this  
Address, than to declare that  
I am,

*My LORD,*

*Your Lordship's most Obliged, and*

*most Obedient Humble Servant,*

**J. ADDISON.**

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# P R E F A C E.

**T**HERE is certainly no Place in the World where a Man may Travel with greater Pleasure and Advantage than in Italy. One finds something more particular in the Face of the Country, and more astonishing in the Works of Nature, than can be met with in any other Part of Europe. It is the great School of Musick and Painting, and contains in it all the noblest Productions of Statuary and Architecture both Ancient and Modern. It abounds with Cabinets of Curiosities, and vast Collections of all Kinds of Antiquities. No other Country in the World has such a Variety of Governments, that are so different in their Constitutions, and so refin'd in their Politicks. There is scarce any Part of the Nation that is not Famous in  
History,

# P R E F A C E.

*History, nor so much as a Mountain or River that has not been the Scene of some extraordinary Action.*

*As there are few Men that have Talents or Opportunities for examining so copious a Subject, one may observe among those who have written on Italy, that different Authors have succeeded best on different sorts of Curiosities. Some have been more particular in their Accounts of Pictures, Statues and Buildings; some have search'd into Libraries, Cabinets of Rarities, and Collections of Medals, as others have been wholly taken up with Inscriptions, Ruins and Antiquities. Among the Authors of our own Country, we are obliged to the Bishop of Salisbury, for his masterly and uncommon Observations on the Religion and Governments of Italy: Laffels may be useful in giving us the Names of such Writers as have treated of the several States through which he pass'd: Mr. Ray is to be valu'd for his Observations on the Natural Productions of  
the*

# P R E F A C E.

*the Place. Monsieur Misson has wrote a more correct Account of Italy in general than any before him, as he particularly Excels in the Plan of the Country, which he has given us in true and lively Colours.*

*There are still several of these Topics that are far from being exhausted, as there are many new Subjects that a Traveller may find to employ himself upon. For my own part, as I have taken Notice of several Places and Antiquities that no Body else has spoken of, so, I think, I have mention'd but few Things in common with others, that are not either set in a new Light, or accompany'd with different Reflections. I have taken care particularly to consider the several Passages of the Ancient Poets, which have any Relation to the Places or Curiosities that I met with: For before I enter'd on my Voyage I took care to refresh my Memory among the Classic Authors, and to make such Collections out of 'em as I might afterwards*

# PREFACE.

wards have Occasion for. I must confess it was not one of the least Entertainments that I met with in Travelling, to examine these several Descriptions, as it were, upon the Spot, and to compare the Natural Face of the Country with the Landskips that the Poets have given us of it. However, to avoid the Confusion that might arise from a Multitude of Quotations, I have only cited such Verses as have given us some Image of the Place, or that have something else besides the bare Name of it to recommend 'em.

MONACO,



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M O N A C O,  
G E N O A, &c.

**O**N the Twelfth of *December*, 1699. I set out from *Mar-seilles* to *Genoa* in a *Tartane*, and arriv'd late at a small *French* Port call'd *Cassis*, where the next Morning we were not a little surpriz'd to see all the Mountains about the Town cover'd with Green Olive-trees, or laid out in beautiful Gardens, that gave us a great Variety of pleasing Prospects, even in the Depth of Winter. The most uncultivated of 'em bear abundance of sweet Plants, that rise naturally. I  
B pluck'd

pluck'd above Five different Sorts that grew within a Yard of each other, as Wild-Time, Lavender, Rosemary, Balme and Mirtle. We were here shown at a distance the Desarts that have been render'd so famous by the Penance of *Mary Magdalene*, who, after her Arrival with *Lazarus* and *Joseph of Arimathea* at *Marseilles*, is said to have wept away the rest of her Life among these solitary Rocks and Mountains. It is so Romantic a Scene, that it has always probably given occasion to such Chimerical Relations; for 'tis perhaps of this Place that *Claudian* speaks, in the following Description.

*Est locus extremum pandit qua Gallia  
littus*

*Oceani prætentus aquis, quæ fertur U-  
lysses*

*Sanguine libato populum movisse Silen-  
tium,*

*Illic Umbrarum tenui stridore volantum  
Flebilis*

*Flebilis auditur questus; simulachra coloni*

*Pallida defunctasque vident migrare figuras, &c.* Cl. In. Ruf. L. I.

A Place there lyes on *Gallia's* utmost  
Bounds,  
Where rising Seas insult the Frontier  
Grounds.

*Ulysses* here the Blood of Victims shed,  
And rais'd the pale Assembly of the  
Dead:

Oft in the Winds is heard a plaintive  
Sound

Of melancholy Ghosts, that hover  
round;

The lab'ring Plow-man oft with }  
Horror spies

Thin airy Shapes, that o'er the Fur- }  
rows rise,

(A dreadful Scene!) and skim be- }  
fore his Eyes.

I know there is nothing more un-  
determin'd among the Learned than  
the Voyage of *Ulysses*; some confin-

ing it to the Mediterranean, others extending it to the great Ocean, and others to a World of the Poet's own making; tho' his Conversations with the Dead are generally suppos'd to have been in the *Narbon Gaul*.

*Incultos adiit Læstrigonas Antiphaten-  
que, &c.*

*Atque hæc seu nostras intersunt cognita  
terras,*

*Fabula sive novum dedit his Erroribus  
Orbem.*

Tib. L. 4. El. 1.

Uncertain whether, by the Winds con-  
vey'd,  
On real Seas to real Shores he stray'd;  
Or, by the Fable driv'n from Coast  
to Coast,  
In new Imaginary Worlds was lost.

The next Day we again set Sail,  
and made the best of our way 'till we  
were forc'd, by contrary Winds, into  
*St. Remo*, a very pretty Town in the  
*Genoese*

*Genoese* Dominions. The Front to the Sea is not large, but there are a great many Houses behind it, built up the Side of the Mountain, to avoid the Winds and Vapours that come from Sea. We here saw several Persons, that in the midst of *December* had nothing over their Shoulders but their Shirts, without complaining of the Cold. It is certainly very lucky for the poorer sort to be born in a Place that is free from the greatest Inconvenience, to which those of our Northern Nations are subject; and indeed without this natural Benefit of their Climates, the extream Misery and Poverty that are in most of the *Italian* Governments would be insupportable. There are at *St. Remo* many Plantations of Palm-trees, that don't grow in other Parts of *Italy*. We sail'd from hence directly for *Genoa*, and had a fair Wind that carry'd us into the middle of the Gulf, which is very remarkable for Tempests and

Scarcity of Fish. It is probable one may be the Cause of the other, whether it be that the Fisher-men can't employ their Art with so much Success in so troubled a Sea, or that the Fish don't care for inhabiting such stormy Waters.

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*Atrium*

*Defendens pisces hyemat mare*————

Hor. Sa. 2. li. 2.

While black with Storms the ruffled  
Ocean rolls,  
And from the Fisher's Art defends her  
Finny Sholes.

We were forc'd to lye in it Two Days, and our Captain thought his Ship in so great Danger, that he fell upon his Knees and confes'd himself to a Capuchin who was on Board with us. But at last, taking the Advantage of a Side-wind, we were driv'n back in a few Hours time as far as *Monaco*. *Lucan* has given us a Description of the Harbour  
that

that we found so very welcome to us,  
after the great Danger that we had e-  
scap'd.

*Quaque sub Herculeo Sacratu nomine  
portus*

*Urget rupe cavâ pelagus: non corus in  
illum*

*Fus habet aut Zephyrus: Solus sua lit-  
tora turbat*

*Circius, & tutâ prohibet statione Monæci.*

Lib. 1.

The winding Rocks a spacious Harbour  
frame,

That from the great *Alcides* takes its  
Name:

Fenc'd to the West, and to the North  
it lyes;

But when the Winds in Southern Quar-  
ters rise,

Ships, from their Anchors torn, become  
their sport,

And sudden Tempests rage within the  
Port.

On the Promontory, where the Town of *Monaco* now stands, was formerly the Temple of *Hercules Monæcus*, which still gives the Name to this small Principality.

*Aggeribus socer Alpinis atq; arce Monæci  
Descendens.* ————— Virg. *Æn.* 6.

There are but Three Towns in the Dominions of the Prince of *Monaco*. The chief of 'em is situate on a Rock that runs out into the Sea, and is well fortify'd by Nature. It was formerly under the Protection of the *Spaniard*, but not many Years since drove out the *Spanish* Garrison, and receiv'd a *French* one, which consists at present of Five Hundred Men, paid and officer'd by the *French* King. The Officer that show'd me the Palace said, with a great deal of Gravity, that his Master and the King of *France*, amidst all the Confusions of *Europe*, had ever been good Friends and Allies.



lies. The Palace has handſom Apartments, that are many of 'em hung with Pictures of the reigning Beauties in the Court of *France*. But the beſt of the Furniture was at *Rome*, where the Prince of *Monaco* reſided at that time Ambaſſador. We here took a little Boat to creep along the Sea-ſhore as far as *Genoa*; but at *Savona*, finding the Sea too rough, we were forc'd to make the beſt of our way by Land, over very rugged Mountains and Precipices: For this Road is much more difficult than that over Mount *Cenis*.

The *Genoeſe* are eſteem'd extremely Cunning, Industrious, and enur'd to Hardſhip above the reſt of the *Italians*; which was likewiſe the Character of the old *Ligurians*. And indeed 'tis no wonder, while the Barrenneſs of their Country continues, that the Manners of the Inhabitants don't change: Since there is nothing makes Men ſharper, and ſets their Hands and  
Wits

Wits more at work than Want. The *Italian* Proverb says of the *Genoese*, that they have a Sea without Fish, Land without Trees, and Men without Faith. The Character that the *Latin* Poets have given of 'em is not much different.

*Assuetumque malo Ligurem.* Virg. G. 2.

The hard *Ligurians*, a laborious kind.

——— *Pernix Ligur.* Sit. It. L. 8.

*Fallaces Ligures.* Auf. Eid. 12.

*Apenninicolæ bellato filius Auni*  
*Haud Ligurum extremus dum fallere fa-*  
*ta sinebant.* Æn. 11.

Yet, like a true *Ligurian*, born to cheat,  
 (At least while Fortune favour'd his De-  
 ceit.)

*Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate su-*  
*perbis,*

*Nequicquam patrias tentasti Lubricus*  
*artes.* Id.

Vain Fool and Coward, cries the lofty  
Maid,

Caught in the Train which thou thy  
self hast laid.

On others practise thy *Ligurian* Arts;  
Thin Stratagems, and Tricks of little  
Hearts

Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,  
With vaunting Lies to thy falacious Sire.

*Dryden.*

There are a great many beautiful Palaces standing along the Sea-shore on both sides of *Genoa*, that make the Town appear much longer than it is to those that sail by it. The City itself makes the noblest Show of any in the World. The Houses are most of 'em painted on the Outside; so that they look extreamly gay and lively, besides that they are esteem'd the highest in *Europe*, and stand very thick together. The New-Street is a double Range of Palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent Fancy, and fit for the greatest Princes to inhabit,

bit. I cannot however be reconcil'd to their manner of Painting several of the *Genoese* Houses. Figures, Perspectives, or Pieces of History are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the Walls that would otherwise look too naked and uniform without 'em: But instead of these, one often sees the Front of a Palace cover'd with painted Pillars of different Orders. If these were so many true Columns of Marble set in their proper Architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the Places where they stand; but as they are now they only shew us that there is something wanting, and that the Palace, which without these Counterfeit Pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the Addition of such as are real. The Front of the *Villa Imperiale*, at a Mile distance from *Genoa*, without any thing of this Paint upon it, consists of a *Doric* and *Corinthian* Row of Pillars,

Pillars, and is much the handsomest of any I there saw. The Duke of *Doria's* Palace has the best Outside of any in *Genoa*, as that of *Durazzo* is the best furnish'd within. There is one Room in the first that is hung with Tapestry, in which are wrought the Figures of the great Persons that the Family has produc'd; as perhaps there is no House in *Europe* that can show a longer Line of Heroes, that have still acted for the Good of their Country.

*Andrew Doria* has a Statue erected to him at the Entrance of the Doge's Palace, with the glorious Title of Deliverer of the Common-wealth; and one of his Family another, that calls him its Preserver. In the Doge's Palace are the Rooms where the great and little Council with the Two Colleges hold their Assemblies; but as the State of *Genoa* is very poor, tho' several of its Members are extreamly rich, so one may observe infinitely more Splendor and Magnificence in particular Persons Houses,

Houses, than in those that belong to the Publick. But we find in most of the States of *Europe*, that the People show the greatest Marks of Poverty where the Governors live in the greatest Magnificence. The Churches are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the Inside, all but one Corner of it being cover'd with Statues, Gilding and Paint. A Man would expect in so very ancient a Town of *Italy* to find some considerable Antiquities; but all they have to show of this Nature is an old *Rostrum* of a *Roman* Ship, that stands over the Door of their Arsenal. It is not above a Foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the Beak of a Ship, had not it been found in so probable a Place as the Haven. It is all of Iron, fashion'd at the End like a Boar's Head; as I have seen it represented on Medals, and on the *Columna Rostrata* in *Rome*. I saw at *Genoa*

Signior

Signior *Micconi's* famous Collection of Shells, which, as Father *Buonani* the Jesuite has since told me, is one of the best in *Italy*. I know nothing more remarkable in the Government of *Genoa* than the Bank of *St. George*, made up of such Branches of the Revenues as have been set apart, and appropriated to the discharging of several Sums, that have been borrow'd from private Persons during the Exigencies of the Commonwealth. Whatever Inconveniences the State has labour'd under, they have never entertain'd a Thought of violating the Publick Credit, or of alienating any Part of these Revenues to other Uses than to what they have been thus assign'd. The Administration of this Bank is for Life, and partly in the Hands of the chief Citizens, which gives 'em a great Authority in the State, and a powerful Influence over the common People. This Bank is generally thought the greatest Load  
on

on the *Genoese*, and the Managers of it have been represented as a second kind of Senate, that break the Uniformity of Government, and destroy, in some measure, the Fundamental Constitution of the State. It is however very certain that the People reap no small Advantages from it, as it distributes the Power among more particular Members of the Republick, and gives the Commons a Figure: So that it is no small Check upon the Aristocracy, and may be one Reason why the *Genoese* Senate carries it with greater Moderation towards their Subjects than the *Venetian*.

It would have been well for the Republick of *Genoa*, if she had follow'd the Example of her Sister of *Venice*, in not permitting her Nobles to make any Purchase of Lands or Houses in the Dominions of a Foreign Prince. For at present the Greatest among the *Genoese* are in part Subjects to the Monarchy of *Spain*, by  
reason



reason of their Estates that lye in the Kingdom of *Naples*. The *Spaniards* Tax 'em very high upon occasion, and are so sensible of the Advantage this gives 'em over the Republick, that they will not suffer a *Neapolitan* to buy the Lands of a *Genoese*, who must find a Purchaser among his own Countrymen if he has a Mind to sell. For this Reason, as well as on Account of the great Sums of Money which the *Spaniard* owes the *Genoese*, they are under a Necessity, at present, of being in the Interest of the *French*, and would probably continue so, tho' all the other States of *Italy* enter'd into a League against 'em. *Genoa* is not yet secure from a Bombardment, tho' it is not so expos'd as formerly; for since the Insult of the *French* they have built a Mole with some little Ports, and have provided themselves with long Guns and Mortars. It is easie for those that are strong at Sea to bring 'em to what Terms they

C

please;

please; for having but very little Arable Land, they are forc'd to fetch all their Corn from *Naples, Sicily,* and other Foreign Countries; except what comes to 'em from *Lombardy,* which probably goes another way, whilst it furnishes Two great Armies with Provisions. Their Fleet, that formerly gain'd so many Victories over the *Saracens, Pisans, Venetians, Turks* and *Spaniards,* that made 'em Masters of *Crete, Sardinia, Majorca, Minorca, Negrepont, Lesbos, Malta,* that settled 'em in *Scio, Smyrna, Achaia, Theodosia,* and several Towns on the Eastern Confines of *Europe,* is now reduc'd to Six Gallies. When they had made an Addition of but Four new ones, the King of *France* sent his Orders to suppress them, telling the Republick at the same time, that he knew very well how many they had Occasion for. This little Fleet serves only to fetch 'em Wine and Corn, and to give their Ladies an Airing in the Summer season.

season. The Republick of *Genoa* has a Crown and Scepter for its Doge, by reason of their Conquest of *Corfica*, where there was formerly a *Saracen* King. This indeed gives their Ambassadors a more honourable Reception at some Courts, but at the same time may teach their People to have a mean Notion of their own Form of Government, and is a tacit Acknowledgment that Monarchy is the more honourable. The old *Romans*, on the contrary, made use of a very barbarous kind of Politicks to inspire their People with a Contempt of Kings, whom they treated with Infamy, and dragg'd at the Wheels of their Triumphal Chariots.

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P A V I A,  
M I L A N, &c.

FROM *Genoa* we took Chaise for *Milan*, and by the way stopp'd at *Pavia*, that was once the Metropolis of a Kingdom, but is at present a poor Town. We here saw the Convent of *Austin* Monks, who about Three Years ago pretended to have found out the Body of the Saint that gives the Name to their Order. King *Luitprand*, whose Ashes are in the same Church, brought hither the Corps, and was very industrious to conceal it, lest it might be abus'd by the barbarous Nations, which at that time  
ravag'd

ravag'd *Italy*. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is discover'd at last. The Fathers however don't yet find their Account in the Discovery they have made; for there are Canons Regular, who have half the same Church in their Hands, that will by no means allow it to be the Body of the Saint, nor is it yet recognis'd by the Pope. The Monks say for themselves, that the very Name was written on the Urn where the *Athes* lay, and that in an old Record of the Convent, they are said to have been interr'd between the very Wall and the Altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the Monks told us, begun to justify themselves by Miracles. At the Corner of one of the Cloisters of this Convent are bury'd the Duke of *Suffolk*, and the Duke of *Lorrain*, that were both kill'd in the Famous Battel of *Pavia*. Their Monument

was erected to 'em by one *Charles Parker*, an Ecclesiastic, as I learn'd from the Inscription, which I can't omit Transcribing, since I have not seen it Printed.

*Capto a Milite Cesareo Francisco I. Gallorum Rege in agro Papiensi Anno 1525. 23. Feb. inter alios proceres qui ex suis in prælio occisi sunt occubuerunt duo Illustrissimi principes Franciscus Dux Lotharingiæ & Richardus de la Poole Anglus Dux Suffolciæ a Rege Tyranno Hen. VIII. pulsus regno. Quorum corpora hoc in cænobio & ambitu per Annos 57. sine honore tumultata sunt. Tandem Carolus Parker, a Morley Richardi proximus consanguineus Regno Angliæ a Reginâ Elisabethâ ob Catholicam fidem ejectus, beneficiâ tamen Philippi Regis Cath. Hispaniarum Monarchæ Invictissimi in Statu Mediolanensi sustentatus, hoc qualecunque monumentum pro rerum suarum tenuitate charissimo propinquo & Illustrissimis principibus posuit, 5. Sept. 1582.*



Et post suum exilium 23. majora Et honorificentiora commendans Lotharigicis. Viator precare Quietem.

This pretended Duke of *Suffolk* was Sir *Richard de la Poole*, Brother of the Earl of *Suffolk*, who was put to Death by *Henry* the Eighth. In his Banishment he took upon him the Title of Duke of *Suffolk*, which had been sunk in the Family ever since the Attainder of the Great Duke of *Suffolk*, in the Reign of *Henry* the Sixth. He fought very bravely in the Battel of *Pavia*, and was magnificently Interr'd by the Duke of *Bourbon*, who, tho' an Enemy, assisted at his Funeral in Mourning.

*Parker* himself is bury'd in the same Place with the following Inscription.

D. O. M.

*Carolo Parchero a Morley Anglo ex Illustrissimâ clarissimâ stirpe. Qui Episcopus Des, ob fidem Catholicam actus in Exilium An. xxxi. peregrinatus ab*

C 4

*Invictiss.*

*Invidiiff. Phil. Rege Hispan. honestiffi-  
mis pietatis & constantiæ præmiis or-  
natus moritur Anno a partu Virginis,  
M. D. C. XI. Men. Septembris.*

In *Pavia* is an University of Seven Colleges, one of 'em call'd the College of *Borromeæ*, very large, and neatly built. There is likewise a Statue in Brass, of *Marcus Antoninus* on Horseback, which the People of the Place call *Charles* the Fifth, and some learned Men, *Constantine* the Great.

*Pavia* is the *Ticinum* of the Ancients, which took its Name from the River *Ticinus* that runs by it, and that is now call'd the *Tesin*. This River falls into the *Po*, and is excessively rapid. The Bishop of *Salisbury* says, that he ran down with the Stream Thirty Miles in an Hour, by the help of but one Rower. I don't know therefore why *Silius Italicus* has represented it as so very gentle and still



still a River, in the beautiful Description that he has given us of it.

*Ceruleas Ticinus aquas & Stagna vado*

*Perspicuus servat, turbari nescia, fundo,  
Ac nitidum viridi lentè trahit amne liquorem;*

*Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis  
Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus*

*Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham.*

L. 4.

Smooth and untroubl'd the *Ticinus* flows,

And through the Crystal Stream the shining Bottom flows:

Scarce can the Sight discover if it moves;

So wond'rous flow amidst the shady Groves,

And tuneful Birds that warble on its Sides,

Within its gloomy Banks the Limpid Liquor glides.

The

A Poet of another Nation would not have dwelt so long upon the Clearness and Transparency of the Stream, but in *Italy* one seldom sees a River that is extremely bright and limpid, most of 'em falling down from the Mountains, that make their Waters very troubled and muddy, whereas the *Tesin* is only an Out-let of that vast Lake, which the *Italians* now call the *Lago Maggiore*.

I saw between *Pavia* and *Milan* the Convent of *Carthusians* that is very spacious and beautiful. Their Church is extremely fine, and curiously adorn'd, but of a *Gothic* Structure.

I could not stay long in *Milan* without going to see the Great Church that I had heard so much of, but was never more deceiv'd in my Expectation than at my first entering: For the Front, which was all I had seen of the Outside, is not half finish'd, and the Inside is so smutt'd with Dust, and the Smoak of Lamps, that neither

ther the Marble, nor the Silver, nor Brass-Works show themselves to an Advantage. This vast *Gothic* Pile of Building is all of Marble, except the Roof, which would have been of the same Matter with the rest, had not its Weight render'd it improper for that part of the Building. But for the Reason I have just now mention'd, the Outside of the Church looks much whiter and fresher than the Inside; for where the Marble is so often wash'd with Rains, it preserves it self more beautiful and unsoil'd, than in those Parts that are not at all expos'd to the Weather. That Side of the Church indeed, which faces the *Tramontane* Wind, is much more unsightly than the rest, by reason of the Dust and Smoak that are driven against it. This Profusion of Marble, tho' astonishing to Strangers, is not very wonderful in a Country that has so many Veins of it within its Bowels. But tho' the Stones are  
cheap,

cheap, the working of 'em is very expensive. It is generally said there are Eleven Thousand Statues about the Church, but they reckon into the Account every particular Figure in the History-pieces, and several little Images that make up the Equipage of those that are larger. There are indeed a great Multitude of such as are bigger than the Life: I reckon'd above Two Hundred and Fifty on the Outside of the Church, tho' I only told Three Sides of it; and these are not half so thick set as they intend 'em. The Statues are all of Marble, and generally well cut; but the most valuable one they have is a *St. Bartholome-w*, new-fleed, with his Skin hanging o'er his Shoulders: It is esteem'd worth its weight in Gold: They have inscrib'd this Verse on the Pedestal, to show the Value they have for the Workman.

*Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit  
Agrati.* Left

Lest at the Sculptor doubtfully you  
guess,

'Tis *Marc Agrati*, not *Praxiteles*.

There is, just before the Entrance of the Quire, a little Subterraneous Chappel, Dedicated to St. *Charles Borromeo*, where I saw his Body, in Episcopal Robes, lying upon the Altar in a Case of Rock-Crystal. His Chappel is adorn'd with abundance of Silver Work: He was but Two and Twenty Years old when he was chosen Archbishop of *Milan*, and Forty Six at his Death; but made so good use of so short a time, by his Works of Charity and Munificence, that his Countrymen bless his Memory, which is still fresh among 'em. He was Canonis'd about a Hundred Years ago, and indeed if this Honour were due to any Man, I think such Publick spirited Virtues may lay a juster Claim to it, than a four Retreat from Mankind, a fiery Zeal against *Heterodoxies*,

a Set of Chimerical Visions, or of Whimsical Penances, that are generally the Qualifications of *Roman* Saints. Miracles indeed are requir'd of all that aspire to this Dignity, because they say an Hypocrite may imitate a Saint in all other Particulars, and these they attribute in great Number, to him I am speaking of. His Merit, and the Importunity of his Countrymen, procur'd his Canonization before the ordinary time; for 'tis the Policy of the *Roman* Church not to allow this Honour, ordinarily, 'till Fifty Years after the Death of the Person that is a Candidate for it; in which time it may be suppos'd that all his Contemporaries will be worn out, that could contradict a pretended Miracle, or remember any Infirmity of the Saint. One would wonder that *Roman* Catholicks, who are for this kind of Worship, don't generally address themselves to the Holy Apostles, who have a more unquestionable Right  
to

to the Title of Saints than those of a Modern Date; but these are at present quite out of Fashion in *Italy*, where there is scarce a great Town, that does not pay its Devotions in a more particular manner to some one of their own making. This renders it very suspicious, that the Interests of Particular Families, Religious Orders, Convents or Churches, have too great a Sway in their Canonizations. When I was at *Milan* I saw a Book newly publish'd, that was Dedicated to the present Head of the *Borromean* Family, and entitl'd, *A Discourse on the Humility of Jesus Christ, and of St. Charles Borromeo.*

The Great Church of *Milan* has Two Noble Pulpits of Brass, each of 'em running round a large Pillar, like a Gallery, and supported by huge Figures of the same Metal. The History of our Saviour, or rather of the Blessed Virgin, (for it begins with her Birth, and ends with her Coronation  
in

in Heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of *Episode*) is finely cut in Marble by *Andrew Biffy*. This Church is very Rich in Relicks, which run up as high as *Daniel*, *Jonas* and *Abraham*. Among the rest they show a Fragment of our Countryman *Becket*, as indeed there are very few Treasuries of Relicks in *Italy* that have not a Tooth or a Bone of this Saint. It would be endless to count up the Riches of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones, that are amass'd together in this and several other Churches of *Milan*. I was told, that in *Milan* there are Sixty Convents of Women, Eighty of Men, and Two Hundred Churches. At the *Celestines* is a Picture in Fresco of the Marriage of *Cana*, very much esteem'd; but the Painter, whether designedly or not, has put Six Fingers to the Hand of one of the Figures: They show the Gates of a Church that St. *Ambrose* shut against the Emperor *Theodosius*,



as thinking him unfit to assist at Divine Service, 'till he had done some extraordinary Penance for his barbarous Massacring the Inhabitants of *Theffalonica*. The Emperor was however so far from being displeas'd with the Behaviour of the Saint, that at his Death he committed to him the Education of his Children. Several have pick'd Splinters of Wood out of the Gates for Relicks : There is a little Chappel lately re-edify'd, where the same Saint baptis'd St. *Austin*. An Inscription on the Wall of it says, that it was in this Chappel, and on this Occasion, that he first sung his *Te Deum*, and that his great Convert answer'd him Verse by Verse. In one of the Churches I saw a Pulpit and Confessional, very finely In-laid with *Lapis-Lazuli*, and several kinds of Marble, by a Father of the Convent. It is very lucky for a Religious, who has so much Time on his Hands, to be able to amuse himself with Works

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of

of this Nature; and one often finds particular Members of Convents, that have excellent Mechanical Genius's, and divert themselves, at leisure Hours, with Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Gardening, and several kinds of Handy-Crafts. Since I have mention'd Confessionals, I shall set down here some Inscriptions that I have seen over 'em in *Roman-Catholick* Countries, which are all Texts of Scripture, and regard either the Penitent or the Father. *Abi, Ostende Te ad Sacerdotem*-----*Ne taceat pupilla oculi Tui*-----*Ibo ad patrem meum & dicam, Pater peccavi*-----*Soluta erunt in Cœlis*-----*Redi Anima mea in Requiem tuam*-----*Vade, & nè deinceps pecca*-----*Qui vos audit me audit*-----*Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati estis & onerati*-----*Corripiet me justus in misericordiâ*-----*Vide si via Iniquitatis in me est & deduc me in viâ æternâ*-----*Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum.* I saw the *Ambrosian Library*, where,

where, to show the *Italian* Genius, they have spent more Money on Pictures than on Books. Among the Heads of several learned Men I met with no *Englishman*, except Bishop *Fisher*, whom *Henry* the Eighth put to Death for not owning his Supremacy. Books are indeed the least part of the Furniture that one ordinarily goes to see in an *Italian* Library, which they generally set off with Pictures, Statues, and other Ornaments, where they can afford 'em, after the Example of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*.

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————— *Plena omnia gypso*  
*Chryssippi Invenias: nam perfectissimus*  
*horum*  
*Si quis Aristotelem Similem vel Pittacon*  
*emit,*  
*Et jubet Archetypos pluteum servare*  
*Cleanthas.* Juv. S. 2.

*Chryssippus* Statue decks thy Library.

Who makes his Study finest, is most  
read;

The Dolt that with an *Aristotle's* Head,  
Carv'd to the Life, has once adorn'd  
his Shelf,

Straight sets up for a Stagyrite him-  
self. *Tate.*

In an Appartment behind the Li-  
brary are several Rarities in Painting  
and Sculpture, that have been often  
describ'd by Travellers, as *Brugeal's*  
Elements, a Head of *Titian*, by his  
own Hand, a Manuscript in *Latin* of  
*Josephus*, which the Bishop of *Salis-*  
*bury* says was written about the Age  
of *Theodosius*, and another of *Leo-*  
*nardus Vinci*, which King *James*  
the First could not procure, tho'  
he proffer'd for it Three Thou-  
sand *Spanish* Pistols. It consists of  
Designings in Mechanism and Engi-  
neering: I was shown in it a Sketch  
of Bombs and Mortars, as they are  
now us'd. Canon *Settala's* Cabinet

is always shown to a Stranger among the Curiosities of *Milan*, which I shall not be particular upon, the Printed Account of it being common enough. Among its Natural Curiosities I took particular notice of a Piece of Crystal, that enclos'd a couple of Drops, which look'd like Water when they were shaken, tho' perhaps they are nothing but Bubbles of Air. It is such a Rarity as this that I saw at *Vendome* in *France*, which they there pretend is a Tear that our Saviour shed over *Lazarus*, and was gather'd up by an Angel, who put it in a little Crystal Vial, and made a Present of it to *Mary Magdalene*. The Famous *Pere Mabillon* is now engag'd in the Vindication of this Tear, which a learned Ecclesiastic, in the Neighbourhood of *Vendome*, would have suppress'd, as a false and ridiculous Relick, in a Book that he has Dedicated to his Diocesan the Bishop of *Blois*. It is in the Possession of a *Benedictin* Convent, which

raises a considerable Revenue out of the Devotion that is paid to it, and has now retain'd the learnedst Father of their Order to write in its Defence.

It was such a Curiosity as this I have mention'd, that *Claudian* has celebrated in about half a Score Epigrams.

*Solibus indomitum glacies alpina rigorem  
 Sumebat, nimio jam preciosa gelu.  
 Nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,  
 Sed medio mansit proditor orbe latex:  
 Auctus honor; liquidi crescunt miracula Saxi,  
 Et conservatæ plus meruistis Aquæ.*

Deep in the Snowy *Alpes* a Lump of Ice

By Frosts was harden'd to a mighty Price;

Proof to the Sun, it now securely lyes,  
 And the warm Dog-stars hottest Rage defies:

Yet

Yet still unripen'd in the Dewy Mines,  
Within the Ball a trembling Water  
shines,  
That through the Crystal darts its  
spurious Rays,  
And the proud Stone's Original be-  
trays :  
But common Drops, when thus with  
Crystal mixt,  
Are valu'd more, than if in Rubies  
fixt.

As I walk'd thro' one of the Streets  
of *Milan*, I was surpriz'd to read the  
following Inscription, concerning a  
Barber that had Conspir'd with the  
Commiffary of Health and others to  
Poison his Fellow-Citizens. There is  
a void Space where his House stood,  
and in the midft of it a Pillar, fu-  
perscrib'd *Colonna Infame*. The Sto-  
ry is told in handsom *Latin*, which I  
shall fet down, as having never feen  
it tranfcrib'd.

*Pavia, Milan, &c.*

*Hic, ubi hæc Area patens est,  
 Surgebat olim Tonstrina  
 Jo' Jacobi More :*

*Qui factâ cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit.  
 [Commissario*

*Et cum aliis Conspiratione,  
 Dum pestis atrax sæviret,  
 Lethiferis unguentis huc & illuc aspersis  
 Plures ad diram mortem compulit,*

*Hos igitur ambos, hostes patriæ judicatos,  
 Excelso in Plaustro*

*Candenti prius vellicatos forcipe*

*Et dexterâ mulctatos manu*

*Rotâ infringi*

*Rotæque intextos post horas Sex jugulari,*

*Comburi deinde,*

*Ac, nè quid tam Scelestorum hominum*

*[reliqui sit,*

*Publicatis bonis*

*Cineres in flumen projici*

*Senatus jussit :*

*Cujus rei memoria æterna ut sit,*

*Hanc domum, Sceleris officinam,*

*Solo æquari,*

*Ac nunquam in posterum resciri*

*Et*



*Et erigi Columnam,  
Quæ vocatur Infamis,  
Idem ordo mandavit.*

*Procul hinc procul ergo  
Boni Cives,  
Ne Vos Infelix, Infame solum  
Commaculet!*

*M. D. C. xxx. Kal. Augusti.*

*Præside Pub. Sanitatis M. Antonio Montio Senatore R. Justitiæ Cap. Jo. Baptistâ Vicecomi.*

The Citadel of *Milan* is thought a Noble Fortification in *Italy*, and has held out formerly after the Conquest of the whole Dutchy. The Governor of it is independent on the Governor of *Milan*; as the *Persians* us'd to make the Rulers of Provinces and Fortresses of different Conditions and Interests, to prevent Conspiracies.

At Two Miles distance from *Milan* there stands a Building, that would have been a Master-piece in its kind, had

had the Architect design'd it for an Artificial Eccho. We discharg'd a Pistol, and had the Sound return'd upon us above Fifty Six times, tho' the Air was very foggy. The first Repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more distinctly in proportion as they decay: There are Two parallel Walls that beat the Sound back on each other, 'till the Undulation is quite worn out, like the several Reverberations of the same Image from two opposite Looking-Glasses. Father *Kircher* has taken notice of this particular Eccho, as Father *Bartolin* has done since in his Ingenious Discourse on Sounds. The State of *Milan* is like a vast Garden, surrounded by a Noble Mound-Work of Rocks and Mountains: Indeed if a Man considers the Face of *Italy* in general, one would think that Nature had laid it out into such a Variety of States and Governments as one finds in it. For as the *Alpes* at  
 one

one End, and the long Range of *Ap-penines*, that passes thro' the Body of it, branch out on all sides into several different Divisions; they serve as so many natural Boundaries and Fortifications to the little Territories that lye among 'em. Accordingly we find the whole Country cut into a Multitude of particular Kingdoms and Common-wealths in the oldest Accounts we have of it, 'till the Power of the *Romans*, like a Torrent that overflows its Banks, bore down all before it, and spread it self into the remotest Corners of the Nation. But as this Exorbitant Power became unable to support it self, we find the Government of *Italy* again broken into such a Variety of Sub-Divisions, as naturally suits with its Situation.

In the Court of *Milan*, as in several others of *Italy*, there are many who fall in with the Dress and Carriage of the *French*. One may however observe a kind of Awkwardness  
in

in the *Italians*, that easily discovers the Airs they give themselves not to be natural. It is indeed very strange that there should be such a Diversity of Manners, where there is so small a difference in the Air and Climate. The *French* are always Open, Familiar and Talkative: The *Italians*, on the contrary, are Stiff, Ceremonious and Reserv'd. In *France* every one aims at a Gaiety and Sprightliness of Behaviour, and thinks it an Accomplishment to be brisk and lively: The *Italians*, notwithstanding their natural Fieriness of Temper, affect always to appear Sober and Sedate; insomuch that one sometimes meets Young Men walking the Streets with Spectacles on their Noses, that they may be thought to have impair'd their Sight by much Study, and seem more Grave and Judicious than their Neighbours. This Difference of Manners proceeds chiefly from Difference of Education: In *France* it is usual to  
bring

bring their Children into Company, and to cherish in 'em, from their Infancy, a kind of Forwardness and Assurance: Besides, that the *French* apply themselves more universally to their Exercises than any other Nation in the World, so that one seldom sees a Young Gentleman in *France* that does not Fence, Dance, and Ride in some tolerable Perfection. These Agitations of the Body don't only give 'em a free and easie Carriage, but have a kind of Mechanical Operation on the Mind, by keeping the Animal Spirits always awake and in Motion. But that which contributes most to this light airy Humour of the *French*, is the free Conversation that is allow'd 'em with their Women, which does not only communicate to 'em a certain Vivacity of Temper, but makes 'em endeavour after such a Behaviour as is most taking with the Sex.

The *Italians*, on the contrary, that are excluded from making their Court  
this

this way, are for recommending themselves to those they converse with by their Gravity and Wisdom. In *Spain* therefore, where there are fewer Liberties of this Nature allow'd, there is something still more serious and compos'd in the manner of the Inhabitants. But as Mirth is more apt to make Profelytes than Melancholy, it is observ'd that the *Italians* have many of 'em for these late Years given very far into the Modes and Freedoms of the *French*; which prevail more or less in the Courts of *Italy*, as they lye at a smaller or greater Distance from *France*. It may be here worth while to consider how it comes to pass, that the Common People of *Italy* have in general so very great an Aversion to the *French*, which every Traveller can not but be sensible of, that has pass'd thro' the Country. The most obvious Reason is certainly the great Difference that there is in the Humours and Manners  
of

of the Two Nations, which always weighs more with the meaner sort, who are not able to vanquish the Prejudices of Education, than with the Nobility. Besides, that the *French* Humour, in regard of the Liberties they take in Female Conversations, and their great Ambition to Excel in all Companies, is in a more particular manner very shocking to the *Italians*, that are naturally Jealous, and value themselves upon their great Wisdom. At the same time the common People of *Italy*, who run more into News and Politicks than those of other Countries, have all of 'em something to exasperate 'em against the King of *France*. The *Savoyards*, notwithstanding the present Inclinations of their Court, can't forbear Cursing him for the infinite Mischiefs that he did 'em in the last War. The *Milaneses* and *Neapolitans* remember the many Insults that he has offer'd to the House of *Austria*, and particularly to their Deceas'd King,

King, for whom they still retain a natural kind of Honour and Affection. The *Genoese* must always resent at their Hearts his Treatment of their Doge, and his Bombarding their City. The *Venetians* will tell you of his Leagues with the *Turks*; and the *Romans*, of his Threats to Pope *Innocent* the Eleventh, whose Memory they adore. It is true, the Interest of State, and Change of Circumstances, may have sweeten'd these Reflections to the Politer sort, but Impressions are not so easily worn out of the Minds of the Vulgar: That however, which I take to be the Principal Motive among most of the *Italians*, for their favouring the *Germans* above the *French*, is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the Interest of *Italy*, to have *Milan* and *Naples* rather in the Hands of the first than of the other. One may sometimes observe, that the Body of a People has juster Views for the Publick Good, and pursues 'em with greater

Up-



Uprightness than the Nobility and Gentry, who have so many private Expectations and particular Interests, that hang like a false Bias upon their Judgments, and may possibly dispose 'em to sacrifice the Good of their Country to the Advancement of their own Fortunes; whereas the gross of the People can have no other Prospect in Changes and Revolutions than of Publick Blessings, that are to diffuse themselves thro' the whole State in general.

To return to *Milan*: I shall here set down the Description that *Ausonius* has given of it, among the rest of his great Cities.

*Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum:  
Innumeræ cultæque domus, facunda vi-  
rorum*

*Ingenia, & mores læti. Tum duplici  
Muro*

*Amplificata loci Species, populique vo-  
luptas*

E

*Circus,*

*Circus, & inclusi moles cuneata Theatri:  
 Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulensque  
 Moneta,  
 Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore la-  
 vacri,  
 Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristyla  
 Signis,  
 Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula  
 formis  
 Excellunt nec junctâ premit vicinia Ro-  
 mæ.*

*Milan* with Plenty and with Wealth  
 o'er-flows,  
 And num'rous Streets and cleanly  
 Dwellings shows ;  
 The People, bless'd with Nature's hap-  
 py Force,  
 Are Eloquent and Chearful in Di-  
 scourse ;  
 A *Circus* and a Theatre invites  
 Th' unruly Mob to Races and to Fights ;  
*Moneta* consecrated Buildings grace,  
 And the whole Town redoubled Walls  
 embrace :

Here

Here spacious Baths and Palaces are  
seen,  
And intermingled Temples rise be-  
tween ;  
Here circling *Colonnades* the Ground  
enclose,  
And here the Marble Statues breathe in  
Rows :  
Profusely grac'd the happy Town ap-  
pears,  
Nor *Rome* it self, her beauteous Neigh-  
bour, fears.

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B R E S C I A,

V E R O N A,

P A D U A.

**F**ROM *Milan* we travell'd, thro' a very pleasant Country, to *Brescia*, and by the way cross'd the River *Adda*, that falls into the *Lago di Como*, which *Virgil* calls the Lake *Larius*, and running out at the other End loses it self at last in the *Po*, which is the great Receptacle of all the Rivers of this Country. The Town and Province of *Brescia* have freer Access to the Senate of *Venice*,  
and

and a quicker Redress of Injuries, than any other Part of their Dominions. They have always a mild and prudent Governor, and live much more happy than their Fellow-Subjects: For as they were once a Part of the *Milaneses*, and are now on their Frontiers, the *Venetians* dare not exasperate 'em, by the Loads they lay on other Provinces, for fear of a Revolt; and are forc'd to Treat 'em with much more Indulgence than the *Spaniards* do their Neighbours, that they may have no Temptation to it. *Brescia* is famous for its Iron-Works. A small Day's Journey more brought us to *Verona*. We saw the Lake *Benacus* in our way, which the *Italians* now call *Lago di Garda*: It was so rough with Tempests when we pass'd by it, that it brought into my Mind *Virgil's* Noble Description of it.

*Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime,  
te que*

E 3

*Fluctibus*

54 *Brescia, Verona, Padua.*

*Fluctibus & fremitu assurgens, Benace,  
Marino.*

Here vex'd with Winter Storms *Benacus* raves,  
Confus'd with working Sands and rolling Waves;  
Rough and tumultuous like a Sea it lyes,  
So loud the Tempest roars, so high the Billows rise.

This Lake perfectly resembles a Sea, when it is work'd up by Storms. It is Thirty Five Miles in length, and Twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we cross'd the *Mincio*.

———*Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat  
Mincius, & tenerâ prætextit arundine  
ripas.* G. 3.

Where the slow *Mincius* through the Valley strays:

Where

Where cooling Streams invite the Flocks  
to drink,  
And Reeds defend the winding Waters  
Brink.

The River *Adige* runs thro' *Verona*;  
so much is the Situation of the Town  
chang'd from what it was in *Silius I-*  
*talicus* his Time.

-----*Verona Athesi circumflua.* L. 8.

*Verona* by the circling *Adige* bound.

This is the only great River in  
*Lombardy* that does not fall into the  
*Po*; which it must have done, had it  
run but a little further before its en-  
tering the *Adriatic*. The Rivers are  
all of 'em mention'd by *Claudian*.

———*Venetosque erectior amnes*  
*Magnâ voce ciet. Frondentibus humida*  
*ripis*  
*Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, & Adula*  
*visu* E 4 Col-

56 *Brescia, Verona, Padua.*

*Cæculus, & velox Athesis, tardusque  
meatu*

*Mincius, inque novem consurgens ora  
Timævus. Sexto con. Hon.*

*Venetia's Rivers summon'd all around  
Hear the loud Call, and answer to the  
Sound:*

*Her dropping Locks the Silver Tessin  
rears,*

*The blue transparent Adda next ap-  
pears,*

*The rapid Adige then erects her Head,  
And Mincio rising slowly from his Bed,  
And last Timævus, that with eager force  
From Nine wide Mouths comes gushing  
to his Course.*

*His Larius is doubtless an Imitati-  
on of Virgil's Benacus.*

—— *Umbrosâ vestit qua littus Olivâ  
Larius & dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu.*

*De. Bel. Gat.*

The



The *Larius* here, with Groves of O-  
lives Crown'd,  
An Ocean of fresh Water spreads a-  
round.

I saw at *Verona* the Famous Am-  
phitheater, that with a few Modern  
Reparations has all the Seats entire.  
There is something very Noble in it,  
tho' the high Wall and Corridors that  
went round it are almost entirely ruin'd,  
and the Area is quite fill'd up to the  
lower Seat, which was formerly deep  
enough to let the Spectators see in Safe-  
ty the Combats of the Wild Beasts and  
Gladiators. Since I have *Claudian* before  
me, I can't forbear setting down the  
Noble Description he has made of a  
Wild Beast newly brought from the  
Woods, and making its first Appea-  
rance in a full Amphitheater.

*Ut fera quæ nuper montes amisit a vitos,  
Altorumque Exul nemorum, damnatur a-  
renæ*

*Muneribus, commota ruit, vir murmu-  
re contra*

*Hortatur, nixusque genu venabula ten-  
dit;*

*Illa pavet Strepitus, cuneosque erecta  
Theatri*

*Despicit, & tanti miratur Sibila vulgi.*  
In. Ruf, L. 2,

So rushes on his Foe the grisly Bear,  
That, banish'd from the Hills and bushy  
Brakes,

His old Hereditary Haunts forsakes.  
Condemn'd the cruel Rabble to de-  
light,

His angry Keeper goads him to the  
Fight,

Bent on his Knee, the Savage glares  
around,

Scar'd with the mighty Croud's pro-  
miscuous Sound;

Then rearing on his hinder Paws re-  
tires,

And the vast hissing Multitude ad-  
mires.

There

There are some other Antiquities in *Verona*, of which the Principal is the Ruin of a Triumphal Arch erected to *Flaminius*, where one sees old *Doric* Pillars without any Pedestal or Basis, as *Vitruvius* has describ'd 'em. I have not yet seen any Gardens in *Italy* worth taking notice of. The *Italians* fall as far short of the *French* in this Particular, as they excel 'em in their Palaces. It must however be said, to the Honour of the *Italians*, that the *French* took from them the first Plans of their Gardens, as well as their Water-Works; so that their surpassing of them at present is to be attributed rather to the Greatness of their Riches, than the Excellence of their *Gusto*. I went to see the Terrace-Garden of *Verona*, that Travellers generally mention. Among the Churches of *Verona*, that of *St. George* is the handsomest: Its chiefest Ornament is the Martyrdom of the Saint, drawn by *Paul Veronese*; as there are many other  
Pictures

Pictures about the Town by the same Hand. A Stranger is always shown the Tomb of Pope *Lucius*, who lyes bury'd in the Dome. I saw in the same Church a Monument erected by the Publick to one of their Bishops, the Inscription says, that there was between him and his God, *Summa Necessitudo, Summa Similitudo*. The *Italian* Tombstones are often more extravagant than those of other Countries, as the Nation is more given to Compliment and Hyperbole. From *Verona* to *Padua* we travell'd thro' a very pleasant Country: It is planted thick with Rows of White Mulberry-trees, that furnish Food for great Quantities of Silk-worms with their Leaves, as the Swine and Poultry consume the Fruit. The Trees themselves serve, at the same time, as so many Stays for their Vines, that hang all along like Ropes from Tree to Tree. Between the several Ranges lye Fields of Corn, that in these warm Countries  
ripens

ripens much better among the Mulberry Shades, than if it were expos'd to the open Sun. This was one Reason why the Inhabitants of this Country, when I pass'd thro' it, were extremely apprehensive of seeing *Lombardy* the Seat of War, which must have made miserable Havock among their Plantations; for 'tis not here as in the Corn Fields of *Flanders*, where the whole Product of the Place rises from Year to Year. We arriv'd so late at *Vicenza*, that we had not time to take a full Sight of the Place. The next Day brought us to *Padua*. St. *Anthony*, who liv'd about Five Hundred Years ago, is the great Saint to whom they here pay their Devotions. He lyes bury'd in the Church that is Dedicated to him at present, tho' it was formerly Consecrated to the Blessed Virgin, which is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorn'd. There are narrow Clefs in the Monument that stands over him, where good Catholicks

tholicks rub their Beads, and smell his Bones, which they say have in 'em a natural Perfume, tho' very like Apoplectic Balsom; and what would make one suspect that they rub the Marble with it, it is observ'd that the Scent is stronger in the Morning than at Night. There are abundance of Inscriptions and Pictures hung up by his Votaries in several Parts of the Church: For 'tis the way of those that are in any Signal Danger to implore his Aid, and if they come off safe they call their Deliverance a Miracle, and perhaps hang up the Picture or Description of it in the Church. This spoils the Beauty of several *Roman* Catholick Churches, and often covers the Walls with wretched Daubings, impertinent Inscriptions, Hands, Legs, and Arms of Wax, with a Thousand idle Offerings of the same Nature.

They sell at *Padua* the Life of *St. Anthony*, that is read with great Devotion; the most remarkable Part  
of

of it is his Discourse to an Assembly of Fish. As the Audience and Sermon are both very extraordinary, I will set down the whole Passage at length.

*Non curando gli Heretici il suo parlare, egli si come era alla riva del mare, dove sbocca il fiume Marecchia, chiamò da parte di Dio li pesci, che venissero à sentir la sua santa parola. Et ecco che di subito sopra l'acque nuotando gran moltitudine di varii, & diversi pesci, e del mare, e del fiume, si unirono tutti, secondo le specie loro, e con bell'ordine, quasi che di ragion capaci stati fossero, attenti, e cheti con gratioso spettacolo s'accommodaro per sentir la parola di Dio. Ciò veduto il santo entro al cuor suo di dolcezza stillandosi, & per altrettanta maraviglia inarcando le ciglia, della obedientia di queste irragionevoli creature così cominciò loro à parlare. Se bene in tutte le cose create (cari, & amati pesci) si scuopre la potenza, & provvidenza infinita*

*infinita di Dio, come nel Cielo, nel Sole, nella Luna, nelle stelle, in questo mondo inferiore, nell'huomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in Voi particolarmente lampeggia e risplende la bontà della maestà divina; perche se bene siete chiamati Rettili, mezzi frà pietre, e bruti, confinati nelli profondi abissi delle ondeggiante acque: agitati sempre da flutti: mossi sempre da procelle; sordi al' udire, mutoli al parlare, & horridi al vedere; con tutto ciò in Voi maravigliosamente si scorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi si cavano li maggiori misterii della bontà di Dio, ne mai si parla di voi nella Scrittura Sacra, che non vi sia ascosto qualche profondo Sacramento; Credete voi, che sia senza grandissimo misterio, che il primo dono fatto dall'onnipotente Iddio all'huomo fosse di voi Pesci? Credete voi che non sia misterio in questo, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gl'animali si sien fatti sacrificii, eccetto, che di voi Pesci? Credete, che non vi sia*

*sia*



*sia qualche secreto in questo, che Christo nostro salvatore dall' agnelo pasquale in poi, si compiacque tanto del cibo di voi pesci? Credete, che sia à caso questo, che dovendo il Redentor del mondo, pagar, come huomo, il censo à Cesare la volesse trovare nella bocca di un pesce? Tutti, tutti sono misteri è Sacramenti: perciò siete particolarmente obligati a lodare il vostro Creatore: amati pesci di Dio havete ricevuto l'essere, la vita, il moto, e'l senso; per stanza vi hà dato il liquido elemento dell' Acqua, secondo che alla vostra naturale inclinatione conviene: ivi hà fatti amplissimi alberghi, stanze, cavernæ, grotte, e secreti luogi à voi più che sale Regie, e regal Palazzi, cari, e grati; & per propria sede havete l'acqua, elemento diafano, trasparente, e sempre lucido quasi cristallo, e verro; & dalle più basse, e profonde vostre stanze scorgete ciò che sopra acqua ò si fa, ò nuota; havete gli occhi quasi di Lince, ò di Argo, & da causa non errante guidati, seguite ciò che vi giova, & ag-*

grada; & fuggite ciò che vi nuoce,  
 havete natural desio di conservarvi  
 secondo le spetie vostre, fase, oprate,  
 & caminate ove natura vi detta senza  
 contrasto alcuno; nè algor d'inverno,  
 nè calor di state vi offende, ò nuoce;  
 siasi per sereno, ò turbato il cielo, che  
 alli vostri humidi alberghi nè frutto,  
 nè danno apporta; siasi pure abbonde-  
 vole de suoi tesori, ò scarsa de suoi  
 frutti la terra, che a voi nulla giova;  
 piova, tuoni, saetti, lampaggi, è su-  
 bissi il mondo, che a voi ciò poco im-  
 porta; verdeggi primavera, scaldi la  
 state, fruttifichi l'Autunno, & assi-  
 deri li inverno, questo non vi rileva  
 punto: ne trappassar del' hore nè correr  
 de giorni, nè volar de mesi, ne fuggir  
 d'anni, ne mutar de tempi, ne cangiar  
 de stagioni vi dan pensiero alcuno, ma  
 sempre sicura, & tranquilla vita liata-  
 mente vivere: O quanto, o quanto gran-  
 de la Maestà di Dio in voi si scuopre,  
 O quanta mirabile la potenza sua; O  
 quanto stupenda, & maravigliosa la  
 sua providenza; poi che frà tutte le  
creature

*creature dell' universo voi solo non sentisti il diluvio universale dell' acque; nè provasti i danni, che egli face al mondo; e tutto questo ch' io ho detto dovrebbe muovervi à lodar Dio a ringraziare sua divina maestà di tanti e così singolari beneficii, che vi ha fatti, di tante gratie: che vi ha conferite, di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degna; per tanto, se non potete snodar la lingua à ringratiar il vostro Benefattore, & non sapete con parole esprimer le sue lodi, fatele segno di riverenza almeno; chinatevi al suo nome; mostrate nel modo che potete sembante di gratitudine; rendetevi benevoli alla bontà sua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O sapete, non siate sconoscenti de suoi beneficii, & non siate ingrati de suoi favori. A questo dire, O maraviglia grande, come si quelli pesci havessero havuto humano intelletto, e discorso, con gesti di profonda Humiltà, con riverenti sembanti di religione, chinavano la testa, blandiro co'l corpo, qua-*

*si approvando ciò che detto havea il benedetto padre S. Antonio.*

“ When the Hereticks would not  
 “ regard his Preaching he betook him-  
 “ self to the Sea-shore, where the Ri-  
 “ ver *Marecchia* disembogues it self  
 “ into the Adriatic. He here call’d  
 “ the Fish together in the Name of  
 “ God, that they might hear his Ho-  
 “ ly Word. The Fish came swim-  
 “ ming towards him in such vast Shoals,  
 “ both from the Sea and from the  
 “ River, that the Surface of the Wa-  
 “ ter was quite cover’d with their  
 “ Multitudes. They quickly rang’d  
 “ themselves, according to their seve-  
 “ ral Species, into a very beautiful  
 “ Congregation, and, like so many  
 “ rational Creatures, presented them-  
 “ selves before him to hear the Word  
 “ of God. *St. Antonio* was so struck  
 “ with the miraculous Obedience and  
 “ Submission of these poor Animals,  
 “ that he found a secret Sweetness di-  
 “ stilling upon his Soul, and at last  
 “ address’d

“ address'd himself to 'em in the fol-  
“ lowing Words.

“ Altho' the Infinite Power and  
“ Providence of God (my dearly be-  
“ loved Fish) discovers it self in all  
“ the Works of his Creation, as in  
“ the Heavens, in the Sun, in the  
“ Moon, and in the Stars, in this  
“ lower World, in Man, and in o-  
“ ther perfect Creatures; nevertheless  
“ the Goodness of the Divine Maje-  
“ sty shines out in you more eminent-  
“ ly, and appears after a more parti-  
“ cular manner, than in any other  
“ Created Beings. For notwithstand-  
“ ing you are comprehended under  
“ the Name of *Reptiles*, partaking of  
“ a middle Nature between Stones  
“ and Beasts, and Imprison'd in the  
“ Deep Abyſs of Waters; notwith-  
“ standing you are tost among Bil-  
“ lows, thrown up and down by  
“ Tempests, deaf to Hearing, dumb  
“ to Speech, and terrible to behold:  
“ Notwithstanding, I say, these na-

“ tural Disadvantages, the Divine Great-  
 “ nefs shows it felf in you after a ve-  
 “ ry wonderful manner. In you are  
 “ feen the mighty Myfteries of an In-  
 “ finite Goodnefs. The Holy Scri-  
 “ pture has always made ufe of you,  
 “ as the Types and Shadows of fome  
 “ profound Sacrament.

“ Do you think that, without a  
 “ Myftery, the firft Prefent that God  
 “ Almighty made to Man was of  
 “ you, O ye Fifhes? Do you think  
 “ that, without a Myftery, among all  
 “ Creatures and Animals that were  
 “ appointed for Sacrifices you only  
 “ were excepted, O ye Fifhes? Do  
 “ you think there was nothing  
 “ meant by our Saviour Chrift,  
 “ that next to the Pafchal Lamb  
 “ he took fo much Pleafure in the  
 “ Food of you, O ye Fifhes? Do you  
 “ think it was by meer Chance, that  
 “ when the Redeemer of the World  
 “ was to pay a Tribute to *Cæfar*, he  
 “ thought fit to find it in the Mouth  
 “ of

“ of a Fish? These are all of ’em so  
“ many Mysteries and Sacraments,  
“ that oblige you in a more particu-  
“ lar manner to the Praises of your  
“ Creator.

“ It is from God, my beloved Fish,  
“ that you have receiv’d Being, Life,  
“ Motion and Sense. It is he that  
“ has given you, in Compliance with  
“ your natural Inclinations, the whole  
“ World of Waters for your Habita-  
“ tion. It is he that has furnish’d it  
“ with Lodgings, Chambers, Caverns,  
“ Grottoes, and such magnificent Re-  
“ tirements as are not to be met with  
“ in the Seats of Kings, or in the  
“ Palaces of Princes: You have the  
“ Water for your Dwelling, a clear  
“ transparent Element, brighter than  
“ Crystal; you can see from its deep-  
“ est Bottom every thing that pass-  
“ es on its Surface; you have the Eyes  
“ of a *Linx*, or of an *Argos*; you  
“ are guided by a secret and unerring  
“ Principle, delighting in every thing  
“ that

“ that may be beneficial to you, and  
“ avoiding every thing that may be  
“ hurtful; you are carry’d on by a  
“ hidden Instinct to preserve your  
“ selves, and to propagate your Spe-  
“ cies; you obey, in all your Actions,  
“ Works and Motions, the Dictates  
“ and Suggestions of Nature, without  
“ the least Repugnancy or Contra-  
“ diction.

“ The Colds of Winter, and the  
“ Heats of Summer, are equally inca-  
“ pable of molesting you. A serene or  
“ a clouded Sky are indifferent to  
“ you. Let the Earth abound in  
“ Fruits, or be curs’d with Scarcity,  
“ it has no Influence on your Wel-  
“ fare. You live secure in Rains and  
“ Thunders, Lightnings and Earth-  
“ quakes; you have no Concern in  
“ the Blossoms of Spring, or in the  
“ Glowings of Summer, in the Fruits  
“ of Autumn, or in the Frosts of Win-  
“ ter. You are not solicitous about  
“ Hours or Days, Months or Years;  
“ the



“ the Variableness of the Weather, or  
“ the Change of Seasons.

“ In what dreadful Majesty, in  
“ what wonderful Power, in what a-  
“ mazing Providence did God Al-  
“ mighty distinguish you among all  
“ the Species of Creatures that perish'd  
“ in the Universal Deluge! You on-  
“ ly were insensible of the Mischief  
“ that had lain waste the whole World.

“ All this, as I have already told  
“ you, ought to inspire you with  
“ Gratitude and Praise towards the  
“ Divine Majesty, that has done so  
“ great things for you, that has granted  
“ you such particular Graces and Pri-  
“ vileges, and heap'd upon you so  
“ many distinguishing Favours. And  
“ since for all this you can't employ  
“ your Tongues in the Praises of your  
“ Benefactor, and are not provided  
“ with Words to express your Grati-  
“ tude; make at least some Sign of  
“ Reverence; bow your selves at his  
“ Name; give some show of Grati-  
“ tude,

“ tude, according to the best of your  
 “ Capacities; express your Thanks in  
 “ the most becoming manner that  
 “ you are able, and be not unmind-  
 “ ful of all the Benefits he has be-  
 “ stow’d upon you.

“ He had no sooner done speaking,  
 “ but behold a Miracle! The Fish, as  
 “ tho’ they had been endu’d with  
 “ Reason, bow’d down their Heads  
 “ with all the Marks of a profound  
 “ Humility and Devotion, moving  
 “ their Bodies up and down with a  
 “ kind of Fondness, as approving  
 “ what had been spoken by the Blessed  
 “ Father, St. *Antonio*. The Legend  
 “ adds, that after many Hereticks,  
 “ who were present at the Miracle,  
 “ had been converted by it, the Saint  
 “ gave his Benediction to the Fish,  
 “ and dismiss’d ’em.

Several other the like Stories of  
 St. *Antony* are represented about his  
 Monument in a very fine *Basso Re-  
 lievo*.

I could not forbear setting down the Titles given to St. *Antony* in one of the Tables that hangs up to him, as a Token of Gratitude from a poor Peasant, who fancy'd the Saint had sav'd him from breaking his Neck.

*Sacratissimi pusionis Bethlehemitici*  
*Lilio candidiori Delicio,*  
*Seraphidum soli fulgidissimo,*  
*Celsissimo sacræ sapientiæ tholo,*  
*Prodigiorum patratori Potentissimo,*  
*Mortis, Erroris, Calamitatis, Lepræ, Dæ-*  
[*monis,*  
*Dispensatori, correctori, Liberatori, cu-*  
[*ratori, fugatori,*  
*Sancto, sapienti, Pio, potenti, tremendo,*  
*Ægrotorum & Naufragantium Salvatori*  
*Præsentissimo tutissimo.*  
*Membrorum restitutori, vinculorum con-*  
[*fractori,*  
*Rerum perditarum Inventori stupendo,*  
*Periculorum omnium profligatori*  
*Magno, Mirabili,*  
*Ter Sancto,*

*Antonio Paduano,*  
*Pientissimo post Deum ejusque Virgine-*  
[*am matrem*  
*Protectori & Sospitori suo, &c.*

The Custom of hanging up Limbs in Wax, as well as Pictures, is certainly deriv'd from the old Heathens, that us'd, upon their Recovery, to make an Offering in Wood, Metal or Clay, of the Part that had been afflicted with a Distemper, to the Deity that had deliver'd them. I have seen, I believe, every Limb of a Human Body figur'd in Iron or Clay, that were formerly made on this Occasion, among the several Collections of Antiquities that have been shewn me in *Italy*. The Church of *St. Justina*, design'd by *Palladio*, is the most handsom, luminous, disencumber'd Building in the Inside that I have ever seen, and is esteem'd by many Artists one of the finest Works in *Italy*. The long Nef consists

sists of a Row of Five Cupola's, the cross one has on each side a single Cupola deeper and broader than the others. The Martyrdom of St. *Justina* hangs over the Altar, and is a Piece of *Paul Veronese*. In the great Town-Hall of *Padua* stands a Stone superscrib'd *Lapis Vituperii*. Any Debtor that will swear himself not worth Five Pound, and is set by the Bailifs thrice with his bare Buttocks on this Stone in a full Hall, clears himself of any farther Prosecution from his Creditors; but this is a Punishment that no Body has submitted to these Four and Twenty Years. The University of *Padua* is of late much more reform'd than it was formerly, tho' it is not yet safe walking the Streets after Sun-set. There is at *Padua* a Manufacture of Cloth, that has brought very great Revenues into the Republick. At present the *English* have not only gain'd upon the *Venetians* in the *Levant*, which us'd chiefly

chiefly to be supply'd from this Manufacture, but have great Quantities of their Cloth in *Venice* it self; few of the Nobility wearing any other sort, notwithstanding the Magistrate of the Poms is oblig'd by his Office to see that no Body wears the Cloth of another Country. Our Merchants indeed are forc'd to make use of some Artifice to get these Prohibited Goods into Port. What they here show for the Ashes of *Livy* and *Antenor* is altogether groundless.

*Antenor's* Tomb put me in Mind of the latter part of *Virgil's* Description, that gives us the Original of *Padua*.

*Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis  
Illyricos penetrare Sinus, atq; intima tutus  
Regna Liburnorum: & fontem superare  
Timavi:*

*Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure  
Montis*

*It mare præruptum & pelago premit arva  
Sonanti; Hic*

*Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque  
locavit*

*Teucrorum, & genti nomen dedit, ar-  
maque fixit*

*Troia: nunc placidâ compostus pace qui-  
escit.* Æ. I.

*Antenor, from the midst of Grecian  
Hoſts,*

*Could paſs ſecure; and pierce th' Illy-  
rian Coaſts,*

*Where rolling down the ſteep *Timavus*  
raves,*

*And through Nine Channels diſem-  
bogues his Waves.*

*At length he founded *Padua's* happy  
Seat,*

*And gave his *Trojans* a ſecure Retreat:  
There fix'd their Arms, and there re-  
new'd their Names;*

*And there in quiet lyes.----- Dryden.*

From *Padua* I went down to the Ri-  
ver *Brent* in the Ordinary Ferry, that  
brought me in a Day's time to *Venice*.

*VENICE.*

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# V E N I C E.

**H**AVING often heard *Venice* represented as one of the most defensible Cities in the World, I took Care to inform my self of the Particulars in which its Strength consists. And these I find are chiefly owing to its advantageous Situation; for it has neither Rocks nor Fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the most impregnable Town in *Europe*. It stands at least Four Miles from any part of the *Terra Firma*, nor are the Shallows, that lye about it, ever frozen hard enough to bring over an Army from the Land side: The constant Flux and Reflux of the Sea, or the natural Mildness of the Climate, hindering the Ice from



gathering to any Thickness; which is an Advantage the *Hollanders* want, when they have laid all their Country under Water. On the Side that is expos'd to the Adriatic the Entrance is so difficult to hit, that they have mark'd it out with several Stakes driven into the Ground, which they would not fail to cut upon the first approach of an Enemy's Fleet. For this Reason they have not fortify'd the little Islands, that lye at the Entrance, to the best Advantage, which might otherwise very easily command all the Passes that lead to the City from the Adriatic. Nor could an ordinary Fleet, with Bomb-Vessels, hope to succeed against a Place that has always in its Arsenal a considerable Number of Gallies and Men of War ready to put to Sea on a very short warning. If we could therefore suppose 'em block'd up on all sides, by a Power too strong for 'em, both by Sea and Land, they would be able to defend themselves

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against every thing but Famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great Quantities of Fish that their Seas abound with, and that may be taken up in the midst of their very Streets, which is such a natural Magazine as few other Places can boast of.

Our Voyage-Writers will needs have this City in great Danger of being left, within an Age or two, on the *Terra Firma*; and represent it in such a manner, as if the Sea was insensibly shrinking from it, and retiring into its Channel. I ask'd several, and among the rest Father *Coronelli*, the State's Geographer, of the Truth of this Particular, and they all assur'd me that the Sea rises as high as ever, tho' the great Heaps of Dirt that it brings along with it are apt to choak up the Shallows, but that they are in no Danger of losing the Benefit of their Situation, so long as they are at the Charge of removing these

these Banks of Mud and Sand. One may see abundance of 'em above the Surface of the Water, scatter'd up and down like so many little Islands, when the Tide is low; and they are these that make the Entrance for Ships difficult to such as are not us'd to 'em, for the deep Canals run between 'em, which the *Venetians* are at a great Expence to keep free and open.

This City stands very convenient for Commerce. It has several Navigable Rivers that run up into the Body of *Italy*, by which they might supply a great many Countries with Fish and other Commodities; not to mention their Opportunities for the *Levant*, and each side of the Adriatic. But, notwithstanding these Conveniences, their Trade is far from being in a flourishing Condition for many Reasons. The Duties are great that are laid on Merchandises. Their Nobles think it below their Quality to engage in Traffick. The Merchants

that are grown Rich, and able to manage great Dealings, buy their Nobility, and generally give over Trade. Their Manufactures of Cloth, Glass and Silk, formerly the best in *Europe*, are now excell'd by those of other Countries. They are tenacious of old Laws and Customs to their great Prejudice, whereas a Trading Nation must be still for new Changes and Expedients, as different Junctures and Emergencies arise. The State is at present very sensible of this Decay in their Trade, and as a Noble *Venetian*, who is still a Merchant, told me, they will speedily find out some Method to redress it; probably by making a free Port, for they look with an Evil Eye upon *Leghorne*, that draws to it most of the Vessels bound for *Italy*. They have hitherto been so negligent in this Particular, that many think the Great Duke's Gold has had no small Influence in their Councils.

*Venice* has several Particulars that are not to be found in other Cities, and is therefore very entertaining to a Traveller. It looks, at a distance, like a great Town half floated by a Deluge. There are Canals every where crossing it, so that one may go to most Houses either by Land or Water. This is a very great Convenience to the Inhabitants; for a *Gondola* with Two Oars at *Venice*, is as magnificent as a Coach and Six Horses, with a large Equipage, in another Country; besides that it makes all Carriages extremely cheap. The Streets are generally Pav'd with Brick or Free-stone, and always kept very neat, for there is no Carriage, not so much as a Chair, that passes thro' 'em. There is an innumerable Multitude of very handsome Bridges, all of a single Arch, and without any Fence on either side, which would be a great Inconvenience to a City less sober than *Venice*. One would indeed wonder that Drink-

ing is not in Vogue among the *Venetians*, who are in a moist Air and a moderate Climate, and have no such Diversions as Bowling, Hunting, Walking, Riding, and the like Exercises to employ 'em without Doors. But as the Nobles are not to Converse too much with Strangers, they are in no Danger of learning it; and they are generally too distrustful of one another for the Freedoms that are us'd in such kind of Conversations. There are many Noble Palaces in *Venice*. Their Furniture is not commonly very Rich, if we except the Pictures, which are here in greater plenty than in any other Place in *Europe*, from the Hands of the best Masters of the *Lombard* School; as *Titian*, *Paul Veronese* and *Tintoret*. The last of these is in greater Esteem at *Venice* than in other Parts of *Italy*. The Rooms are generally hung with Gilt Leather, which they cover on extraordinary Occasions with Tapestry, and Hangings of greater Value.

Value. The Flooring is a kind of Red Plaster made of Brick ground to Powder, and afterwards work'd into Mortar. It is rubb'd with Oil, and makes a smooth, shining and beautiful Surface. These Particularities are chiefly owing to the Moisture of the Air, which would have an ill Effect on other kinds of Furniture, as it shows it self too visibly in many of their finest Pictures. Tho' the *Venetians* are extremely jealous of any great Fame or Merit in a living Member of their Common-wealth, they never fail of giving a Man his due Praises, when they are in no Danger of suffering from his Ambition. For this Reason, tho' there are a great many Monuments erected to such as have been Benefactors to the Republick, they are generally put up after their Deaths. Among the many Elogiums that are given to the Doge *Pisauvo*, that had been Ambassador in *England*, his Epitaph says, *In Angliâ*

*Jacobi Regis obitum mirâ calliditate celatum mirâ sagacitate rimatus priscam benevolentiam firmavit.* The particular Palaces, Churches, and Pictures of *Venice*, are enumerated in several little Books that may be bought on the Place, which have been faithfully Transcrib'd by several Voyage-Writers. When I was at *Venice* they were putting out very curious Stamps of the several Edifices that are most famous for their Beauty or Magnificence. The *Arsenal* of *Venice* is an Island of about Three Miles round. It contains all the Stores and Provisions for War, that are not actually employ'd. There are Docks for their Gallies and Men of War, most of 'em full, as well as Work-Houses for all Land and Naval Preparations. That Part of it, where the Arms are laid, makes a great show, and was indeed very extraordinary about a Hundred Years ago, but at present a great part of its Furniture is grown useles. There seem



seem to be almost as many Suits of Armour as there are Guns. The Swords are old-fashion'd and unwieldy in a very great Number, and the Fire-Arms fitted with Locks of little Convenience in comparison of those that are now in use. The *Venetians* pretend they could set out, in Case of great Necessity, Thirty Men of War, a Hundred Gallies, and Ten Galeasses, tho' I can't conceive how they could Man a Fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty Error in this State to affect so many Conquests on the *Terra Firma*, which has only serv'd to raise the Jealousie of the Christian Princes, and about Three Hundred Years ago had like to have ended in the utter Extirpation of the Common-wealth; whereas, had they apply'd themselves with the same Politics and Industry to the Increase of their Strength by Sea, they might perhaps have had all the Islands of the *Archipelago* in their Hands, and, by Consequence,

sequence, the greatest Fleet, and the most Sea-Men of any other State in *Europe*. Besides, that this would have given no Jealousie to the Princes their Neighbours, who would have enjoy'd their own Dominions in Peace, and have been very well contented to have seen so strong a Bulwark against all the Forces and Invasions of the *Ottoman* Empire.

This Republick has been much more powerful than it is at present, as it is still likelier to sink than increase in its Dominions. It is not impossible but the *Spaniard* may, some time or other, demand of 'em *Crema*, *Brescia*, and *Bergame*, which have been torn from the *Milaneses*; and in case a War should arise upon it, and the *Venetians* lose a single Battel, they might be beaten off the Continent in a Summer's time, for their Fortifications are very Inconsiderable. On the other side, the *Venetians* are in continual Apprehensions from

from the *Turk*, who will certainly endeavour at the Recovery of the *Morea*, as soon as the *Ottoman* Empire has recruited a little of its ancient Strength. They are very sensible that they had better have push'd their Conquests on the other side of the Adriatic into *Albania*, for then their Territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the Fountain-Head to have receiv'd Succours on occasion ; but the *Venetians* are under Articles with the Emperor, to resign into his Hands whatever they conquer of the *Turkish* Dominions, that has been formerly dismember'd from the Empire. And having already very much dissatisfy'd him in the *Frioul* and *Dalmatia*, they dare not think of exasperating him further. The Pope disputes with 'em their Pretensions to the *Polesin*, as the Duke of *Savoy* lays an equal Claim to the Kingdom of *Cyprus*. 'Tis surprising to consider with what Heats these Two States have

have contested their Title to a Kingdom that is in the Hands of the *Turk*.

Among all these Difficulties the Republick will still maintain it self, if Policy can prevail upon Force ; for it is certain that the *Venetian* Senate is the wisest Council in the World, tho' at the same time, if we believe the Reports of several that have been well vers'd in their Constitution, a great part of their Politics is founded on Maxims that others don't think consistent with their Honour to put in practice. The Preservation of the Republick is that to which all other Considerations submit. To encourage Idleness and Luxury in the Nobility, to cherish Ignorance and Licentiousness in the Clergy, to keep alive a continual Faction in the Common People, to connive at the Viciousness and Debauchery of Convents, to breed Dissentions among the Nobles of the *Terra Firma*, to treat a Brave Man with Scorn and Infamy :  
In

In short, to stick at nothing for the Publick Interest, are represented as the refin'd Parts of the *Venetian* Wisdom.

Among all the Instances of their Politics, there is none more admirable than the great Secrecy that reigns in their Publick Councils. The Senate is generally as numerous as our House of Commons, if we only reckon the sitting Members, and yet carries its Resolutions so privately, that they are seldom known 'till they discover themselves in Action. It is not many Years since they had before 'em a great Debate concerning the Punishment of one of their Admirals, which lasted a Month together, and concluded in his Condemnation; yet was there none of his Friends, nor of those who had engag'd warmly in his Defence, that gave him the least Intimation of what was passing against him, 'till he was actually seiz'd, and in the Hands of Justice.

The

The Noble *Venetians* think themselves equal at least to the Electors of the Empire, and but one Degree below Kings; for which reason they seldom travel into Foreign Countries, where they must undergo the Mortification of being treated like private Gentlemen: Yet 'tis observ'd of 'em, that they discharge themselves with a great deal of Dexterity in such Embassies and Treaties as are laid on 'em by the Republick; for their whole Lives are employ'd in Intrigues of State, and they naturally give themselves Airs of Kings and Princes, of which the Ministers of other Nations are only the Representatives. Monsieur *Amelot* reckons, in his Time, Two Thousand Five Hundred Nobles that had Voices in the great Council, but at present, I am told, there are not at most Fifteen Hundred, notwithstanding the Addition of many new Families since that time. It is very strange, that with this Advantage

tage they are not able to keep up their Number, considering that the Nobility spreads equally thro' all the Brothers, and that so very few of 'em are destroy'd by the Wars of the Republick. Whether this may be imputed to the Luxury of the *Venetians*, or to the ordinary Celibacy of the younger Brothers, or to the last Plague that swept away many of 'em, I know not. They generally thrust the Females of their Families into Convents, the better to preserve their Estates. This makes the *Venetian* Nuns famous for the Liberties they allow themselves. They have Opera's within their own Walls, and often go out of their Bounds to meet their Admirers, or they are very much misrepresented. They have many of 'em their Lovers, that converse with 'em daily at the Grate, and are very free to admit a Visit from a Stranger. There is indeed one of the *Cornara's*, that not long ago refus'd to see any under a Prince. The

The Carnival of *Venice* is every where talk'd of. The great Diversion at that Time, as well as on all other high Occasions, is Masking. The *Venetians*, who are naturally Grave, love to give into the Follies and Entertainments of such Seasons, when disguis'd in a false Personage. They are indeed under a necessity of finding out Diversions that may agree with the Nature of the Place, and make some Amends for the Loss of several Pleasures that may be met with on the Continent. These Disguises give Occasion to abundance of Love Adventures; for there is something more intriguing in the Amours of *Venice*, than in those of other Countries, and I question not but the Secret History of a Carnival would make a Collection of very diverting Novels. Opera's are another great Entertainment of this Season. The Poetry of 'em is generally as exquisitely ill, as the Musick is good. The Arguments are  
often



often taken from some celebrated Action of the ancient *Greeks* or *Romans*, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough, for who can endure to hear one of the rough old *Romans* squeaking thro' the Mouth of an Eunuch, especially when they may chuse a Subject out of Courts where Eunuchs are really Actors, or represent by 'em any of the soft *Asiatic* Monarchs? The Opera that was most in Vogue, during my Stay at *Venice*, was built on the following Subject. *Cæsar* and *Scipio* are Rivals for *Cato's* Daughter. *Cæsar's* first Words bid his Soldiers fly, for the Enemies are upon 'em. *Si Leva Cæsare, e dice a Soldati. A la fugga. A' lo Scampo.* The Daughter gives the Preference to *Cæsar*, which is made the Occasion of *Cato's* Death. Before he kills himself you see him withdrawn into his Library, where, among his Books, I observ'd the Titles of *Plutarch* and *Tasso*. After a short Soliloquy

loquy he strikes himself with the Dagger that he holds in his Hand, but being interrupted by one of his Friends, he stabs him for his Pains, and by the Violence of the Blow unluckily breaks the Dagger on one of his Ribs, so that he is forc'd to dispatch himself by tearing up his first Wound. This last Circumstance puts me in Mind of a Contrivance in the Opera of *St. Angelo*, that was acted at the same time. The King of the Play endeavours at a Rape, but the Poet being resolv'd to save his Heroin's Honour, has so order'd it, that the King always acts with a great Case-Knife stuck in his Girdle, which the Lady snatches from him in the Struggle, and so defends her self.

The *Italian* Poets, besides the celebrated Smoothness of their Tongue, have a particular Advantage, above the Writers of other Nations, in the difference of their Poetical and Prose Language. There are indeed Sets of Phrases

Phrases that in all Countries are peculiar to the Poets, but among the *Italians* there are not only Sentences, but a Multitude of particular Words that never enter into common Discourse. They have such a different Turn and Polishing for Poetical use, that they drop several of their Letters, and appear in a another Form, when they come to be rang'd in Verse. For this Reason the *Italian* Opera seldom sinks into a Poorness of Language, but, amidst all the Meanness and Familiarity of the Thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the Expression. Without this natural Advantage of the Tongue, their present Poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many unnatural Allegories that are so much in use among the Writers of this Nation. The *English* and *French*, that always use the same Words in Verse as in ordinary Conversation, are forc'd to raise their Language with Metaphors

and Figures, or, by the Pompousness of the whole Phrase, to wear off any Littleness that appears in the particular Parts that compose it. This makes our Blank Verse, where there is no Rhime to support the Expression, extremely difficult to such as are not Masters in the Tongue, especially when they write on low Subjects; and 'tis probably for this Reason that *Milton* has made use of such frequent Transpositions, Latinisms, antiquated Words and Phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary Expressions.

The Comedies that I saw at *Venice*, or indeed in any other Part of *Italy*, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other Countries. Their Poets have no Notion of gentile Comedy, and fall into the most filthy double Meanings imaginable, when they have a Mind to make their Audience merry. There is no Part generally so wretched as that of the fine  
Gen-

Gentleman, especially when he Con-  
verses with his Mistress; for then the  
whole Dialogue is an insipid mixture  
of Pedantry and Romance. But 'tis  
no wonder that the Poets of so Jealous  
and Reserv'd a Nation fail in  
such Conversations on the Stage, as  
they have no Patterns of in Nature.  
There are Four Standing Characters  
that enter into every Piece that comes  
on the Stage, the *Doctor*, *Harlequin*,  
*Pantalone* and *Coviello*. The *Doctor's*  
Character comprehends the whole Ex-  
tent of a Pedant, that with a deep  
Voice, and a Magisterial Air breaks  
in upon Conversation, and drives  
down all before him: Every thing he  
says is back'd with Quotations out  
of *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Plato*, *Virgil*,  
or any Author that rises uppermost,  
and all Answers from his Companion  
are look'd upon as Impertinencies or  
Interruptions. *Harlequin's* Part is made  
up of Blunders and Absurdities: He  
is to mistake one Name for another,

to forget his Errands, to stumble over Queens, and to run his Head against every Post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so Comical in the Voice and Gestures, that a Man, who is sensible of the Folly of the Part, can hardly forbear being pleas'd with it. *Pantalone* is generally an old Cully, and *Coviello* a Sharper.

I have seen a Translation of the *Cid* acted at *Bolonia*, that would never have taken, had they not found a Place in it for these Buffoons. All Four of 'em appear in Masks that are made like the old *Roman Personæ*, as I shall have occasion to observe in another Place. The *French* and *Italians* have probably deriv'd this Custom of shewing some of their Characters in Masks from the *Greek* and *Roman Theater*. The old *Vatican Terrence* has at the Head of every Scene the Figures of all the Persons that are concern'd in it, with the particular Disguises

Disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen in the *Villa Mattheo* an Antick Statue mask'd, that was perhaps design'd for *Gnatho* in the Eunuch, for it agrees exactly with the Figure he makes in the *Vatican* Manuscript. One would wonder indeed how so Polite a People, as the ancient *Romans* and *Athenians*, should not look on these borrow'd Faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a Satyr, that can have no Resemblance in Human Features; but for a Flatterer, a Miser, or the like Characters that abound in our own Species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their Looks by a painted Vizard. In Persons of this Nature the Turns and Motions of the Face are often as agreeable as any part of the Action. Could we suppose that a Mask represented never so naturally the general Humour of a Character, it can never suit with the Variety of Passions

that are incident to every single Person in the whole Course of a Play. The Grimace may be proper on some Occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The Rabble indeed are generally pleas'd at the first Entry of a Disguise, but the Jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the Stage in a Second Scene.

Since I am on this Subject I can't forbear mentioning a Custom at *Venice*, that they tell me is particular to the common People of this Country, of singing Stanza's out of *Tasso*. They are set to a pretty Solemn Tune, and when one begins in any part of the Poet, 'tis odds but he will be answer'd by some Body else that overhears him : So that sometimes you have Ten or a Dozen in the Neighbourhood of one another, taking Verse after Verse, and running on with the Poem as far as their Memories will carry them.



On Holy-*Thursday*, among the several Shows that are yearly exhibited, I saw one that is odd enough, and particular to the *Venetians*. There is a Set of Artisans, that by the help of several Poles, which they lay across each others Shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of Pyramid; so that you see a Pile of Men in the Air of Four or Five Rows rising one above another. The Weight is so equally distributed, that every Man is very well able to bear his part of it, the Stories, if I may so call 'em, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little Boy represents the Point of the Pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps off, with a great deal of Dexterity, into the Arms of one that catches him at the Bottom. In the same manner the whole Building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular on this, because it explains the following Verses of *Claudian*, which show that the *Venetians*

*netians* are not the Inventors of this Trick.

*Vel qui more avium sese jaculantur in auras,*

*Corporaque ædificant, celeri crescentia nexu,*

*Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in arcem*

*Emicat, & vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens,*

*Pendula librato figit vestigia Saltu.*

Claud. de Pr. & Olyb. Conf.

Men, pil'd on Men, with active Leaps arise,

And build the breathing Fabrick to the Skies ;

A sprightly Youth above the topmost Row

Points the tall Pyramid, and crowns the Show.

Tho' we meet with the *Veneti* in the old Poets, the City of *Venice* is too modern to find a Place among 'em

'em. *Sannazarius's* Epigram is too well known to be inserted. The same Poet has celebrated this City in Two other Places of his Poems.

— *Quis Venetæ miracula proferat urbis,  
 Una instar magni quæ simul Orbis  
 [habet?  
 Salve Italûm Regina, altæ pulcherrima  
 [Romæ  
 Æmula quæ terris, quæ dominaris  
 [Aquis!  
 Tu tibi vel Reges Cives facis; O Decus,  
 [O Lux  
 Ausoniæ, per quam Libera turba Su-  
 [mus,  
 Per quam Barbaries nobis non imperat,  
 [Sol  
 Exoriens nostro clarius orbe nitet!*

L. 3. El. 1.

*Venetia* stands with Endless Beauties  
 crown'd,  
 And as a World within her self is  
 found.

Hail

Hail Queen of *Italy* ! for Years to  
 come  
 The mighty Rival of Immortal *Rome* !  
 Nations and Seas are in thy States en-  
 roll'd,  
 And Kings among thy Citizens are told.  
*Aufonia's* brightest Ornament ! by  
 Thee  
 She fits a Sov'raign, Unenslav'd and  
 Free ;  
 By Thee, the rude Barbarian chas'd }  
 away, }  
 The Rising Sun cheers with a purer }  
 Ray }  
 Our Western World, and doubly }  
 gilds the Day. }

*Nec Tu semper eris, que Septem ample-*  
*[Æteris Arces,*  
*Nec Tu, quæ mediis Æmula Surgis*  
*[Aquis.*  
 L. 2. El. 1.

Thou too shalt fall by Time or bar-  
 b'rous Foes,  
 Whose circling Walls the Seav'n fam'd  
 Hills enclose ; And

And Thou, whose Rival Tow'rs In-  
vade the Skies,  
And, from amidst the Waves, with  
equal Glory rise.

---

*F E R-*

---

---



---

F E R R A R A,  
 R A V E N N A,  
 R I M I N I.

**A**T Venice I took a Bark for Fer-  
 rara, and in my way thither  
 saw several Mouths of the *Po*, by which  
 it empties it self into the Adriatic,

--- *Quo non alius per pinguia culta*  
*In mare purpureum violentior influit*  
*Amnis.* Virg. G. 4.

which is true, if understood only of  
 the Rivers of *Italy*.

*Lucan's*

*Lucan's* Description of the *Po* would have been very beautiful, had he known when to have given over.

*Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in  
amnem*

*Eridanus, fractasque evolvit in æquora  
Silvas,*

*Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis, hunc fa-  
bula primum*

*Populeâ fluvium ripas umbrâsse coronâ:  
Cumque Diem pronum transverso limite  
ducens*

*Succendit Phaëton flagrantibus æthera  
loris;*

*Gurgitibus raptis, penitus tellure perustâ,  
Hunc habuisse pares Phæbeis ignibus  
undas.* L. 2.

The *Po*, that rushing with uncommon  
Force,  
O'er-sets whole Woods in its tumul-  
tuous Course,  
And rising from *Hesperia's* watry Veins,  
Th' exhausted Land of all its Moisture  
drains. The

The *Po*, as sings the Fable, first convey'd  
Its wond'ring Current through a Pop-  
lar Shade:

For when young *Phaeton* mistook his  
way,

Lost and confounded in the Blaze of  
Day,

This River, with surviving Streams sup-  
ply'd,

When all the rest of the whole Earth  
were dry'd,

And Nature's self lay ready to expire,  
Quench'd the dire Flame that set the  
World on Fire.

The Poet's Reflections follow.

*Non minor hic Nilo, si non perplana  
jacentis*

*Ægypti Libycas Nilus stagnaret arenas.*

*Non minor hic Istro, nisi quod dum per-  
meat orbem*

*Ister, casuros in quælibet æquora fontes  
Accipit, & Scythicas exit non Solus in  
undas.*

Id.

Nor



Nor would the *Nile* more watry Stores  
contain,  
But that he stagnates on the *Libyan*  
Plain:  
Nor would the *Danube* run with greater  
Force,  
But that he gathers in his tedious  
Course  
Ten Thousand Streams, and swelling  
as he flows,  
In *Scythian* Seas the Glut of Rivers  
throws.

That is, says *Scaliger*, the *Eridanis* would be bigger than the *Nile* and *Danube*, if the *Nile* and *Danube* were not bigger than the *Eridanus*. What makes the Poet's Remark the more improper, the very Reason why the *Danube* is greater than the *Po*, as he assigns it, is that which really makes the *Po* as great as it is; for before its Fall into the Gulf it receives into its Channel the most considerable Rivers of *Piemont*, *Milan*, and the rest of *Lombardy*.

From *Venice* to *Ancona* the Tide comes in very sensibly at its stated Periods, but rises more or less in proportion as it advances nearer the Head of the Gulf. *Lucan* has run out of his way to describe this *Phenomenon*, that is very extraordinary to those who lye out of the Neighbourhood of the great Ocean, and, according to his usual Custom, lets his Poem stand still that he may give way to his own Reflections.

*Quàque jacet littus dubium, quod terra  
fretumque*

*Vendicat alternis vicibus, cùm funditur  
ingens*

*Oceanus, vel cùm refugis se fluctibus  
aufert.*

*Ventus ab extremo pelagus sic axe vo-  
lutet*

*Destituatque ferens: an sidere mota Se-  
cundo*

*Tethyos unda vagæ Lunaribus æstuet  
horis:*

*Flam-*

*Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat  
undas,*

*Erigat Oceanum fluctusque ad sidera  
tollat*

*Quærite quos agitat mundi labor : at mihi  
semper*

*Tu quæcunque moves tam crebros causa  
meatus*

*Ut superi volvere late.-----* Lib. 1.

Wash'd with successive Seas, the doubt-  
ful Strand

By turns is Ocean, and by turns is  
Land :

Whether the Winds in distant Regions  
blow,

Moving the World of Waters to and  
fro ;

Or waning Moons their settled Periods  
keep

To swell the Billows, and ferment the  
Deep ;

Or the tir'd Sun, his Vigour to supply,  
Raises the floating Mountains to the  
Sky,

And flakes his Thirst within the mighty Tide,  
 Do you who study Nature's Works decide:  
 Whilst I the dark mysterious Cause admire,  
 Nor, into what the Gods conceal, presumptuously enquire.

At *Ferrara* I met nothing extraordinary. The Town is very large, but extremely thin of People. It has a Citadel, and something like a Fortification running round it, but so large that it requires more Soldiers to defend it than the Pope has in his whole Dominions. The Streets are as beautiful as any I have seen, in their Length, Breadth, and Regularity. The *Benedictins* have the finest Convent of the Place. They show'd us in the Church *Ariosto's* Monument: His Epitaph says, he was *Nobilitate generis atque Animi clarus, in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis populis, in gravissimis*

*vissimis & summis Pontificis legationibus prudentiâ, consilio, eloquentiâ præstantissimus.*

I came down a Branch of the *Po*, as far as *Alberto*, within Ten Miles of *Ravenna*. All this Space lyes miserably uncultivated 'till you come near *Ravenna*, where the Soil is made extremely fruitful, and shows what much of the rest might be, were there Hands enough to manage it to the best Advantage. It is now on both sides the Road very Marshy, and generally over-grown with Rushes, which made me fancy it was once floated by the Sea, that lyes within Four Miles of it. Nor could I in the least doubt it when I saw *Ravenna*, that is almost at the same distance from the Adriatic, tho' it was formerly the most famous of all the *Roman* Ports.

One may guess at its ancient Situation from *Martial's*

*Meliùsque Ranæ garriant Ravennates.*

Lib. 3.

Ra-

118 *Ferrara, Ravenna, Rimini.*

*Ravenna's* Frogs in better Musick croak.

and the Description that *Silius Italicus* has given us of it.

*Quàque gravi remo limosis segniter undis  
Lenta paludosa perscindunt Stagna Ra-  
vennae.* L. 8.

Encumber'd in the Mud, their Oars  
divide  
With heavy Stroaks the thick unweildy  
Tide.

Accordingly the old Geographers represent it as situated among Marshes and Shallows. The Place which is shown for the Haven, is on a Level with the Town, and has probably been stopp'd up by the great Heaps of Dirt that the Sea has thrown into it; for all the Soil on that side of *Ravenna* has been left there insensibly by the Sea's discharging it self upon it for so many Ages. The Ground must have been  
been

been formerly much lower, for otherwise the Town would have lain under Water. The Remains of the *Pharos*, that stand about Three Miles from the Sea, and Two from the Town, have their Foundations cover'd with Earth for some Yards, as they told me, that notwithstanding are upon a Level with the Fields that lye about 'em, tho' 'tis probable they took the Advantage of a rising Ground to set it upon. It was a square Tower of about Twelve Yards in Breadth, as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire, so that its Height must have been very considerable to have preserv'd a Proportion. It is made in the Form of the *Venetian Campanello*, and is probably the high Tower mention'd by *Pliny*, *Lib. 36. cap. 12.*

On the side of the Town, where the Sea is suppos'd to have lain formerly, there is now a little Church call'd the *Rotonda*. At the Entrance of it are Two Stones, the one with

an Inscription in *Gothic* Characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the other is a square Piece of Marble, that by the Inscription appears ancient, and by the Ornaments about it shows it self to have been a little Pagan Monument of Two Persons that were Shipwreck'd, perhaps in the Place where now their Monument stands. The first Line and a half, that tells their Names and Families in Prose, is not legible; the rest runs thus,

---*Raniæ domus hos produxit alumnos,  
Libertatis opus contulit una Dies.*

*Naufraga mors pariter rapuit quos junxe-*  
[*rat antè,*  
*Et duplices luctus mors per iniqua*  
[*dedit.*

Both with the same Indulgent Master  
blefs'd,  
On the same Day their Liberty pos-  
sefs'd:



A Shipwreck flew whom it had join'd  
before,  
And left their common Friends their  
Fun'ral to deplore.

There is a Turn in the Third Verse that we lose by not knowing the Circumstances of their Story. It was the *Naufraga mors* that destroy'd 'em, as it had formerly united 'em; what this Union was is express'd in the preceding Verse, by their both having been made Free-men on the same Day. If therefore we suppose they had been formerly Shipwreck'd with their Master, and that he made 'em Free at the same time, the *Epigram* is unriddled. Nor is this Interpretation perhaps so forc'd as it may seem at first sight, since it was the Custom of the Masters, a little before their Death, to give their Slaves their Freedom, if they had deserv'd it at their Hands; and it is natural enough to suppose one, that was engag'd in a common  
Shipwreck,

Shipwreck, would give such of his Slaves their Liberty, as should have the good Luck to save themselves. The Chancel of this Church is vaulted with a single Stone of Four Foot in Thickness, and a Hundred and Fourteen in Circumference. There stood on the Outside of this little Cupola a great Tomb of *Porphyry*, and the Statues of the Twelve Apostles; but in the War that *Louis* the Twelfth made on *Italy*, the Tomb was broken in pieces by a Cannon-Ball. 'Twas, perhaps, the same Blow that made the Flaw in the Cupola, tho' the Inhabitants say it was crack'd by Thunder, that destroy'd a Son of one of their *Gothic* Princes, who had taken Shelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of Death he was to die. I ask'd an Abbot, that was in the Church, what was the Name of this *Gothic* Prince, who, after a little Recollection, answer'd me, That he could not tell precisely, but that he thought 'twas one

*Julius*

*Julius Caesar.* There is a Convent of *Theatins*, where they show a little Window in the Church, thro' which the Holy Ghost is said to have enter'd in the Shape of a Dove, and to have settled on one of the Candidates for the Bishoprick. The Dove is represented in the Window, and in several Places of the Church, and is in great Reputation all over *Italy*. I should not indeed think it impossible for a Pigeon to fly in accidentally thro' the Roof, where they still keep the Hole open, and by its fluttering o'er such a particular Place, to give so superstitious an Assembly an Occasion of favouring a Competitor, especially if he had many Friends among the Electors that would make a politick use of such an Accident: But they pretend the Miracle has happen'd more than once. Among the Pictures of several Famous Men of their Order, there is one with this Inscription. *P. D. Thomas Gouldvellus Ep. Aſis' Trid<sup>no</sup> concilio*  
lio

*lio contra Hæreticos & in Anglia contra Elisabet. Fidei Confessor conspicuus.*  
The Statue of *Alexander* the Seventh stands in the large Square of the Town; it is cast in Brass, and has the Posture that is always given the Figure of a Pope; an Arm extended, and blessing the People. In another Square on a high Pillar is set the Statue of the blessed Virgin, array'd like a Queen, with a Scepter in her Hand, and a Crown upon her Head; for having deliver'd the Town from a raging Pestilence. The Custom of Crowning the Holy Virgin is so much in Vogue among the *Italians*, that one often sees in their Churches a little Tinsel Crown, or perhaps a Circle of Stars glew'd to the Canvas over the Head of the Figure, which sometimes spoils a good Picture. In the Convent of *Benedictins* I saw Three huge Chests of Marble with no Inscription on 'em that I could find, tho' they are said to contain the  
Ashes

Ashes of *Valentinian, Honorius*, and his Sister *Placidia*. From *Ravenna* I came to *Rimini*, having pass'd the *Rubicon* by the way. This River is not so very contemptible as it is generally represented, and was much increas'd by the melting of the Snows when *Cæsar* pass'd it, according to *Lucan*.

*Fonte cadit modico parvisque impellitur  
undis*

*Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit  
æstas:*

*Perque imas serpit valles, & Gallica  
certus*

*Limes ab Ausoniis disterninat arva co-  
lonis:*

*Tunc vires præbebat Hyems, atque auxe-  
rat undas*

*Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cyathia  
cornu,*

*Et madidis Euri resolutæ flatibus Al-  
pes.*

L. I.

While

While Summer lasts, the Streams of  
*Rubicon*  
 From their spent Source in a small  
 Current run,  
 Hid in the winding Vales they gently  
 glide,  
 And *Italy* from neighb'ring *Gaul* divide;  
 But now, with Winter Storms encreas'd,  
 they rose,  
 By wat'ry Moons produc'd, and *Alpine*  
 Snows,  
 That melting on the hoary Mountains  
 lay,  
 And in warm Eastern Winds dissolv'd  
 away.

This River is now call'd *Pisatello*.

*Rimini* has nothing at present to  
 boast of. Its Antiquities are as fol-  
 low: A Marble Bridge of Five Arches,  
 built by *Augustus* and *Tiberius*, for the  
 Inscription is still legible, tho' not  
 rightly transcrib'd by *Gruter*. A Tri-  
 umphal Arch rais'd to *Augustus*, that  
 makes a Noble Gate to the Town,  
 tho'

tho' part of it is ruin'd. The Ruins of an Amphitheater. The *Suggestum*, on which it is said that *Julius Caesar* harangu'd his Army after having pass'd the *Rubicon*. I must confess I can by no means look on this last as Authentick: It is built of hewn Stone, like the Pedestal of a Pillar, but something higher than ordinary, and is but just broad enough for one Man to stand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient *Suggestiums*, as I have often observ'd on Medals, as well as on *Constantine's* Arch, were made of Wood like a little kind of Stage, or Bulk of a Shop, for the Heads of the Nails are sometimes represented, that are suppos'd to have fasten'd the Boards together. We often see on 'em the Emperor, and Two or Three General Officers, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, as they made Speeches, or distributed a Congiary to the Soldiers or People. They were probably always in readiness, and carry'd among the

the Baggage of the Army, whereas this at *Rimini* must have been built on the Place, and requir'd some time before it could be finish'd.



If the Observation I have here made is just, it may serve as a Confirmation to the Learned *Fabretti's* Conjecture on *Trajan's* Pillar; who supposes, I think, with a great deal of Reason, that



that the Camps, Intrenchments, and other Works of the same Nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of Brick or hewn Stone, were in reality only of Earth, Turf, or the like Materials; for there are on the Pillar some of these *Suggestums* that are made like those on Medals, with only this difference, that they seem built of Brick or Free-Stone. At Twelve Miles distance from *Rimini* stands the little Republick of *St. Marino*, which I could not forbear visiting, tho' it lyes out of the common Tour of Travelers, and has excessively bad Ways to it. I shall here give a particular Account of it, because I know no Body else that has done it. One may, at least, have the Pleasure of seeing in it something more singular than can be found in great Governments, and form from it an Idea of *Venice* in its first Beginnings, when it had only a few Heaps of Earth for its Dominions, or of *Rome* it self, when it had as yet cover'd but one of its Seven Hills.

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T H E  
R E P U B L I C K  
O F  
St. *MARINO*.

**T**HE Town and Republick of *St. Marino* stands on the Top of a very high and craggy Mountain. It is generally hid among the Clouds, and lay under Snow when I saw it, tho' it was clear and warm Weather in all the Country about it. There is not a Spring or Fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole Dominions, but they are always well provided with huge Cisterns and Reservoirs of Rain and Snow-Water. The  
Wine

Wine that grows on the sides of their Mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the *Appennines*. This puts me in Mind of their Cellars, which have most of 'em a natural Advantage that renders 'em extremely cool in the hottest Seasons, for they have generally in the Sides of 'em deep Holes that run into the Hollows of the Hill, from whence there constantly issues a breathing kind of Vapour, so very chilling in the Summer time, that a Man can scarce suffer his Hand in the Wind of it.

This Mountain, and a few neighbouring Hillocks that lye scatter'd about the Bottom of it, is the whole Circuit of these Dominions. They have, what they call, Three Castles, Three Convents, and Five Churches, and can reckon about Five Thousand Souls in their Community. The Inhabitants and Historians, that mention this little Republick, give the following

lowing Account of its Original. *St. Marino* was its Founder, a *Dalmatian* by Birth, and by Trade a Mason. He was employ'd about Thirteen Hundred Years ago in the Reparation of *Rimini*, and, after he had finish'd his Work, retir'd to this solitary Mountain, as finding it very proper for the Life of a Hermit, which he led in the greatest Rigours and Austerities of Religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed Miracle, which, join'd with his extraordinary Sanctity, gain'd him so great an Esteem that the Princess of the Country made him a Present of the Mountain to dispose of it at his own Discretion. His Reputation quickly Peopled it, and gave Rise to the Republick that calls it self after his Name. So that the Common-wealth of *Marino* may boast at least of a nobler Original than that of *Rome*, the one having been at first an *Asylum* for Robbers and Muderers, and the other a Re-

Resort of Persons eminent for their Piety and Devotion. The best of their Churches is Dedicated to the Saint, and holds his Ashes. His Statue stands over the high Altar, with the Figure of a Mountain in its Hands, crown'd with Three Castles, which is likewise the Arms of the Commonwealth. They attribute to his Protection the long Duration of their State, and look on him as the greatest Saint next the Blessed Virgin. I saw in their Statute-Book a Law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punish'd in the same manner as those that are Convicted of Blasphemy.

This petty Republick has now lasted Fourteen Hundred Years, while all the States of *Italy* have several times chang'd their Masters and Forms of Government. Their whole History is compris'd in Two Purchases, which they made of a neighbouring Prince, and in a War in which they assisted

the Pope against a Lord of *Rimini*. In the Year 1100 they bought a Castle in the Neighbourhood, as they did another in the Year 1170. The Papers of the Conditions are preserv'd in their Archives, where 'tis very remarkable that the Name of the Agent for the Common-wealth, of the Seller, of the Notary, and the Witnesses, are the same in both the Instruments, tho' drawn up at Seventy Years distance from each other. Nor can it be any Mistake in the Date, because the Popes and Emperors Names, with the Year of their Reigns, are both punctually set down. About 290 Years after this they assisted Pope *Pius* the Second against one of the *Malatesta's*, who was then Lord of *Rimini*; and when they had help'd to conquer him, receiv'd from the Pope, as a Reward for their Assistance, Four little Castles. This they represent as the flourishing Time of the Common-wealth, when their Dominions reach'd half way up

a neighbouring Hill; but at present they are reduc'd to their old Extent. They would probably sell their Liberty as dear as they could to any that attack'd 'em; for there is but one Road by which to climb up to 'em, and they have a very severe Law against any of their own Body that enters the Town by another Path, lest any new one should be worn on the Sides of their Mountain. All that are capable of bearing Arms are exercis'd, and ready at a Moment's Call.

The Sovereign Power of the Republick was lodg'd originally in what they call the *Arenco*, a great Council in which every House had its Representative. But because they found too much Confusion in such a Multitude of Statesmen, they devolv'd their whole Authority into the Hands of the Council of Sixty. The *Arenco* however is still call'd together in Cases of extraordinary Importance;

and if, after due Summons, any Member absents himself, he is to be Fin'd to the value of about a Penny *English*, which the Statute says he shall pay, *Sine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ*. In the ordinary Course of Government, the Council of Sixty (which, notwithstanding the Name, consists but of Forty Persons) has in its Hands the Administration of Affairs, and is made up half out of the Noble Families, and half out of the *Plebeian*. They manage all by Baloting, are not admitted 'till Five and Twenty Years old, and chuse the Officers of the Commonwealth.

Thus far they agree with the Great Council of *Venice*, but their Power is much more extended; for no Sentence can stand that is not confirm'd by Two Thirds of this Council. Besides, that no Son can be admitted into it during the Life of his Father, nor Two be in it of the same Family, nor any enter but by Election. The  
chief



chief Officers of the Common-wealth are the Two *Capitaneos*, who have such a Power as the old *Roman* Consuls had, but are chosen every Six Months. I talk'd with some that had been *Capitaneos* Six or Seven times, tho' the Office is never to be continu'd to the same Persons twice successively. The Third Officer is the Commissary, who judges in all Civil and Criminal Matters. But because the many Alliances, Friendships, and Intermarriages, as well as the Personal Feuds and Animosities that happen among so small a People might obstruct the Course of Justice, if one of their own Number had the Distribution of it; they have always a Foreigner for this Employ, whom they chuse for Three Years, and maintain out of the Publick Stock. He must be a Doctor of Law, and a Man of known Integrity. He is join'd in Commission with the *Capitaneos*, and acts something like the Recorder of

*Lon-*

*London* under my Lord Mayor. The Common-wealth of *Genoa* was forc'd to make use of a Foreign Judge for many Years, whilst their Republick was torn into the Divisions of *Guelphs* and *Gibelines*. The Fourth Man in the State is the Physician, who must likewise be a Stranger, and is maintain'd by a publick Salary. He is oblig'd to keep a Horse, to visit the Sick, and to inspect all Drugs that are imported. He must be at least Thirty Five Years old, a Doctor of the Faculty, and eminent for his Religion and Honesty; that his Rashness or Ignorance may not unpeople the Common-wealth. And that they may not suffer long under a bad Choice, he is elected only for Three Years. The present Physician is a very understanding Man, and well read in our Countrymen, *Harvey*, *Willis*, *Sydenham*, &c. He has been continu'd for some time among 'em, and they say the Common-wealth thrives under

der his Hands. Another Person, that makes no ordinary Figure in the Republick, is the School-Master. I scarce met with any in the Place that had not some Tincture of Learning. I had the Perusal of a *Latin* Book in *Folio*, entitled, *Statuta Illustrissimæ Reipublicæ Sancti Marini*, Printed at *Rimini* by Order of the Common-wealth. The Chapter on the publick Ministers says, that when an Ambassador is dispatch'd from the Republick to any Foreign State he shall be allow'd, out of the Treasury, to the value of a Shilling a Day. The People are esteem'd very honest and rigorous in the Execution of Justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their Rocks and Snows, than others of the *Italians* do in the pleasantest Vallies of the World. Nothing indeed can be a greater Instance of the natural Love that Mankind has for Liberty, and of their Aversion to an Arbitrary Government,

vernment, than such a Savage Mountain cover'd with People, and the *Campania* of *Rome*, that lyes in the same Country, almost destitute of Inhabitants.

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*Pesaro,*

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*Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia,*

*Ancona, Loretto, &c.*

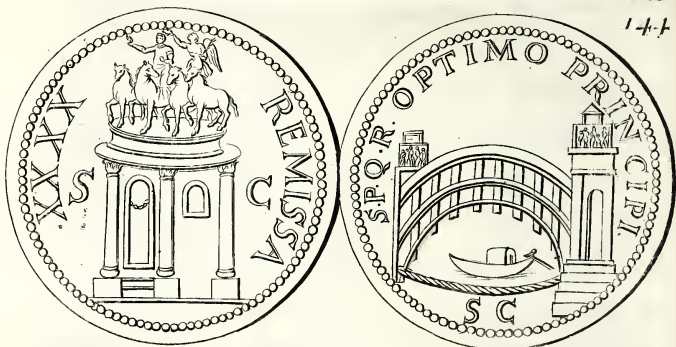
**T O R O M E.**

**F**ROM *Rimini* to *Loretto* the Towns of Note are *Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia* and *Ancona*. *Fano* receiv'd its Name from the Temple of Fortune that stood in it. One may still see the Triumphal Arch that was there erected to *Augustus*: It is indeed very much defac'd by Time, but the Plan of it, as it stood entire with all its Inscriptions, is neatly cut upon the Wall of a neighbouring Building. In each of these Towns is a beautiful Marble Fountain, where the Water  
runs

runs continually thro' several little Spouts, which looks very refreshing in these hot Countries, and gives a great Coolness to the Air about 'em. That of *Pesaro* is prettily design'd. *Ancona* is much the most considerable of these Towns. It stands on a Promontory, and looks more beautiful at a distance than when you are in it. The Port was made by *Trajan*, for which he has a Triumphal Arch erected to him by the Sea-side. The Marble of this Arch looks very white and fresh, as being expos'd to the Winds and Salt Sea-Vapours, that by continually fretting it preserves it self from that mouldy Colour, which others of the same Matter have contracted. Tho' the *Italians* and Voyage-Writers call these of *Rimini*, *Fano*, and *Ancona* Triumphal Arches, there was probably some Distinction made among the *Romans* between such Honorary Arches erected to Emperors, and those that were rais'd to 'em on the

the Account of a Victory, which are properly Triumphal Arches. This at *Ancona* was an Instance of Gratitude to *Trajan* for the Port he had made there, as the Two others I have mention'd were probably for some Reason of the same Nature. One may however observe the Wisdom of the ancient *Romans*, that to encourage their Emperors in their Inclination of doing good to their Country, gave the same Honours to the great Actions of Peace, which turn'd to the Advantage of the Publick, as to those of War. This is very remarkable in the Medals that were stamp'd on the same Occasions. I remember to have seen one of *Galba's* with a Triumphal Arch on the Reverse, that was made by the Senate's Order for his having remitted a Tax. R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C. The Medal which was made for *Trajan* in Remembrance of his Beneficence to *Ancona* is very common. The Reverse has on it a Port with a Chain running

running a-cross it, and betwixt 'em  
both a Boat with this Inscription,  
*S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI.*  
*S. C.*



I know *Fabretti* would fain ascribe this Medal to another Occasion, but *Bellorio* has sufficiently refuted all he says, in his *Additions to Angeloni*.

At *Loretto* I enquir'd for the *English* Jesuits Lodgings, and on the Stair-Cafe that leads to 'em I saw several Pictures of such as had been Executed in *England*, as the *Two Garnets*, *Old-Corn*, and others to the Number of Thirty. Whatever were their Crimes, the Inscription says they suffer'd



suffer'd for their Religion, and some of 'em are represented lying under such Tortures as are not in use among us. The Martyrs of 1679 are set by themselves, with a Knife stuck in the Bosom of each Figure, to give notice they were Quarter'd.

The Riches in the Holy House and Treasury are surprizingly great, and as much surpass'd my Expectation as other Sight's have generally fallen short of it. Silver can scarce find an Admission, and Gold it self looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious Stones. There will be, in a few Ages more, the Jewels of the greatest value in *Europe*, if the Devotion of its Princes continues in its present Fervour. The last Offering was made by the Queen Dowager of *Poland*, and cost her 18000 Crowns. Some have wonder'd that the *Turk* never attacks this Treasury, since it lyes so near the Sea-shore, and is so weakly guarded. But besides that he

L

has

has attempted it formerly with no Success, it is certain the *Venetians* keep too watchful an Eye over his Motions at present, and would never suffer him to enter the Adriatic. It would indeed be an easie thing for a Christian Prince to surprize it, who has Ships still passing to and fro without Suspicion, especially if he had a Party in the Town, disguis'd like Pilgrims, to secure a Gate for him; for there have been sometimes to the Number of 100000 in a Days time, as it is generally reported. But 'tis probable the Veneration for the Holy House, and the Horror of an Action that would be resented by all the Catholick Princes of *Europe*, will be as great a Security to the Place as the strongest Fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to see such a prodigious quantity of Riches lye dead, and untouch'd in the midst of so much Poverty and Misery as reign on all sides of 'em. There is no question,  
how-

however, but the Pope would make use of these Treasures in case of any great Calamity that should endanger the Holy See; as an unfortunate War with the *Turk*, or a powerful League among the Protestants. For I can't but look on those vast Heaps of Wealth, that are amass'd together in so many Religious Places of *Italy*, as the hidden Reserves and secret Magazines of the Church, that she would open on any pressing Occasion for her last Defence and Preservation. If these Riches were all turn'd into Current Coin, and employ'd in Commerce, they would make *Italy* the most flourishing Country in *Europe*. The Case of the Holy House is nobly design'd, and executed by the great Masters of *Italy*, that flourish'd about a Hundred Years ago. The Statues of the *Sibyls* are very finely wrought, each of 'em in a different Air and Posture, as are likewise those of the Prophets underneath 'em. The

Roof of the Treasury is painted with the same kind of Device. There stands at the upper End of it a large Crucifix very much esteem'd, the Figure of our Saviour represents him in his last Agonies of Death, and amidst all the Ghastliness of the Visage has something in it very amiable. The Gates of the Church are said to be of *Corinthian* Brass, with many Scripture Stories rising on 'em in *Basso Relievo*. The Pope's Statue, and the Fountain by it, would make a noble Show in another Place. The Spicery, the Cellar and its Furniture, the great Revenues of the Convent, with the Story of the Holy House, are too well known to need a Description.

Whoever were the first Inventors of this Imposture, they seem to have taken the hint of it from the Veneration that the old *Romans* paid to the Cottage of *Romulus*, which stood on Mount *Capitol*, and was repair'd from time to time as it fell to decay.

*Virgil*

*Virgil* has given a pretty Image of this little thatch'd Palace, that represents it standing in *Manlius's* Time, 327 Years after the Death of *Romulus*.

*In summo custos Tarpeiae Manlius arcis  
Stabat pro templo, & capitolia celsa  
tenebat :*

*Romuleoque recens horrebat Regia culmo.*  
Æn. L. 8.

High on a Rock Heroick *Manlius*  
stood

To guard the Temple, and the Tem-  
ple's God :

Then *Rome* was poor, and there you  
might behold

The Palace Thatch'd with Straw.

*Dryden.*

From *Loretto*, in my way to *Rome*,  
I pass'd thro' *Recanati*, *Macerata*, *To-  
lentino* and *Foligni*. In the last there  
is a Convent of Nuns call'd *la Con-  
tessa*, that has an incomparable *Ma-  
donna of Raphels* in the Church. At  
*Spoletto*, the next Town on the Road,

are some Antiquities. The most remarkable is an Aquæduct of a *Gothic* Structure, that conveys the Water from Mount *St. Francis* to *Spoletto*, which is not to be equall'd for its height by any other in *Europe*. They reckon from the Foundation of the lowest Arch to the Top of it 230 Yards. In my way hence to *Terni* I saw the River *Clitumnus*, celebrated by so many of the Poets for a particular Quality in its Waters of making Cattle white that drink of it. The Inhabitants of that Country have still the same Opinion of it, as I found upon Enquiry, and have a great many Oxen of a whitish Colour to confirm 'em in it. It is probable this Breed was first settled in the Country, and continuing still the same Species, has made the Inhabitants impute it to a wrong Cause; tho' they may as well fancy their Hogs turn black for some Reason of the same Nature, because there are none in *Italy* of any  
other

other Breed. The River *Clitumnus*, and *Mevania* that stood on the Banks of it, are famous for the Herds of Victims with which they furnish'd all *Italy*.

*Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco  
Integit, & Niveos abluit unda boves.*  
Prop. L. 2.

*Hinc Albi Clitumne greges, & maxima  
Taurus  
Victima, sepe tuo perfusi flumine sacro  
Romanos ad Templum Deum duxere tri-  
umphos.*  
Geor. 2. Virg.

There flows *Clitumnus* through the  
flow'ry Plain;  
Whose Waves, for Triumphs after  
prosp'rous War,  
The Victim Ox, and Snowy Sheep  
prepare.

----- *Patulis Clitumnus in Arvis  
Candentes gelido profundit flumine Tau-  
ros.*  
Sit. Ital. L. 2.

----- *Tauriferis ubi se Mevania campis*  
*Explicat*----- Luc. L. 1.

----- *Atque ubi latis*

*Projecta in campis nebulas exhalat in-*  
*ertes,*

*Et sedet ingentem pascens Mevania*  
*taurum,*

*Dona Jovi*----- Id. L. 6.

--- *Nec si vacuet Mevania valles,*  
*Aut præsent niveos Clitumna novalia*  
*Tauros*

*Sufficiam*----- Stat. Syl. L. 1.

*Pinguior Hispullâ traheretur taurus &*  
*iprâ*

*Mole piger, non finitimâ nutritus in*  
*herbâ,*

*Læta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua*  
*sanguis*

*Iret, & a grandi cervix ferienda Mi-*  
*nistro.* Juv. Sat. 12.

A Bull high fed should fall the Sacri-  
 fice,  
 One of Hispulla's huge prodigious  
 Size:

Not



Not one of those our neighb'ring Pa-  
stures feed,  
But of *Clitumnus* whitest Sacred Breed:  
The lively Tincture of whose gushing  
Blood  
Should clearly prove the Richness of  
his Food;  
A Neck so strong, so large, as would  
command  
The speeding Blow of some uncom-  
mon Hand. Mr. Congreve.

I shall have occasion to mention  
*Claudian* afterwards.

*Terni* is the next Town in Course,  
formerly call'd *Interamna*, for the same  
Reason that a part of *Asia* was nam'd  
*Mesopotamia*. We enter at the Gate  
of the Three Monuments, so call'd  
because there stood near it a Monu-  
ment erected to *Tacitus* the Historian,  
with Two others to the Emperors *Ta-*  
*citus* and *Florianus*, all of 'em Natives  
of the Place. These were a few Years  
ago Demolish'd by Thunder, and the  
Frag-

154 *Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia,*

Fragments of 'em are in the Hands of some Gentlemen of the Town. Near the Dome I was shown a square Marble, inserted in the Wall, with the following Inscription.

*Saluti perpetuæ Augustæ  
Libertatique publicæ Populi Romani*

*Genio municipi Anno post  
Interamnam Conditam.*

D. C C. IV.

*Ad Cnejum Domitium  
Ahenobarbum.* 

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 *Coss. providentiæ Ti. Cæsaris  
Augusti nati ad Æternitatem Romani  
nominis sublato hoste perniciosissimo P. R.  
Faustus Titius Liberalis VI. vir iterum  
P. S. F. C. that is, pecunia sua fieri  
curavit.*

This Stone was probably set up on occasion of the Fall of *Sejanus*. After the Name of *Ahenobarbus* there is a little Furrow in the Marble, but so smooth

smooth and well polish'd, that I should not have taken notice of it had not I seen *Coff.* at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the Name of another Consul, which has been industriously razed out. *Lucius Aruncius Camillus Scribonianus* was Consul under the Reign of *Tiberius*, and was afterwards put to Death for a Conspiracy that he had form'd against the Emperor *Claudius*; at which time it was order'd that his Name and Consulate should be effaced out of all publick Registers and Inscriptions. It is not therefore improbable, that it was this long Name that fill'd up the Gap I am now mentioning. There are near this Monument the Ruins of an ancient Theater, with some of the Caves entire. I saw among the Ruins an old Heathen Altar, with this Particularity in it, that it is hollow'd, like a Dish, at one End; but it was not this End on which the Sacrifice was laid, as one may guess from

Vid. Fast.  
Consul.  
Sicul.

from the Make of the Festoon, that runs round the Altar, which is inverted when the Hollow stands uppermost. In the same Yard, among the Rubbish of the Theater, lye Two Pillars, the one of Granate, and the other of a very beautiful Marble. I went out of my way to see the Famous *Cascade* that lyes about Three Miles from *Terni*. It is form'd by the Fall of the River *Velino*, that *Virgil* mentions in the Seventh *Æneid*--- *Rosea rura Velini*.

The Channel of this River lyes very high, and is shaded on all sides by a Green Forest, made up of several kinds of Trees that preserve their Verdure all the Year. The neighbouring Mountains are cover'd with 'em, and by reason of their height are more expos'd to the Dews and drizzling Rains than any of the adjacent Parts, which gives occasion to *Virgil's Rosea rura*, (Dewy Countries.) The River runs extremely rapid before its Fall, and rushes  
down

down a Precipice of a Hundred Yards high. It throws it self into the Hollow of a Rock, that has probably been worn by such a constant Fall of Water. It is impossible to see the Bottom on which it breaks for the Thickness of the Mist that rises from it, which looks at a distance like Clouds of Smoak ascending from some vast Furnace, and distils in perpetual Rains on all the Places that lye near it. I think there is something more astonishing in this *Cascade*, than in all the Water-Works of *Versailles*, and could not but wonder when I first saw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old Poets; especially in *Claudian*, who makes his Emperor *Honorius* go out of his way to see the River *Nar* that runs just below it, and yet does not mention what would have been so great an Embellishment to his Poem. But at present I don't in the least question, notwithstanding the Opinion of some Learned Men

to

to the contrary, but this is the Gulf thro' which *Virgil's Alecto* shoots herself into Hell; for the very Place, the great Reputation of it, the Fall of Waters, the Woods that encompass it, with the Smoak and Noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the Description. Perhaps he would not mention the Name of the River, because he has done it in the Verses that precede. We may add to this, that the *Cascade* is not far off that Part of *Italy* which has been call'd *Italiæ Meditullium*.

*Est locus Italiæ medio, sub montibus  
altis,  
Nobilis, & famâ multis memoratus in  
oris,  
Amsancti valles, densis hunc frondibus  
atrum  
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, medioque  
fragosus  
Dat sonitum saxis & torto vortice torrens :*

*Hic*

*Hic specus horrendum, & sævi spira-  
cula Ditis*

*Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte  
vorago*

*Pestiferas aperit fauces, queis condita  
Erinnys*

*In visum Numen terras cælumque le-  
vat.* Æn. 7.

In midst of *Italy*, well known to Fame,  
There lyes a Vale, *Amsanctus* is the  
Name,

Below the lofty Mounts: On either  
side

Thick Forests the forbidden Entrance  
hide:

Full in the Centre of the Sacred Wood  
An Arm ariseth of the *Stygian* Flood;  
Which falling from on high, with  
bellowing Sound

Whirls the black Waves and rattling  
Stones around.

Here *Pluto* pants for Breath from out  
his Cell,

And opens wide the grinning Jaws of  
Hell. To

To this Infernal Gate the Fury flies,  
 Here hides her hated Head, and frees  
 the lab'ring Skies. *Dryden.*

It was indeed the properest Place in the World for a Fury to make her *Exit*, after she had fill'd a Nation with Distractions and Alarms; and I believe every Reader's Imagination is pleas'd, when he sees the angry Goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a Tempest, and plunging her self into Hell, amidst such a Scene of Horror and Confusion.

The River *Velino*, after having found its way out from among the Rocks where it falls, runs into the *Nera*. The Channel of this last River is white with Rocks, and the Surface of it, for a long Space, cover'd with Froth and Bubbles; for it runs all along upon the Fret, and is still breaking against the Stones that oppose its Passage: So that for these Reasons, as well as for the Mixture of Sulphur in its Waters,



Waters, it is very well describ'd by *Virgil*, in that Verse which mentions these Two Rivers in their old Roman Names.

*Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus  
omne  
Contremuit nemus, & Silvæ intonuerunt  
profundæ,  
Audiit & longè Triviæ lacus, audiit  
amnis  
Sulphuræâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque  
Velini.* Æn. 7.

The Sacred Lake of *Trivia* from afar, }  
The *Veline* Fountains, and Sulphu- }  
reous *Nar*, }  
Shake at the Baleful Blast, the Signal }  
of the War. } *Dryden.*

He makes the Sound of the Fury's Trumpet run up the *Nera* to the very Sources of *Velino*, which agrees extremely well with the Situation of these Rivers. When *Virgil* has mark'd

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any

162 *Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia,*

any particular Quality in a River, the other Poets seldom fail of Copying after him.

----- *Sulphureus Nar.* Aufon.

----- *Narque albescentibus undis*

*In Tibrim properans*----- Sil. It. L. 8.

----- *Et Nar vitiatu odor*

*Sulfure*----- Claud. de Pr. & Olyb. Conf.

----- The Hoary *Nar*

Corrupted with the Stench of Sulphur  
flows,

And into *Tiber's* Streams th' infected  
Current throws.

From this River our next Town on the Road receives the Name of *Narni*. I saw hereabouts nothing remarkable except *Augustus's* Bridge, that stands half a Mile from the Town, and is one of the stateliest Ruins in *Italy*. It has no Cement, and looks as firm as one entire Stone. There is an Arch of it unbroken, the broadest that I have

have

have ever seen, tho' by reason of its great height it does not appear so. The middle one was still much broader. They join together Two Mountains, and belong'd, without doubt, to the Bridge that *Martial* mentions, tho' Mr. Ray takes 'em to be the Remains of an ancient Aquæduct.

*Sed jam parçe mihi nec abutere Nar-*  
[*nia Quinto,*  
*Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui!*  
L. 7.

Preserve my better Part, and spare my  
Friend;  
So, *Narni*, may thy Bridge for ever  
stand.

From *Narni* I went to *Otricoli*, a very mean little Village, that stands where the Castle of *Ocriculum* did formerly. I turn'd about half a Mile out of the Road to see the Ruins of the old *Ocriculum*, that lye near the Banks of the *Tiber*. There are still  
M 2 scatter'd

scatter'd Pillars and Pedestals, huge Pieces of Marble half bury'd in the Earth, Fragments of Towers, Subterraneous Vaults, Bathing Places, and the like Marks of its ancient Magnificence.

In my way to *Rome*, seeing a high Hill standing by it self in the *Campagna*, I did not question but it had a *Classic* Name, and upon Enquiry found it to be Mount *Soraacte*. The *Italians* at present call it, because its Name begins with an *S*. *St. Oreste*.

The Fatigue of our crossing the *Appenines*, and of our whole Journey from *Loretto* to *Rome*, was very agreeably reliev'd by the Variety of Scenes we pass'd thro'. For not to mention the rude Prospects of so many Rocks rising one above another, of the deep Gutters worn in the Sides of 'em by the Torrents of Rain and Snow-Water, or the long Channels of Sand winding about their Bottoms, that are sometimes cover'd with so many Rivers:

vers: We saw, in Six Days Travel-  
ling, the several Seasons of the Year  
in their Beauty and Perfection. We  
were sometimes Shivering on the Top  
of a bleak Mountain, and a little while  
after Sweating in a warm Valley,  
planted with Violets and Almond-trees  
in Blossom, with the Bees already  
swarming over 'em, tho' but in the  
Month of *February*. Sometimes our  
Road led us thro' Groves of Olives,  
or by Gardens of Oranges, or into  
several Hollow Apartments among  
the Rocks and Mountains, that look  
like so many natural Green-houses;  
as being always cover'd with a great  
Variety of Trees and Shrubs that ne-  
ver lose their Verdure.

I shall say nothing of the *Via Fla-*  
*minia*, which has been describ'd by all the  
Voyage-Writers that have pass'd it,  
but shall set down *Claudian's* Descrip-  
tion of the Journey that *Honorius* made  
from *Ravenna* to *Rome*, which lyes most  
of it in the same Road that I have been  
describing. M 3 ----*An-*

— *Antiquæ muros egressa Ravennæ  
Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portus-  
que relinquit*

*Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena  
Nereus*

*Æstuat, & pronas puppes nunc amne  
Secundo*

*Nunc redeunte vehit, nudataque littora  
fluctu*

*Deserit, Oceani lunaribus æmula damnis;  
Latiior hinc Fano recipit Fortuna vetusto,  
Despiciturque vagus præruptâ valle Me-  
taurus,*

An High-  
way made  
by Vespasi-  
an, like the  
Grotto of  
Suro near  
Naples.

*Quâ mons arte patens vivo se perforat*

*Arcu,*

*Admisitque viam Sectæ per viscera rupis,*

*Exuperans delubra Jovis, Saxoque mi-  
nantes*

*Apenninigenis cultas pastoribus aras:  
Quin & Clitumni Sacras victoribus un-  
das,*

*Candida quæ Latiis præbent armenta  
triumphis*

*Visere cura fuit. Nec Te miracula  
fontis*

*Præ-*

*Prætereunt: tacito passu quem si quis* This Fountain not known.  
*adiret*

*Lentus erat: Si voce gradum majore*  
*citâsset*

*Commistis fervebat aquis, cùmque om-*  
*nibus una*

*Sit natura vadis, Similes ut corporis*  
*umbras*

*Ostendant: hæc sola novam jactantia*  
*sortem*

*Humanos properant imitari flumina mo-*  
*res.*

*Celsa de hinc patulum prospectans Nar-*  
*nia campum*

*Regali calcatur equo, varique coloris*  
*Non procul amnis adest, urbi qui no-*  
*minis auctor*

*Ilice sub densâ Silvis arctatus opacis*  
*Inter utrumque jugum tortis anfractibus*  
*albet.*

*Inde salutato libatis Tribide Nymphis,*  
*Excipiunt arcus, operosaque semita, va-*  
*stis*

*Molibus & quicquid tantæ præmittitur*  
*urbi.*

De 6. Conf. Hon.

They leave *Ravenna*, and the Mouths  
of *Po*,

That all the Borders of the Town  
o'er-flow ;

And spreading round in one continu'd  
Lake,

A spacious hospitable Harbour make.  
Hither the Seas at stated Times resort,  
And shove the loaden Vessels into Port :  
Then with a gentle Ebb retire again,  
And render back their Cargo to the  
Main.

So the pale Moon the restless Ocean  
guides,

Driv'n to and fro by such submissive  
Tides.

Fair Fortune next, with Looks serene  
and kind,

Receives 'em, in her ancient Fane en-  
shrin'd ;

Then the high Hills they cross, and  
from below

In distant Murmurs hear *Metaurus*  
flow,



'Till to *Clitumno's* sacred Streams they  
come,  
That send white Victims to Almighty  
*Rome* :  
When her triumphant Sons in War  
succeed,  
And slaughter'd Hecatombs around 'em  
bleed.  
At *Narni's* lofty Seats arriv'd, from  
far  
They view the Windings of the hoary  
*Nar* ;  
Through Rocks and Woods impetu-  
ously he glides,  
While Froth and Foam the fretting  
Surface hides.  
And now the Royal Guest, all Dan-  
gers pass'd,  
Old *Tiber* and his Nymphs salutes at  
last ;  
The long laborious Pavement here he  
treads,  
That to proud *Rome* th' admiring Na-  
tions leads :

While

While stately Vaults and tow'ring Piles  
 appear,  
 And show the World's Metropolis is  
 near.

*Silius Italicus*, who has taken more Pains on the Geography of *Italy* than any other of the *Latin* Poets, has given a Catalogue of most of the Rivers that I saw in *Umbria*, or in the Borders of it. He has avoided a Fault (if it be really such) that *Macrobius* has objected to *Virgil*, of passing from one Place to another, without regarding their regular and natural Situation, in which *Homer's* Catalogues are observ'd to be much more methodical and exact than *Virgil's*.

——— *Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,  
 Hos Æsis Sapisque lavant, rapidasque  
 sonanti*

*Vortice contorquens undas per Saxa Me-  
 taurus.*

*Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine  
 sacro* *Cli-*

*Clitumnus taurum, Narque albescenti-  
bus undis*

*In Tibrim properans, Tineæque inglorius  
humor,*

*Et Clanis, & Rubico, & Senonum de  
nomine Senon,*

*Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amne  
Albula, & immotâ perstringit mœnia  
ripâ,*

*His urbes arva, & latis Mevania pra-  
tis,*

*Hispellum, & duro monti per Saxa re-  
cumbens*

*Narnia, &c. ————— Sil. It. L. 8.*

Since I am got among the Poets,  
I shall end this Chapter with Two or  
Three Passages out of 'em, that I have  
omitted inserting in their proper Places.

*Sit Cisterna mihi quam Vineâ malo Ra-*

*[venna,*

*Cum possim multo vendere pluris A-*

*[quam.*

*Mar. L. 5.*

*Lodg'd*

*Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia,*

Lodg'd at *Ravenna*, (Water sells so  
dear)

A Cistern to a Vineyard I prefer.

*Callidus imposuit nuper mihi Caupo Ra-*

[*vennae* :

*Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille*

[*merum.*

Id.

By a *Ravenna* Vintner once betray'd,  
So much for Wine and Water mix'd  
I paid;

But when I thought the purchas'd Li-  
quor mine,  
The Rascal fobb'd me off with only  
Wine.

*Stat fucare colus nec Sidone vilior*  
*Ancon*

*Murice nec Tyrio.*————— Sil. It. L. 8.

The Wool, when shaded with *Anco-*  
*na's* Dye,  
May with the proudest *Tyrian* Pur-  
ple vie.

Foun-

Fountain Water is still very scarce at *Ravenna*, and was probably much more so, when the Sea lay within its Neighbourhood.

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FROM

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FROM  
ROME  
TO  
NAPLES.

**I**Mmediately upon my Arrival at Rome I took a View of *St. Peters*, and the *Rotunda*, leaving the rest 'till my Return from *Naples*, when I should have time and leisure enough to consider what I saw. *St. Peters* seldom answers Expectation at first entering it, but enlarges it self on all Sides insensibly, and mends upon the Eye every Moment. The Proportions are so very well observ'd, that nothing ap-

appears to an Advantage, or distinguishes it self above the rest. It seems neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad, because it is all of 'em in a just Equality. As on the contrary in our *Gothic* Cathedrals, the Narrowness of the Arch makes it rise in Height, or run out in Length; the Lowness often opens it in Breadth, or the Defectiveness of some other Particular makes any single Part appear in greater Perfection. Tho' every thing in this Church is admirable, the most astonishing part of it is the Cupola. Upon my going to the Top of it I was surpriz'd to find that the Dome, which we see in the Church, is not the same that one looks upon without Doors, the last of 'em being a kind of Case to the other, and the Stairs lying betwixt 'em both, by which one ascends into the Ball. Had there been only the outward Dome, it would not have shewn it self to an Advantage to those that are in the Church;

or

or had there only been the inward one, it would scarce have been seen by those that are without; had they both been one solid Dome of so great a Thickness, the Pillars would have been too weak to have supported it. After having survey'd this Dome, I went to see the *Rotunda*, which is generally said to have been the Model of it. This Church is at present so much chang'd from the ancient *Pantheon*, as *Pliny* has describ'd it, that some have been inclin'd to think it is not the same Temple; but the Cavalier *Fontana* has abundantly satisfy'd the World in this Particular, and shown how the ancient Figure, and Ornaments of the *Pantheon*, have been chang'd into what they are at present. This Author, who is now esteem'd the best of the *Roman* Architects, has lately written a Treatise on *Vespasian's* Amphitheater, which is not yet Printed.

After having seen these Two Master-pieces of Modern and Ancient Architecture,



chitecture; I have often consider'd with my self, whether the ordinary Figure of the Heathen, or that of the Christian Temples be the most beautiful, and the most capable of Magnificence, and can't forbear thinking the Cross Figure more proper for such spacious Buildings than the *Rotund*. I must confess the Eye is better fill'd at first entering the *Rotund*, and takes in the whole Beauty and Magnificence of the Temple at one view. But such as are built in the Form of a Cross, give us a greater Variety of Noble Prospects. Nor is it easie to conceive a more glorious Show in Architecture, than what a Man meets with in *St. Peters*, when he stands under the Dome. If he looks upward he is astonish'd at the spacious Hollow of the Cupola, and has a Vault on every side of him, that makes one of the beautifullest *Vistas* that the Eye can possibly pass thro'. I know that such as are profess'd Ad-

mirers of the Ancients will find abundance of Chimerical Beauties, that the Architects themselves never thought of, as one of the most Famous of the Moderns in that Art tells us, the Hole in the *Rotunda* is so admirably contriv'd, that it makes those who are in the Temple look like Angels, by diffusing the Light equally on all sides of 'em.

In all the old High-ways, that lead from *Rome*, one sees several little Ruins on each side of 'em, that were formerly so many Sepulchres; for the ancient *Romans* generally bury'd their Dead near the great Roads.

*Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque  
Latinâ.*

I. L. I.

None, but some few of a very extraordinary Quality, being permitted to lay their Ashes within the Walls of the City.

Our

Our Christian Epitaphs, that are to be seen only in Churches, or Church-Yrads, begin often with a *Siste Viator. Viator precare salutem, &c.* probably in Imitation of the old *Roman* Inscriptions, that generally address'd themselves to the Travellers; as it was impossible for 'em to enter the City, or to go out of it without passing thro' one of these melancholy Roads, that for a great Length was nothing else but a Street of Funeral Monuments.

In my way from *Rome* to *Naples* I found nothing so remarkable as the Beauty of the Country, and the extreme Poverty of its Inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to see the present Desolation of *Italy*, when one considers what incredible Multitudes of People it abounded with during the Reigns of the *Roman* Emperors: And notwithstanding the Removal of the Imperial Seat, the Irruptions of the Barbarous Nations, the Civil Wars

N 2 of

of this Country, with the Hardships of its several Governments, one can scarce imagine how so plentiful a Soil should become so miserably unpeopled, in Comparison of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate Computation, more Inhabitants in the *Campania* of Old *Rome*, than are now in all *Italy*. And if we could number up those prodigious Swarms of People that had settled themselves in every Part of this delightful Country, I question not but they would amount to more than can be found, at present, in any Six Parts of *Europe* of the same Extent. This Desolation appears nowhere greater than in the Pope's Territories, and yet there are several Reasons that would make a Man expect to see these Dominions the best regulated, and most flourishing of any other in *Europe*. Their Prince is generally a Man of Learning and Virtue, mature in Years and Experience, who has seldom any Vanity or Pleasure to  
gra-

gratified at his People's Expence, and is neither encumber'd with Wife, Children or Mistresses; not to mention the suppos'd Sanctity of his Character, that obliges him in a more particular manner to consult the Good and Happiness of Mankind. The Direction of Church and State are lodg'd entirely in his own Hands, so that his Government is naturally free from those Principles of Faction and Division that are mix'd in the very Composition of most others. His Subjects are always ready to fall in with his Designs, and are more at his Disposal than any others of the most absolute Government, as they have a greater Veneration for his Person, and not only court his Favour but his Blessing. His Country is extremely fruitful, and has good Havens both for the Adriatic and Mediterranean, which is an Advantage peculiar to himself and the *Neapolitans* above the rest of the *Italians*. There is still a

Benefit that the Pope enjoys above all other Sovereigns, in drawing great Sums out of *Spain, Germany,* and other Countries that belong to Foreign Princes, which one would fancy might be no small Ease to his own Subjects. We may here add, that there is no Place in *Europe* so much frequented by Strangers, whether they are such as come out of Curiosity, or such as are oblig'd to attend the Court of *Rome* on several Occasions, as are many of the Cardinals and Prelates, that bring considerable Sums into the Pope's Dominions. But notwithstanding all these promising Circumstances, and the long Peace that has reign'd so many Years in *Italy*, there is not a more miserable People in *Europe* than the Pope's Subjects. His State is thin of Inhabitants, and a great Part of his Soil uncultivated. His Subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither sufficient Manufactures or Traffick to employ 'em.

em. These ill Effects may arise, in a great measure, out of the Arbitrariness of the Government, but I think they are chiefly to be ascrib'd to the very Genius of the *Roman* Catholick Religion, which here shows it self in its Perfection. It is not strange to find a Country half unpeopled, where so great a proportion of the Inhabitants of both Sexes is ty'd under Vows of Chastity, and where at the same time an Inquisition forbids all Recruits of any other Religion. Nor is it less easie to account for the great Poverty and Want that are to be met with in a Country that invites into it such Swarms of Vagabonds, under the Title of Pilgrims, and shuts up in Cloisters such an incredible Multitude of young and lusty Beggars, that, instead of encreasing the Common Stock by their Labour and Industry, lye as a dead Weight on their Fellow-Subjects, and consume the Charity that ought to support the Sickly, Old

and Decrepid. The many Hospitals, that are every where erected, serve rather to encourage Idleness in the People than to set 'em at Work; not to mention the great Riches that lye useless in Churches and Religious Houses, with the Multitude of Festivals that must never be violated by Trade or Business. To speak truly, they are here so wholly taken up with Mens Souls, that they neglect the good of their Bodies; and when, to these natural Evils in the Government and Religion, there arises among 'em an Avaritious Pope, that is for making a Family, it is no wonder if the People sink under such a Complication of Distempers. Yet it is to this Humour of Nepotism that *Rome* owes its present Splendor and Magnificence, for it would have been impossible to have furnish'd out so many glorious Palaces with such a Profusion of Pictures, Statues, and the like Ornaments, had not the Riches of the People



ple at several times fallen into the Hands of many different Families, and of particular Persons; as we may observe, tho' the Bulk of the *Roman* People was more rich and happy in the Times of the Commonwealth, the City of *Rome* receiv'd all its Beauties and Embellishments under the Emperors. It is probable the *Campania* of *Rome*, as well as other Parts of the Pope's Territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not such an Exorbitant Tax on Corn, which makes 'em plow up only such Spots of Ground as turn to the most Advantage: Whereas were the Mony to be rais'd on Lands, with an Exception to some of the more barren Parts, that might be Tax-free for a certain Term of Years, every one would turn his Ground to the best Account, and in a little time perhaps bring more Mony into the Pope's Treasury.

The greatest Pleasure I took in my Journey from *Rome* to *Naples* was in seeing the Fields, Towns, and Rivers that have been describ'd by so many *Classic* Authors, and have been the Scenes of so many great Actions; for this whole Road is extremely barren of Curiosities. It is worth while to have an Eye on *Horace's* Voyage to *Brundisi*, when one passes this way; for by comparing his several Stages, and the Road he took, with those that are observ'd at present, we may have some Idea of the Changes that have been made in the Face of this Country since his Time. If we may guess at the common Travelling of Persons of Quality, among the ancient *Romans*, from this Poet's Description of his Voyage, we may conclude they seldom went above Fourteen Miles a Day over the *Appian* Way, which was more us'd by the Noble *Romans* than any other in *Italy*, as it led to *Naples*, *Baïe*, and the most

most delightful Parts of the Nation. It is indeed very disagreeable to be carry'd in haste over this Pavement.

*Minus est gravis Appia tardis.* Hor.

*Lucan* has describ'd the very Road from *Anxur* to *Rome*, that *Horace* took from *Rome* to *Anxur*. It is not indeed the ordinary Way at present, nor is it mark'd out by the same Places in both Poets.

*Jamque & precipites Superaverat Anxuris arces,*

*Et quà Pontinas via dividit uda paludes,*

A Canal, the Marks of it still seen.

*Quà Sublime nemus, Scythicæ quà regna Diane;*

*Quàque iter est Latiis ad Summam fascibus Albam.*

*Excelsâ de rupe procul jam conspicit urbem.*

L. 3.

He

*From Rome to Naples.*

He now had conquer'd *Anxur's* steep  
 Ascent,  
 And to *Pontina's* wat'ry Marshes went,  
 A long Canal the muddy Fenn di-  
 vides,  
 And with a clear unfully'd Current  
 glides;  
*Diana's* woody Realms he next In-  
 vades,  
 And crossing through the consecrated  
 Shades  
 Ascends high *Alba*, whence with new  
 Delight  
 He sees the City rising to his Sight.

In my way to *Naples* I cross'd the  
 Two most considerable Rivers of the  
*Campania Felice*, that were formerly  
 call'd the *Liris* and *Vulturnus*, and are  
 at present the *Garigliano* and *Vulturno*.  
 The First of these Rivers has been de-  
 servedly celebrated by the *Latin* Poets  
 for the Gentleness of its Course, as  
 the other for its Rapidity and Noise.

—*Rura quæ Liris quietâ*  
*Mordet Aquâ, taciturnus Amnis.*

H. Li. 1. Od. 30.

*Liris* — *qui fonte quieto*  
*Dissimulat cursum & nullo mutabilis*  
*imbre*

*Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite*  
*ripas.* Sil. It. L. 4.

— *Miscentem flumina Lirim*  
*Sulfureum, tacitisque vadis ad littora*  
*lapsum*  
*Accolit Arpinas* ————— Id. L. 8.

Where the smooth Streams of *Liris*  
 stray,  
 And steal insensibly away.  
 The Warlike *Arpine* borders on the  
 sides  
 Of the slow *Liris*, that in silence  
 glides,  
 And in its tainted Stream the work-  
 ing Sulphur hides.

*Vulturnusque rapax* — Cl. de Pr. & Ol. Con.

*Vulturnusque celer* ————— Luc. L. 2. 28.

--- *Fluctu-*

———*Fluctuque Sonorum*

*Vulturnum*—————

Sil. It. L. 8.

The rough *Vulturnus*, furious in its  
 Course,  
 With rapid Streams divides the fruitful  
 Grounds,  
 And from afar in hollow Murmurs  
 sounds.

The Ruins of *Anxur* and old *Capua* show us the pleasant Situation in which those Towns formerly stood. The first of them was planted on the Mountain, where we now see *Terracina*, and by reason of the Breezes that came off the Sea, and the Height of its Situation, was one of the Summer Retirements of the ancient *Romans*.

*O Nemus, O fontes! Solidumque maden-*  
*tis arenæ*

*Littus, & æquoreis Splendidus Anxur*  
*aquis!*

Mar. L. 10.

Ye warbling Fountains, and ye shady  
Trees !

Where *Anxur* feels the cool refreshing  
Breeze

Blown off the Sea, and all the dewy  
Strand

Lyes cover'd with a smooth unfink-  
ing Sand !

*Anxuris æquorei placidos Frontine re-*  
[*cessus*

*Et propius Baias littoreamque domum,*  
*Et quod inhumanæ Cancro fervente*  
[*Cicadæ*

*Non novere, nemus, flumineosque lacus*  
*Dum colui, &c.*————— Id.

On the cool Shore, near *Baja's* gen-  
tle Seats,

I lay retir'd in *Anxur's* soft Retreats.

Where Silver Lakes, with verdant Sha-  
dows crown'd,

Disperse a grateful Chilness all a-  
round ;

The

The Grasshopper avoids th' untainted  
Air,  
Nor in the midst of Summer ventures  
there.

*Impositum Saxis late candentibus An-*  
*xur.* Hor. S. 5. L. 1.

*Monte procelloso Muranum miserat An-*  
*xur.* Sil. It. L. 4.

——— *Scopulosi verticis Anxur.* S. It. L. 4.

*Capuæ Luxum vide apud.* Sil. It. L. 11.

*Murranus* came from *Anxur's* show'ry  
Height,  
With ragged Rocks, and stony Quar-  
ries white ;  
Seated on Hills———

I don't know whether it be worth  
while to take notice that the Figures,  
which are cut in the Rock near *Terra-*  
*cina*, encrease still in a Decimal Propor-  
tion as they come nearer the Bottom. If  
one of our Voyage-Writers, who pass'd  
this way more than once, had observ'd  
the



the Situation of these Figures, he would not have troubled himself with the Dissertation that he has made upon 'em. *Silius Italicus* has given us the Names of several Towns and Rivers in the *Campania Felice*.

*Jam verò quos dives opum, quos dives  
avorum,*

*Et toto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu;  
Ductorum adventum vicinis Sedibus Osci  
Servabant; Sinuessæ tepens, fluctuque  
sonorum*

*Vulturnum, quasque evertere silentia A-  
myclæ*

*Fundique & regnata Lamo Cajeta, do-  
musque*

*Antiphatæ compressa freto, stagnisque  
palustre*

*Linternum, & quondam fatorum con-  
scia Cuma,*

*Illic Nuceriæ, & Gaurus navalibus apta,  
Prole Dicharchæâ multo cum milite Gra-  
ja*

*Illic Parthenope, & Pæno non per-via  
Nola.                    O                    Alliphe,*

*Alliphe, & Clanio contemta semper  
Acerræ.*

*Sarrastes etiam populos totasque videres  
Sarni mitis opes: illic quos Sulphure pin-  
gues*

*Phlegræi legere sinus, Misenus & ar-  
dens*

*Ore giganteo sedes Ithacesia, Bajæ,  
Non Prochite, non ardentem sortita  
Tiphæa*

*Inarime, non antiqui saxosa Telonis  
Insula, nec parvis aberat Calatia muris,  
Surrentum, & pauper sulci Cerealis A-  
vella,*

*In primis Capua, heu rebus Servare Se-  
cundis*

*Inconsulta modum, & pravo peritura  
tumore.*

L. 8.

**NAPLES.**

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# N A P L E S.

**M**Y First Days at *Naples* were taken up with the Sight of Processions, which are always very magnificent in the Holy-Week. It would be tedious to give an Account of the several Representations of our Saviour's Death and Resurrection, of the Figures of himself, the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles, which are carry'd up and down on this Occasion, with the Cruel Penances that several inflict on themselves, and the Multitude of Ceremonies that attend these Solemnities. I saw, at the same time, a very splendid Procession for the Accession of the Duke of *Anjou* to the Crown of *Spain*, in which the Vice-

Roy bore his Part at the Left Hand of Cardinal *Cantelmi*. To grace the Parade, they expos'd, at the same time, the Blood of St. *Januarius*, which liquefy'd at the approach of the Saint's Head, tho', as they say, it was hard congeal'd before. I had twice an Opportunity of seeing the Operation of this pretended Miracle, and must confess I think it so far from being a real Miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most Bungling Tricks that I ever saw: Yet it is this that makes as great a Noise as any in the *Roman Church*, and that *Monsieur Paschal* has hinted at among the rest, in his Marks of the true Religion. The Modern *Neapolitans* seem to have Copy'd it out from one, which was shown in a Town of the Kingdom of *Naples*, as long ago as in *Horace's* Time.

——— *Dehinc Gnatia lymphis*  
*Iratâ extructa dedit risusque jocosque,*  
*Dum flammâ sine thura liquefcere limine*  
*Sacro* *Per-*

*Persuadere cupit, credat Judæus apella,*  
*Non ego*————— Sat. 5. L. 1.

At *Gnatia* next arriv'd, we laugh'd  
 to see

The superstitious Croud's Simplicity,  
 That in the sacred Temple needs  
 would try

Without a Fire th' unheated Gums  
 to fry;

Believe who will the Solemn Sham,  
 not I.

One may see at least that the Hea-  
 then Priesthood had the same kind  
 of Secret among 'em, of which the *Ro-*  
*man* Catholicks are now Masters.

I must confess, tho' I had liv'd a-  
 bove a Year in a *Roman* Catho-  
 lick Country, I was surpriz'd to see  
 many Ceremonies and Superstitions  
 in *Naples*, that are not so much as  
 thought of in *France*. But as it is  
 certain there has been a kind of Secret  
 Reformation made, tho' not publick-

ly own'd, in the *Roman* Catholick Church, since the spreading of the Protestant Religion, so we find the several Nations are recover'd out of their Ignorance, in proportion as they converse more or less with those of the Reform'd Churches. For this Reason the *French* are much more enlighten'd than the *Spaniards* or *Italians*, on occasion of their frequent Controversies with the *Huguenots*; and we find many of the *Roman* Catholick Gentlemen of our own Country, that will not stick to laugh at the Superstitions they sometimes meet with in other Nations.

I shall not be particular in describing the Grandeur of the City of *Naples*, the Beauty of its Pavement, the Regularity of its Buildings, the Magnificence of its Churches and Convents, the Multitude of its Inhabitants, or the Delightfulness of its Situation, which so many others have done with a great deal of Leisure and

Exact-

Exactness. If a War should break out, the Town has reason to apprehend the exacting of a large Contribution, or a Bombardment. It has but Seven Gallies, a Mole, and Two little Castles, that are capable of hindering an Enemy's Approaches. Besides, that the Sea which lyes near it is not subject to Storms, has no sensible Flux and Reflux, and is so deep that a Vessel of Burden may come up to the very Mole. The Houses are flat Roof'd to walk upon, so that every Bomb that fell on 'em would take Effect.

Pictures, Statues, and Pieces of Antiquity are not so common at *Naples*, as one might expect in so great and ancient a City of *Italy*; for the Vice-Roys take care to send into *Spain* every thing that is valuable of this Nature. Two of their finest Modern Statues are those of *Apollo* and *Minerva*, plac'd on each side of *Sannazarius's* Tomb. On the

Face of this Monument, which is all of Marble, and very neatly wrought, is represented, in *Bas relief*, Neptune among the Satyrs, to show that this Poet was the Inventer of Piscatory Eclogues. I remember *Hugo Grotius* describes himself in one of his Poems, as the first that brought the Muses to the Sea-side, but he must be understood only of the Poets of his own Country. I here saw the Temple that *Sannazarius* mentions in his Invocation of the Blessed Virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis*, which was all rais'd at his own Expence.

———*Niveis tibi si solennia templis  
Serta damus ; si mansuras tibi poni-  
mus aras  
Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea  
canos  
Despiciens celso de culmine Mergilline  
Attollit, nautisque procul venientibus  
offert,*



*Tu vatem ignarumque viæ insuetumque  
labori*

*Divæ mone*————— L. I.

Thou bright Celestial Goddess, if to  
Thee

An acceptable Temple I erect,  
With fairest Flow'rs and freshest Gar-  
lands deck'd,

On tow'ring Rocks, whence *Mergil-*  
*linè* spies

The ruffled Deep in Storms and Tem-  
pests rise ;

Guide thou the Pious Poet, nor re-  
fuse

Thine own propitious Aid to his un-  
practis'd Muse.

There are several very delightful  
Prospects about *Naples*, especially from  
some of the Religious Houses ; for  
one seldom finds in *Italy* a Spot of  
Ground more agreeable than ordinary,  
that is not cover'd with a Convent.  
The Cupola's of this City, tho' there  
are

are many of 'em, don't appear to the best Advantage when one surveys 'em at a distance, as being generally too high and narrow. The Marquis of *Medina Cidonia*, in his Vice-Royalty, made the Shell of a House, which he had not time to finish, that commands a View of the whole Bay, and would have been a very noble Building had he brought it to Perfection.

It stands so on the side of a Mountain, that it would have had a Garden to every Story, by the help of a Bridge that was to have been lain over each Garden.

The Bay of *Naples* is the most delightful one that I ever saw. It lyes in almost a round Figure of about Thirty Miles in the Diameter. Three Parts of it are cover'd with a Noble Circuit of Woods and Mountains. The high Promontory of *Surrentum* divides it from the Bay of *Salernum*. Between the utmost Point of this Promontory, and the Isle of *Caprea*, the Sea

Sea enters by a Streight of about Three Miles wide. This Island stands as a vast Mole, planted there on purpose to break the Violence of the Waves that run into the Bay. It lyes long-ways, almost in a parallel Line to *Naples*. The excessive Height of its Rocks shelters a great part of the Bay from Winds and Waves, that enter again between the other End of this Island and the Promontory of *Miseno*. The Bay of *Naples* is call'd the *Crater* by the old Geographers, probably from its Resemblance to a round Bowl half fill'd with Liquor. Perhaps *Virgil*, who compos'd here a great part of his *Æneids*, took from hence the Plan of that beautiful Harbour, which he has made in his First Book, for the *Lybian* Port is but the *Neapolitan* Bay in little.

*Est in secessu longo locus. Insula portum  
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis  
ab alto*

*Fran-*

*Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese un-*  
*da reductos :*

*Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique*  
*minantur*

*In cælum scopuli, quorum sub vertice*  
*latè*

*Æquora tuta silent, tum Silvis Scena*  
*coruscis*

*Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus im-*  
*minet umbrâ.*

I. ÆN.

Within a long Recess there lyes a Bay,  
An Island shades it from the rouling  
Sea,

And forms a Port secure for Ships }  
to ride.

Broke by the jutting Land on ei- }  
ther side,

In double Streams the briny Waters }  
glide,

Between Two Rows of Rocks : a Syl- }  
van Scene

Appears above, and Groves for ever }  
Green.

Dryden.

Naples

*Naples* stands in the Bosom of this Bay, and has the pleasantest Situation in the World, tho', by reason of its Western Mountains, it wants an Advantage, that *Vitruvius* would have to the Front of his Palace, of seeing the Setting Sun.

One would wonder how the *Spaniards*, who have but very few Forces in the Kingdom of *Naples*, should be able to keep a People from Revolting, that has been famous for its Mutinies and Seditions in former Ages. But they have so well contriv'd it, that tho' the Subjects are miserably harass'd and oppress'd, the greatest of their Oppressors are those of their own Body. I shall not mention any thing of the Clergy, who are sufficiently expos'd in most Itineraries for the universal Poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful Kingdom. A great Part of the People is in a State of Vassallage to the Barons, who are the greatest Tyrants in the  
World

World to those that are under 'em. The Vassals indeed are allow'd, and invited to bring in their Complaints and Appeals to the Vice-Roy, who, to foment Divisions, and gain the Hearts of the Populace, does not stick at Emprisoning and Chastising their Masters very severely on occasion. The Subjects of the Crown are notwithstanding much more rich and happy than the Vassals of the Barons. In-  
somuch that when the King has been upon the point of selling a Town to one of his Barons, the Inhabitants have rais'd the Sum upon themselves, and presented it to the King, that they might keep out of so insupportable a Slavery. Another way the *Spaniards* have taken to grind the *Neapolitans*, and yet, to take off the *Odium* from themselves, has been by erecting several Courts of Justice, with a very small Pension for such as sit at the Head of 'em, so that they are tempted to take Bribes, keep Causes un-  
decided,

decided, encourage Law-suits, and do all they can to fleece the People, that they may have wherewithal to support their own Dignity. It is incredible how great a Multitude of Retainers to the Law there are at *Naples*. It is commonly said, that when *Innocent* the Eleventh had desir'd the Marquis of *Carpio* to furnish him with Thirty Thousand Head of Swine, the Marquis answer'd him, that for his Swine he could not spare 'em, but if his Holiness had occasion for Thirty Thousand Lawyers he had 'em at his Service. These Gentlemen find a continual Employ for the fiery Temper of the *Neapolitans*, and hinder 'em from uniting in such common Friendships and Alliances as might endanger the Safety of the Government. There are very few Persons of Consideration who have not a Cause depending; for when a *Neapolitan* Cavalier has nothing else to do, he gravely shuts himself up in his Closet, and falls a tumbling

bling over his Papers to see if he can start a Law Suit, and plague any of his Neighbours. So much is the Genius of this People chang'd since *Stattius's* Time.

*Nulla foro rabies, aut strictæ Furgidæ  
Legis,  
Morum jura viris solum & sine fascibus  
Æquum.* Sil. L. 3.

By Love of Right and Native Justice  
led,  
In the straight Paths of Equity they  
tread ;  
Nor know the Bar, nor fear the Judge's  
Frown,  
Unpractis'd in the Wranglings of the  
Gown.

There is another Circumstance that makes the *Neapolitans*, in a very particular manner, the Oppressors of each other. The Gabels of *Naples* are very high on Oil, Wine, Tobacco, and in-



indeed on almost every thing that can be eaten, drank or worn. There would have been one on Fruit had not *Massianello's* Rebellion abolish'd it, as it has probably put a stop to many others. What makes these Imposts more intolerable to the poorer sort, they are laid on all Butchers Meat, while at the same time the Fowl and Gibier are 'Tax free. Besides, all Meat being 'Taxed equally by the Pound, it happens that the Duty lyes heaviest on the coarser sorts, which are most likely to fall to the share of the common People, so that Beef perhaps pays a Third, and Veal a Tenth of its Price to the Government, a Pound of either sort having the same Tax fix'd on it. These Gabels are most of 'em at present in the Hands of private Men; for as the King of *Spain* has had occasion for Mony he has borrow'd it of the Rich *Neapolitans*, on Condition that they should receive the Interest out of such or

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such

such Gabels 'till he could repay 'em the Principal.

This he has repeated so often that at present there is scarce a single Gabel unmortgag'd; so that there is no Place in *Europe* that pays greater Taxes, and at the same time no Prince that draws less Advantage from 'em. In other Countries the People have the Satisfaction of seeing the Mony they give spent in the Necessities, Defence, or Ornament of their State, or at least in the Vanity or Pleasures of their Prince, but here most of it goes to the enriching of their Fellow-Subjects. If there was not so great a Plenty of every thing in *Naples* the People could not bear it. The *Spaniard* however reaps this Advantage from the present Posture of Affairs, that the Murmurs of the People are turn'd upon their own Countrymen, and what is more considerable, that almost all the Persons, of the greatest Wealth and Power in *Naples*, are engag'd by their  
own

own Interests to pay these Impositions chearfully, and to support the Government that has laid 'em on. For this Reason, tho' the poorer sort are for the Emperor, few of the Persons of Consequence can endure to think of a Change in their present Establishment; tho' there is no question but the King of *Spain* will Reform most of these Abuses, by breaking or retrenching the Power of the Barons, by cancelling several unnecessary Employes, or by ransoming or taking the Gabels into his own Hands. I have been told too, there is a Law of *Charles* the Fifth something like our Statute of Mort-main, that has lain dormant ever since his Time, and will probably have new Life put into it under the Reign of an active Prince. The Inhabitants of *Naples* have been always very notorious for leading a Life of Laziness and Pleasure, which I take to arise partly out of the wonderful Plenty of their Coun-

try, that does not make Labour so necessary to 'em, and partly out of the Temper of their Climate, that relaxes the Fibers of their Bodies, and disposes the People to such an idle indolent Humour. Whatever it proceeds from, we find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at present.

This was perhaps the Reason that the Ancients tell us one of the *Sirens* was bury'd in this City, which thence receiv'd the Name of *Parthenope*.

——— *Improba Siren*

*Desidia*———

Hor. Sa. 3. L. 2.

Sloth, the deluding *Siren* of the Mind.

——— *Et in Otia natam*

*Parthenopen*———

Ov. Met. L. 15.

——— *Otiosa Neapolis.*

H. Ep. 5.

*Par-*

*Parthenope*, for idle Hours design'd,  
To Luxury and Ease unbends the  
Mind.

*Parthenope non dives opum, non spreta  
vigoris,*

*Nam molles Urbi ritus atque hospita  
Musis*

*Otia, & exemptum curis gravioribus  
ævum:*

*Sirenum dedit una suum & memorabile  
nomen*

*Parthenope muris Acheloïas, æquore cu-  
jus*

*Regnare diu cantus, cum dulce per  
undas*

*Exitium miseris caneret non prospera  
Nautis.*

Sil. It. L. 12.

Here wanton *Naples* crowns the hap-  
py Shore,

Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor,  
The Town in soft Solemnities delights,  
And gentle Poets to her Arms invites;

The People, free from Cares, serene  
and gay,  
Pass all their mild untroubled Hours  
away.

*Parthenope* the rising City nam'd,  
A *Siren*, for her Songs and Beauty fam'd,  
That oft had drown'd among the  
neighb'ring Seas  
The list'ning Wretch, and made De-  
struction please.

*Has ego te sedes (nam nec mihi barba-  
ra Thrace*

*Nec Libye natale solum) transferre la-  
bore :*

*Quas & mollis hyems & frigida tem-  
perat Æstas,*

*Quas imbellè fretum, torpentibus alluit  
undis :*

*Pax securà locis, & desidis Otia vitæ,  
Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique  
peracti :*

*Nulla foro rabies, &c.*

Stat. Sil.L.3.

These

These are the gentle Seats that I propose;  
For not cold *Scythia's* undissolving  
Snows,  
Nor the parch'd *Libyan* Sands thy  
Husband bore,  
But mild *Parthenope's* delightful Shore,  
Where hush'd in Calms the bord'ring  
Ocean laves  
Her silent Coast, and rolls in languid  
Waves;  
Refreshing Winds the Summer's Heats  
affuage,  
And kindly Warmth disarms the Winter's  
Rage;  
Remov'd from Noise, and the tumultuous  
War,  
Soft Sleep and downy Ease inhabit  
there,  
And Dreams unbroken with intruding  
Care.

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T H E  
ANTIQUITIES  
A N D  
Natural Curiosities

That lye near the

City of *Naples*.

**A**T about Eight Miles Distance from *Naples* lyes a very noble Scene of Antiquities. What they call *Virgil's* Tomb is the first that one meets with on the Way thither. It is certain this Poet was bury'd at *Naples*, but I think it is almost as certain



tain that his Tomb lay on the other side of the Town that looks towards *Vesuvio*. By this Tomb is the Entry into the Grotto of *Pausilypo*, which the common People of *Naples* believe to have been wrought by Magick, and that *Virgil* was the Magician; who is in greater Repute among the *Neapolitans* for having made the Grotto, than the *Aeneid*.

If a Man would form to himself a just Idea of this Place, he must fancy a vast Rock undermin'd from one End to the other, and a Highway running thro' it, near as long and as broad as the Mail in *St. James's Park*. This Subterraneous Passage is much mended since *Seneca* gave so bad a Character of it. The Entry at both Ends is higher than the middle Parts of it, and sinks by degrees, to fling in more Light upon the rest. Towards the middle are Two large Funnels, bor'd thro' the Roof of the Mountain, to let in Light and fresh Air.

There

There are no where about the Mountain any vast Heaps of Stones, tho' it is certain the great Quantities of 'em that are dug out of the Rock could not easily conceal themselves, had they not probably been consum'd in the Moles and Buildings of *Naples*. This confirm'd me in a Conjecture which I made at the first sight of this Subterraneous Passage, that it was not at first design'd so much for a High-way as for a Quarry of Stone, but that the Inhabitants, finding a double Advantage by it, hew'd it into the Form we now see. Perhaps the same Design gave the Original to the *Sibyl's Grotto*, considering the prodigious Multitude of Palaces that stood in its Neighbourhood.

I remember when I was at *Chateaudun* in *France* I met with a very curious Person, a Member of one of the *German* Universities. He had stay'd a Day or Two in the Town longer than ordinary, to take the Measures of several

ral empty Spaces that had been cut in the Sides of a neighbouring Mountain. Some of 'em were supported with Pillars form'd out of the Rock, some were made in the Fashion of Galleries, and some not unlike Amphitheatres. The Gentleman had made to himself several ingenious Hypotheses concerning the use of these Subterraneous Apartments, and from thence collected the vast Magnificence and Luxury of the ancient *Chateaudunois*. But upon communicating his Thoughts on this Subject to one of the most Learned of the Place, he was not a little surpriz'd to hear that these stupendious Works of Art were only so many Quarries of Free-Stone, that had been wrought into different Figures, according as the Veins of it directed the Workmen.

About Five Miles from the Grotto of *Pausilypo* lye the Remains of *Puteoli* and *Bajæ*, in a soft Air and a delicious Situation.

The

The Country about 'em, by reason of its vast Caverns and Subterraneous Fires, has been miserably torn in Pieces by Earthquakes, so that the whole Face of it is quite chang'd from what it was formerly. The Sea has overwhelm'd a Multitude of Palaces, that may be seen at the Bottom of the Water in a calm Day.

The *Lucrine* Lake is but a Puddle in Comparison of what it once was, its Springs having been sunk in an Earthquake, or stopp'd up by Mountains that have fallen upon 'em. The Lake of *Avernus*, that was formerly so famous for its Steams of Poison, is now plentifully stock'd with Fish and Fowl. Mount *Gaurus*, from one of the fruitfullest Parts in *Italy*, is become one of the most barren. Several Fields that were laid out in beautiful Groves and Gardens are now naked Plains, smoaking with Sulphur, or encumber'd with Hills that have been thrown up by Eruptions of Fire.

The

The Works of Art lye in no less Disorder than those of Nature, for that which was once the most Charming Spot of *Italy*, cover'd with Temples and Palaces, adorn'd by the greatest of the *Roman* Common-wealth, embellish'd by many of the *Roman* Emperors, and celebrated by the best of their Poets, has now nothing to show but the Ruins of its ancient Splendor, and a great Magnificence in Confusion.

The Mole of *Puteoli* has been mistaken by several Authors for *Caligula's* Bridge. They have all been led into this Error from the Make of it, because it stands on Arches. But to pass over the many Arguments that may be brought against this Opinion, I shall here take away the Foundation of it, by setting down an Inscription mention'd by *Julius Capitolinus* in the Life of *Antoninus Pius*, who was the Repairer of this Mole. *Imp. Cæsari. Divi. Hadriani. filio. Divi. Trajani. Par-*

*Parthici. Nepoti. Divi. Nervæ. pronepoti. T. Aët Hadriano. Antonino. Aug. Pio. &c. quod super cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portûs, Pilarum viginti molem cum sumptu fornicum reliquo ex Ærario suo largitus est.*

It would have been very difficult to have made such a Mole as this of *Puteoli*, in a Place where they had not so natural a Commodity as the Earth of *Puzzuola*, which immediately hardens in the Water, and after a little lying in it looks rather like Stone than Mortar. It was this that gave the ancient *Romans* an Opportunity of making so many Encroachments on the Sea, and of laying the Foundations of their Villas and Palaces within the very Borders of it, as

L. 2. O. 18. *Horace* has elegantly describ'd it more  
L. 3. O. 1.  
L. 3. O. 24. than once.  
Epist. L. 1.

About Four Years ago they dug up a great Piece of Marble near *Puzzuola*, that has several Figures and Letters Engraven round it, which have given

occasion to some Disputes among the Antiquaries. But they all agree that it is the Pedestal of a Statue erected to *Tiberius* by the Fourteen Cities of *Asia*, which were flung down by an Earthquake; the same that, according to the Opinion of many Learned Men, happen'd at our Saviour's Crucifixion. They have found in the Letters, which are still legible, the Names of the several Cities, and discover in each Figure something particular to the City, of which it represents the Genius. There are Two Medals of *Tiberius* stamp'd on the same Occasion with this Inscription to one of 'em, *Civitatibus Asiæ Restitutis*. The Emperor is represented in both sitting, with a *Patera* in one Hand, and a Spear in the other.

Vid. Gro-  
novium,  
Fabretti,  
Bulifon,  
&c.



It is probable this might have been the Posture of the Statue, which in all likelihood does not lye far from the Place where they took up the Pedestal; for they say there were other great Pieces of Marble near it, and several of 'em Inscrib'd, but that no Body would be at the Charges of bringing them to light. The Pedestal it self lay neglected in an open Field when I saw it. I shall not be particular on the Ruins of the Amphitheater, the ancient Reservoirs of Water, the *Sibyl's* Grotto, the *Centum Camerae*, the Sepulchre of *Agrippina Nero's* Mother, with several other Antiquities



tiquities of less Note, that lye in the Neighbourhood of this Bay, and have been so often describ'd by many others. I must confess, after having survey'd the Antiquities about *Naples* and *Rome*, I can't but think that our Admiration of 'em does not so much arise out of their Greatness as Uncommonness.

There are indeed many extraordinary Ruins, but I believe a Traveller would not be so much astonish'd at 'em, did he find any Works of the same kind in his own Country. Amphitheatres, Triumphal Arches, Baths, Grotto's, Catacombs, Rotunda's, Highways pav'd for so great a Length, Bridges of such an amazing Height, Subterraneous Buildings for the Reception of Rain and Snow-Water, are most of 'em at present out of Fashion, and only to be met with among the Antiquities of *Italy*. We are therefore immediately surpriz'd when we see any considerable Sums laid out in

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any

any thing of this Nature, tho' at the same time there is many a *Gothic Cathedral* in *England*, that has cost more Pains and Mony than several of these celebrated Works. Among the Ruins of the old Heathen Temples they shew'd me what they call the Chamber of *Venus*, that stands a little behind her Temple. It is wholly dark, and has several Figures on the Cieling wrought in *Stucco*, that seem to represent Lust and Strength by the Emblems of naked *Jupiters* and *Gladiators*, *Tritons* and *Centaur*s, &c. so that one would guess it has formerly been the Scene of many lewd Mysteries. On the other side of *Naples* lye the Catacombs. These must have been full of Stench and Loathsomeness, if the dead Bodies that lay in 'em were left to rot in open Nitches. But upon examining 'em I find they were each of 'em stopp'd up, without doubt, as soon as the Corps was laid in it. For at the Mouth of the Nitch  
one

one always finds the Rock cut into little Channels, to fasten the Board or Marble that was to close it up, and I think I did not see one that had not still some Mortar sticking in it. In some I found pieces of Tiles that exactly tally'd with the Channel, and in others a little Wall of Bricks, that sometimes stopp'd up above a quarter of the Nitch, the rest having been broken down. St. *Proculus's* Sepulchre seems to have had a kind of Mosaic Work on its Covering, for I observ'd at one End of it several little Pieces of Marble rang'd together after that manner. 'Tis probable they were adorn'd, more or less, according to the Quality of the Dead. One would indeed wonder to find such a Multitude of Nitches unstopp'd, and I can't imagine any Body should take the Pains to do it, that was not in Quest of some suppos'd Treasure.

*Baje* was the Winter Retreat of the old *Romans*, that being the pro-

per Season to enjoy the *Bajani Soles*, and the *Mollis Lucrinus*; as on the contrary, *Tibur*, *Tusculum*, *Prænæste*, *Alba*, *Cajeta*, *Mons Circeius*, *Anxur*, and the like airy Mountains and Promontories were their Retirements during the Heats of Summer.

*Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi Stagna*  
[*Lucrini,*

*Et quæ pumiceis fontibus antra ca-*  
[*lent,*

vid. Hor. *Tu colis Argivi regnum Faustine coloni,*  
L. 2. Od. 6.

*Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.*

*Horrida sed fervent Nemeæi pectora*  
[*monstri:*

*Nec satis est Bajas igne calere suo.*

*Ergo Sacri fontes, & littora Sacra*  
[*valete,*

*Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque do-*  
[*mus:*

*Herculeos colles gelidâ vos vincite bru-*  
[*mâ,*

*Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus.*

Mar. L. 1. Ep. 116.

While

While near the *Lucrine* Lake consum'd  
to Death  
I draw the sultry Air, and gasp for  
Breath,  
Where Steams of Sulphur raise a sti-  
fling Heat,  
And through the Pores of the warm  
Pumice sweat ;  
You taste the cooling Breeze, where  
nearer home  
The Twentieth Pillar marks the Mile  
from *Rome* :  
And now the Sun to the bright Lion  
turns,  
And *Baja* with redoubled Fury burns ;  
Then briny Seas and tasteful Springs  
farewel,  
Where Fountain - Nymphs confus'd  
with *Nereids* dwell,  
In Winter You may all the World de-  
spise,  
But now 'tis *Tivoli* that bears the Prize.

The Natural Curiosities about *Na-  
ples* are as numerous and extraordi-  
Q 3 nary

nary as the Artificial. I shall set 'em down, as I have done the other, without any regard to their Situation. The Grotto *del Cani* is famous for the poisonous Steams that float within a Foot of its Surface. The Sides of the Grotto are mark'd with Green, as high as the Malignity of the Vapour reaches. The common Experiments are as follow: A Dog, that has his Nose held in the Vapour, dies in a very little time; but if carry'd into the open Air, or thrown into a Neighbouring Lake, he immediately recovers if he is not quite gone. A Torch, Snuff and all, goes out in a Moment when dipp'd into the Vapour. A Pistol can't take Fire in it. I split a Reed, and laid in the Channel of it a Train of Gun-powder, so that one End of the Reed was above the Vapour, and the other at the Bottom of it; and I found, tho' the Steam was strong enough to hinder a Pistol from taking Fire in it, and to quench

a lighted Torch, that it could not intercept the Train of Fire when it had once begun Flashing, nor hinder it from running to the very End. This Experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to see if I could quite dissipate the Vapour, which I did in so great a measure, that one might easily let off a Pistol in it. I observ'd how long a Dog was a dying the first time, and after his Recovery, and found no sensible difference. A Viper bore it Nine Minutes the first time we put it in, and Ten the Second. When we brought it out after the first Trial, it took such a vast quantity of Air into its Lungs, that it swell'd almost twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this Stock of Air that it liv'd a Minute longer the second time. Doctor *Connor* made a Discourse in one of the Academies at *Rome* upon the Subject of this Grotto, which he has since Printed in *England*. He attributes the Death of Animals, and

the Extinction of Lights, to a great Rarefaction of the Air, caus'd by the Heat and Eruption of the Steams. But how is it possible for these Steams, tho' in never so great quantity, to resist the Pressure of the whole Atmosphere? And as for the Heat, it is but very inconsiderable. However, to satisfie my self, I plac'd a thin Viol, well stopp'd up with Wax, within the Smoak of the Vapour, which would certainly have burst in an Air rarefy'd enough to kill a Dog, or quench a Torch, but nothing follow'd upon it. However, to take away all further Doubt, I borrow'd a Weather-glass, and so fix'd it in the Grotto, that the *Stagnum* was wholly cover'd with the Vapour, but I could not perceiue the Quicksilver sunk after half an Hour's standing in it. This Vapour is generally suppos'd to be Sulphureous, tho' I can see no Reason for such a Supposition. He that dips his Hand in it finds no Smell  
that



that it leaves upon it; and tho' I put a whole Bundle of lighted Brimstone Matches to the Smoak, they all went out in an Instant, as if immers'd in Water. Whatever is the Composition of the Vapour, let it have but one Quality of being very Glewy or Viscous, and I believe it will mechanically solve all the *Phænomena* of the Grotto. Its Unctuousness will make it heavy, and unfit for mounting higher than it does, unless the Heat of the Earth, which is just strong enough to agitate, and bear it up at a little distance from the Surface, were much greater than it is to rarifie and scatter it. It will be too gross and thick to keep the Lungs in play for any time, so that Animals will die in it sooner or later, as their Blood Circulates slower or faster. Fire will live in it no longer than in Water, because it wraps it self in the same manner about the Flame, and by its Continuity hinders any quantity of Air or Nitre from coming to  
its

its Succour. The Parts of it however are not so compact as those of Liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the Fire that has once caught a Train of Gun-Powder, for which Reason they may be quite broken and dispers'd by the Repetition of this Experiment. There is an unctuous clammy Vapour that arises from the Stum of Grapes, when they lye mash'd together in the Vat, that puts out a Light when dipp'd into it, and perhaps would take away the Breath of weaker Animals, were it put to the Trial.

It would be endless to reckon up the different Baths that are to be met with in a Country that so much abounds in Sulphur. There is scarce a Disease which has not one adapted to it. A Stranger is generally led into that they call *Cicero's* Bath, and several Voyage-Writers pretend there is a cold Vapour rising from the Bottom of it, which refreshes those that stoop  
into

into it. 'Tis true the Heat is much more supportable to one that stoops, than to one that stands upright, because the Steams of Sulphur gather in the Hollow of the Arch about a Man's Head, and are therefore much thicker and warmer in that Part than at the Bottom. The Three Lakes of *Agnano*, *Avernus*, and the *Lucrin*, have now nothing in 'em particular. The *Monte Novo* was thrown out by an Eruption of Fire, that happen'd in the Place where now the Mountain stands. The *Sulfatara* is very surprising to one who has not seen Mount *Vesuvio*. But there is nothing about *Naples*, nor indeed in any Part of *Italy*, which deserves our Admiration so much as this Mountain. I must confess the Idea that I had of it, did not answer the real Image of the Place when I came to see it; I shall therefore give the Description of it as it then lay.

This

This Mountain stands at about Six *English* Miles distance from *Naples*, tho', by reason of its Height, it seems much nearer to those that survey it from the Town. In our Way to it we pass'd by what was one of those Rivers of burning Matter, that ran from it in a late Eruption. This looks at a distance like a new plow'd Land, but as you come near it you see nothing but a long Heap of heavy disjointed Clods lying one upon another. There are innumerable Cavities and Interstices among the several Pieces, so that the Surface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great Fragment stands like a Rock above the rest, sometimes the whole Heap lies in a kind of Channel, and in other Places has nothing like Banks to confine it, but rises Four or Five Foot high in the open Air, without spreading abroad on either side. This, I think, is a plain Demonstration that these Rivers were not as they are usually

ally represented, so many Streams of purulent running Matter; for how could a Liquid, that lay hardening by degrees, settle in such a furrow'd uncompact Surface? Were the Lake a Confusion of never so many different Bodies, if they had been all actually dissolv'd, they would at least have form'd one continu'd Crust, as we see the *Scorium* of Metals always gathers into a solid Piece, let it be compounded of a Thousand Heterogeneous Parts. I am apt to think therefore, that these huge unwieldy Lumps that lye one upon another, as if thrown together by Accident, remain'd in the melted Matter rigid and unliquify'd, floating in it like Cakes of Ice in a River, and that as the Fire and Ferment gradually abated, they adjusted themselves together as well as their irregular Figures would let 'em, and by this means fell into such an interrupted disorderly Heap as we now find it. What was the melted Mat-

ter

ter lyes at the Bottom out of sight. After having quitted the Side of this River for some time we came to the Roots of the Mountain, and had a very troublesome March to gain the Top of it. It is cover'd on all Sides with a kind of burnt Earth, very dry, and crumbled into Powder, as if it had been artificially sifted. It is very hot under the Feet, and mix'd with several burnt Stones and Cakes of Cinders, that have been thrown out at different times. A Man sinks almost a Foot in the Earth, and generally loses half a Step by sliding backwards. When we had climb'd this Mountain we discover'd the Top of it to be a wide naked Plain, smoaking with Sulphur in several Places, and probably undermin'd with Fire, for we concluded it to be hollow by the Sound it made under our Feet. In the midst of this Plain stands a high Hill in the shape of a Sugar-loaf, so very steep that there would be no mounting

mounting or descending it, were not it made up of such a loose crumbled Earth as I have before describ'd. The Air of this Place must be strangely impregnated with Salt-peter, as appears by the Specks of it on the Sides of the Mountain, where one can scarce find a Stone that has not the Top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquer'd this Hill, we saw in the midst of it the present Mouth of *Vesuvio*, that goes shelving down on all Sides 'till above a Hundred Yards deep, as near as we could guess, and has about Three or Four Hundred in the Diameter, for it seems a perfect Round. This vast Hollow is generally fill'd with Smoak, but, by the Advantage of a Wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and distinct sight of it. The Sides appear all over stain'd with Mixtures of White, Green, Red and Yellow, and have several Rocks standing out of them that look like pure Brimstone. The  
Bot-

tom was entirely cover'd, and tho' we look'd very narrowly we could see nothing like a Hole in it; the Smoak breaking thro' several imperceptible Cracks in many Places. The very Middle was firm Ground when we saw it, as we concluded from the Stones we flung upon it, and I question not but one might then have cross'd the Bottom, and have went up on the other Side of it with very little Danger, unless from some accidental Breath of Wind. In the late Eruptions this great Hollow was like a vast Caldron fill'd with glowing and melted Matter, which, as it boil'd over in any Part, ran down the Sides of the Mountain, and made Five such Rivers as that before-mention'd. In proportion as the Heat slacken'd, this burning Matter must have subsided within the Bowels of the Mountain, and as it sunk very leisurely had time to Cake together, and form the Bottom that covers the Mouth of that dreadful  
Vault



Vault that lyes underneath it. The next Eruption or Earthquake will probably break in pieces this false Bottom, and quite change the present Face of Things.

This whole Sugar-loaf Mountain has been made at several times, by the prodigious Quantities of Earth and Cinders, which have been flung up out of the Mouth that lyes in the midst of 'em, so that it encreases in Bulk at every Eruption, the Ashes still falling down the Sides of it, like the Sand in an Hour-Glass. A Gentleman of *Naples* told me, that in his Memory it had gain'd Twenty Foot in Thickness, and I question not but in length of time it will cover the whole Plain, and make one Mountain with that on which it now stands.

In those Parts of the Sea, that are not far from the Roots of this Mountain, they find sometimes a very fragrant Oil, which is sold dear, and makes a rich Perfume. The Surface

R

of

of the Sea is, for a little Space, cover'd with its Bubbles during the time that it rises, which they skim off into their Boats, and afterwards set a separating in Pots and Jars. They say its Sources never run but in a calm warm Weather. The Agitations of the Water perhaps hinder 'em from discovering it at other times.

Among the Natural Curiosities of *Naples*, I can't forbear mentioning their manner of furnishing the Town with Snow, which they here use instead of Ice, because, as they say, it cools or congeals any Liquor sooner. There is a great Quantity of it consum'd yearly, for they drink very few Liquors, not so much as Water, that have not lain in *Fresco*, and every Body, from the highest to the lowest, makes use of it; insomuch that a Scarcity of Snow would raise a Mutiny at *Naples*, as much as a Dearth of Corn or Provisions in another Country. To prevent this the King has fold

fold the Monopoly of it to certain Persons, who are oblig'd to furnish the City with it all the Year at so much the Pound. They have a high Mountain at about Eighteen Miles from the Town, which has several Pits dug into it. Here they employ many poor People at such a Season of the Year to roll in vast Balls of Snow, which they ram together, and cover from the Sun-shine. Out of these Reservoirs of Snow they cut several Lumps, as they have occasion for 'em, and send 'em on Asses to the Sea-side, where they are carry'd off in Boats, and distributed to several Shops at a settled Price, that from time to time supply the whole City of *Naples*. While the *Banditti* continu'd their Disorders in this Kingdom, they often put the Snow-Merchants under Contribution, and threaten'd 'em, if they appear'd tardy in their Payments, to destroy their Magazines, which they say might easily have been effected

by the Infusion of some Barrels of Oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many Descriptions that the *Latin* Poets have made of several of the Places mention'd in this Chapter: I shall therefore conclude it with the general Map which *Silius Italicus* has given us of this great Bay of *Naples*. Most of the Places he mentions lye within the same Prospect, and if I have pass'd over any of 'em, it is because I shall take 'em in my Way by Sea, from *Naples* to *Rome*.

*Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia mon-*  
*strat Avernum,*

*Tum tristi nemore atque umbris nigran-*  
*tibus horrens,*

*Et formidatus volucris, lethale vomebat*  
*Suffuso, virus cælo, Stygiâque per urbes*  
*Relligione sacer, sævum retinebat ho-*  
*norem.*

*Hinc vicina palus, fama est Acherontis*  
*ad undas*

*Pandere iter, cæcas stagnante voragi-  
ne fauces*

*Laxat & horrendos aperit telluris hia-  
tus,*

*Interdumque novo perturbat lumine ma-  
nes.*

*Fuxta caligante situ longumque per  
ævum*

*Infernis pressas nebulis, pallente sub  
umbrâ*

*Cymmerias jacuisse domos, noctemque pro-  
fundam*

*Tartaræ narrant urbis: tum sulphure  
& igni*

*Semper anhelantes, coctoque bitumine  
campos*

*Ostentant: tellus atro exundante vapore  
Suspirans, ustisque diu calefacta me-  
dullis*

*Æstuat & Stygios exhalat in aëra fla-  
tus:*

*Parturit, & tremulis metuendum exhibi-  
lat antris,*

*Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere se-  
des,*

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*Aut exire foras, sonitu lugubre minaci  
Mulciber immugit, lacerataque viscera  
terre*

*Mandit, & exesos labefactat murmure  
montes.*

*Tradunt Herculeâ prostratos mole Gigan-  
tes*

*Tellurem injectam quaterere, & spiramine  
anhelo*

*Torreri late campos, quotiesque minatur  
Rumpere compagem impositam, expallesce-  
re cœlum.*

*Apparet procul Inarime, quæ turbine  
nigro*

*Fumantem premit Japetum, flammisque  
rebelli*

*Ore ejectantem, & siquando evadere  
detur*

*Bella Jovi rursus superisque iterare vo-  
lentem.*

*Monstrantur Vesæva juga, atque in ver-  
tice Summo*

*Depasti flammis scopuli, fractusque ruinâ  
Mons circum, atque Ætnæ fatis cer-  
tantia Saxa.*

*Nec*

*Nec non Misenum servantem Idæa sepulchro*

*Nomina, & Herculeos videt ipso litto-  
re Baulos.*

L. 12.

*Averno* next he show'd his wond'ring  
Guest,

*Averno* now with milder Virtues bless'd;  
Black with surrounding Forests then  
it stood,

That hung above, and darken'd all  
the Flood,

Clouds of unwholesome Vapours rais'd  
on high,

The flutt'ring Bird entangled in the  
Sky,

Whilst all around the gloomy Prospect  
spread

An awful Horror, and religious  
Dread.

Hence to the Borders of the Marsh  
they go,

That mingles with the baleful Streams  
below,

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And sometimes with a mighty Yawn,  
'tis said,

Opens a dismal Passage to the Dead,  
That pale with Fear the rending Earth  
survey,

And startle at the sudden Flash of Day.  
The dark *Cimmerian* Grotto then he  
Paints,

Describing all its old Inhabitants,  
That in the deep Infernal City dwell'd,  
And lay in everlasting Night con-  
ceal'd.

Advancing still, the spacious Fields he  
show'd,

That with the smother'd Heat of Brim-  
stone glow'd;

Through frequent Cracks the steaming  
Sulphur broke,

And cover'd all the blasted Plain with  
Smoke:

Imprison'd Fires, in the close Dunge-  
ons pent

Roar to get loose, and struggle for a  
Vent,

Eating



Eating their Way, and undermining  
all,

'Till with a mighty Burst whole Moun-  
tains fall.

Here, as 'tis said, the Rebel Giants  
lye,

And when to move th' incumbent Load  
they try,

Ascending Vapours on the Day pre-  
vail,

The Sun looks sickly, and the Skies  
grow pale.

Next to the distant Isle his Sight he  
turns,

That o'er the Thunderstruck *Tiphæus*  
burns :

Enrag'd, his wide extended Jaws ex-  
pire

In angry Whirl-winds, Blasphemies and  
Fire,

Threat'ning, if loosen'd from his dire  
Abodes,

Again to challenge *Jove*, and fight the  
Gods.

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On Mount *Vesuvio* next he fix'd his  
 Eyes,  
 And saw the smoaking Tops confus'dly  
 rise;  
 (A hideous Ruin!) that with Earth-  
 quakes rent  
 A Second *Ætna* to the View present.  
*Miseno's* Cape, and *Bauli* last he view'd,  
 That on the Sea's extreamest Borders  
 stood.

*Silius Italicus* here takes notice, that the poisonous Vapours which arose from the Lake *Averno* in *Hannibal's* Time, were quite dispers'd at the time that he wrote his Poem; because *Agrippa*, who liv'd between *Hannibal* and *Silius*, had cut down the Woods that enclos'd the Lake, and hinder'd these noxious Steams from dissipating, which were immediately scatter'd as soon as the Winds and fresh Air were let in among 'em.

T H E

ISLE of *CAPREA*.

HAVING stay'd longer at *Naples* than I at first design'd, I could not dispense with my self from making a little Voyage to the Isle of *Caprea*, as being very desirous to see a Place that had been the Retirement of *Augustus* for some time, and the Residence of *Tiberius* for several Years. The Island lyes Four Miles in Length from East to West, and about one in Breadth. The Western Part, for about Two Miles in Length, is a continu'd Rock vastly high, and inaccessible on the Sea-side. It has however the greatest Town in the Island,  
that

that goes under the Name of *Ano-Caprea*, and is in several Places cover'd with a very fruitful Soil. The Eastern End of the Isle rises up in Precipices very near as high, tho' not quite so long, as the Western. Between these Eastern and Western Mountains lyes a Slip of lower Ground, that runs across the Island, and is one of the pleasantest Spots that I have ever seen. It is cover'd with Vines, Figs, Oranges, Almonds, Olives, Myrtles, and Fields of Corn, which look extreamly fresh and beautiful, and make up the most delightful little Landskip imaginable, when they are survey'd from the Tops of the neighbouring Mountains. Here stands the Town of *Caprea*, the Bishop's Palace, and Two or Three Convents. In the midst of this fruitful Tract of Land rises a Hill, that was probably cover'd with Buildings in *Tiberius's* Time. There are still several Ruins on the Sides of it, and about the Top are found

found Two or Three dark Galleries low built, and cover'd with Mason's-Work, tho' at present they appear over-grown with Grass. I enter'd one of 'em that is a Hundred Paces in Length. I observ'd, as some of the Countrymen were digging into the Sides of this Mountain, that what I took for solid Earth was only Heaps of Brick, Stone, and other Rubbish, skinn'd over with a Covering of Vegetables. But the most considerable Ruin is that which stands on the very Extremity of the Eastern Promontory, where there are still some Apartments left, very high and arch'd at Top. I have not indeed seen the Remains of any ancient *Roman* Buildings, that have not been Roof'd with either Vaults or Arches. The Rooms I am mentioning stand deep in the Earth, and have nothing like Windows or Chimnies, which makes me think they were formerly either Bathing Places or Reservoirs of Water. An old

old Hermit lives at present among the Ruins of this Palace, who lost his Companion a few Years ago by a Fall from the Precipice. He told me they had often found Medals and Pipes of Lead, as they dug among the Rubbish, and that not many Years ago they discover'd a pav'd Road running under Ground, from the Top of the Mountain to the Sea-side, which was afterwards confirm'd to me by a Gentleman of the Island. There is a very noble Prospect from this Place. On the one side lyes a vast Extent of Seas, that runs abroad further than the Eye can reach. Just opposite stands the Green Promontory of *Surrentum*, and on the other side the whole Circuit of the Bay of *Naples*. This Prospect, according to *Tacitus*, was more agreeable before the burning of *Vesuvio*; that Mountain probably, which after the first Eruption look'd like a great Pile of Ashes, was in *Tiberius's* Time shaded with Woods and Vineyards; for

for I think *Martial's* Epigram may here serve as a Comment to *Tacitus*.

*Hic est pampineis viridis Vesuvius um-*  
[bris,

*Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva*  
[lacus.

*Hæc juga quàm Nisæ colles plùs Bac-*  
[chus amavit:

*Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.*

*Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior*  
[illi;

*Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.*

*Cuncta jacent flammis & tristi mersa*  
[favillâ:

*Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.*

L. 2. Ep. 105.

*Vesuvio*, cover'd with the fruitful Vine,  
Here flourish'd once, and ran with  
Floods of Wine,  
Here *Bacchus* oft to the cool Shades  
retir'd,  
And his own Native *Nisa* less ad-  
mir'd;

Oft

Oft to the Mountain's airy Tops ad-  
 advanc'd,  
 The frisking Satyrs on the Summits  
 danc'd ;  
*Alcides* here, here *Venus* grac'd the  
 Shore,  
 Nor lov'd her Fav'rite *Lacedæmon* more :  
 Now Piles of Ashes, spreading all a-  
 round,  
 In undistinguish'd Heaps deform the  
 Ground,  
 The Gods themselyes the ruin'd Seats  
 bemoan,  
 And blame the Mischiefs that them-  
 selves have done.

This View must still have been more  
 pleasant, when the whole Bay was en-  
 compass'd with so long a Range of  
 Buildings, that it appear'd to those,  
 who look'd on it at a distance, but  
 as one continu'd City. On both the  
 Shores of that fruitful Bottom, which  
 I have before-mention'd, are still to  
 be seen the Marks of ancient Edifices :

Parti-



Particularly on that which looks towards the South there is a little kind of Mole, that seems to have been the Foundation of a Palace; unless we may suppose that the *Pharos* of *Caprea* stood there, which *Statius* takes notice of in his Poem that invites his Wife to *Naples*, and is, I think, the most natural among the *Silvæ*.

*Nec desunt variae circum oblectamina  
vitæ,*

*Sive Vaporiferas, blandissima littora,  
Bajas,*

*Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Si-  
byllæ,*

*Dulce sit, Iliacoque jugum memorabile  
remo:*

*Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,  
Teleboumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia  
nautis*

*Lumina noctivagæ tollit Pharos æmula  
lunæ,*

*Caraque non molli juga Surrentina Lyæo.*

L. 3.

S

The

The blifsful Seats with endless Pleasures  
 flow,  
 Whether to *Baja's* Sunny Shores you  
 go,  
 And view the Sulphur to the Baths  
 convey'd,  
 Or the dark Grotte of the Prophetick  
 Maid,  
 Or steep *Mifeno* from the *Trojan* nam'd,  
 Or *Gaurus* for its flowing Vintage  
 fam'd,  
 Or *Caprea*, where the Lanthorn fix'd  
 on high  
 Shines like a Moon through the be-  
 nighted Sky,  
 While by its Beams the wary Sailor  
 fteers,  
 Or where *Surrentum*, clad in Vines,  
 appears.

They found in *Ano-Caprea*, some  
 Years ago, a Statue and a rich Pave-  
 ment under Ground, as they had oc-  
 cafion to turn up the Earth that lay  
 upon 'em. One ftill fees, on the  
 Bendings

Bendings of these Mountains, the Marks of several ancient Scales of Stairs, by which they us'd to ascend 'em. The whole Island is so unequal that there were but few Diversions to be found in it without Doors, but what recommended it most to *Tiberius* was its wholesome Air, which is warm in Winter and cool in Summer, and its inaccessible Coasts, which are generally so very steep, that a handful of Men might defend 'em against a powerful Army.

We need not doubt but *Tiberius* had his different Residences, according as the Seasons of the Year, and his different Sets of Pleasures requir'd. *Suetonius* says, *Duodecim Villas totidem nominibus ornavit.* The whole Island was probably cut into several easie Ascents, planted with Variety of Palaces, and adorn'd with as great a Multitude of Groves and Gardens as the Situation of the Place would suffer. The Works under Ground were

however more extraordinary than those above it: For the Rocks were all undermin'd with High-ways, Grotto's, Galleries, Bagnio's, and several Subterraneous Retirements, that suited with the Brutal Pleasures of the Emperor. One would indeed very much wonder to see such small Appearances of the many Works of Art, that were formerly to be met with in this Island, were we not told that the *Romans*, after the Death of *Tiberius*, sent hither an Army of Pioneers on purpose to Demolish the Buildings, and deface the Beauties of the Island.

In sailing round *Caprea* we were entertain'd with many rude Prospects of Rocks and Precipices, that rise in several Places half a Mile high in Perpendicular. At the Bottom of 'em are Caves and Grotto's, that have been form'd by the continual breaking of the Waves upon 'em. I enter'd one which the Inhabitants call *Grotto Oscuro*, and after the Light of the

the Sun was a little worn off my Eyes, could see all the Parts of it distinctly, by a glimmering Reflection that play'd upon 'em from the Surface of the Water. The Mouth is low and narrow, but, after having enter'd pretty far in, the Grotto opens it self on both Sides in an Oval Figure of an Hundred Yards from one Extremity to the other, as we were told, for it would not have been safe measuring it. The Roof is vaulted, and Distils fresh Water from every Part of it, that fell upon us as fast as the first Droppings of a Shower. The Inhabitants and *Neapolitans* who have heard of *Tiberius's* Grotto's, will have this to be one of 'em, but there are several Reasons that show it to be natural. For besides the little use that we can conceive of such a dark Cavern of Salt Waters, there are no where any Marks of the Chissel; the Sides are of a soft mouldering Stone, and one sees many of the like hollow Spaces worn in

the Bottoms of the Rocks, as they are more or less able to resist the Impressions of the Water that beats against 'em.

Not far from this Grotto lye the *Sirenum Scopuli*, that *Virgil* and *Ovid* mention in *Æneas's* Voyage; they are Two or Three sharp Rocks that stand about a Stone's Throw from the South-side of the Island, and are generally beaten by Waves and Tempests, which are much more violent on the South than on the North of *Caprea*.

*Famque adeo Scopulos Sirenum ad-vecta  
subibat*

*Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus  
albos,*

*Tum rauca assiduo longè sale saxa so-  
nabant.* Æn.

Glides by the *Syren's* Cliffs, a shelly  
Coast,

Long infamous for Ships, and Sailors  
lost, And

And white with Bones : Th' impetuous  
Ocean roars,  
And Rocks rebellow from the found-  
ing Shores. *Dryden.*

I have before said that they often find Medals in this Island. Many of those they call the *Spintrie*, which *Aretin* has copy'd, have been dug up here. I know none of the Antiquaries that have written on this Subject, and find nothing satisfactory of it where I thought it most likely to be met with, in *Patin's* Edition of *Suetonius* illustrated by Medals. Those I have convers'd with about it, are of Opinion they were made to ridicule the Brutality of *Tiberius*, tho' I can't but believe they were stamp'd by his Order. They are unquestionably Antique, and no bigger than Medals of the Third Magnitude. They bear on one Side some lewd Invention of that Hellish Society which *Suetonius* calls *Monstrosi concubitûs repertores*, and on

S 4 the

the other the Number of the Medal. I have seen of 'em as high as to Twenty. I can't think they were made as a Jest on the Emperor, because Raillery on Coins is of a Modern Date. I know but Two in the Upper Empire, besides the *Spintria*, that lye under any Suspicion of it. The first is one of *Marcus Aurelius*, where, in Compliment to the Emperor and Empress, they have stamp'd on the Reverse the Figure of *Venus* caressing *Mars*, and endeavouring to detain him from the Wars.



— *Quoniam belli fera manera Mavors  
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui saepe  
Tuum se* Re-



*Rejicit, eterno devinctus vulnere a-*  
*moris.*

Lucr, L. I.

The *Venus* has *Faustina's* Face, her Lover is a naked Figure with a Helmet on his Head, and a Shield on his Arm.

*Tu scabie fruereis mali quod in Aggere*  
*rodit,*

*Qui tegitur parmâ & galeâ-----*

Juv. Sat. 5.

This unluckily brings to Mind *Faustina's* Fondness for the Gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden Piece of Satyr. But besides, that such a Thought was inconsistent with the Gravity of a Senate, how can one imagine that the Fathers would have dar'd Affront the Wife of *Aurelius*, and the Mother of *Commodus*, or that they could think of giving Offence to an Empress whom they afterwards deify'd, and to an Emperor that was the Darling of the Army and People? The

The other Medal is a Golden one of *Galienus*, preserv'd in the *French* King's Cabinet ; it is inscrib'd *Galienæ Augustæ, Pax Ubique*, and was stamp'd at a time when the Emperor's Father was in Bondage, and the Empire torn in Pieces by several Pretenders to it. Yet, if one considers the strange Stupidity of this Emperor, with the senseless Security which appears in several of his Sayings that are still left on Record, one may very well believe this Coin was of his own Invention. We may be sure, if Raillery had once enter'd the old *Roman* Coins, we should have been over-stock'd with Medals of that Nature ; if we consider there were often Rival Emperors proclaim'd at the same time, who endeavour'd at the lessening of each others Character, and that most of 'em were succeeded by such as were Enemies to their Predecessor. These Medals of *Tiberius* were never current Mony, but rather of  
the

the Nature of Medalions, which seem to have been made on purpose to perpetuate the Discoveries of that infamous Society. *Suetonius* tells us, that their monstrous Inventions were Register'd several ways, and preserv'd in the Emperor's private Apartments. *Cubicula plurifariam disposita tabellis ac Sigillis lascivissimarum picturarum & figurarum adornavit, librisque Elephantidis instruxit: ne cui in Operâ edendâ exemplar impetratæ Schemæ deesset.* The *Elephantidis* here mention'd is probably the same that *Martial* takes notice of for her Book of Postures.

Vid. *Martial*, Lib. 12. Ep. 43.

*In Sabellum.*

*Facundos mihi de libidinosis  
Legisti nimium Sabelle versus,  
Quales nec Didymi sciunt puellæ,  
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.  
Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ:  
Quales, &c.*

Lib. 12. Ep. 43.



— *Quem rupes Caprearum tetra la-*  
*tebit*

*Incesto possessa Seni?* —————

Cl. de 4<sup>to</sup> Conf. Hon.

Who has not heard of *Caprea's* guilty  
Shore,  
Polluted by the Rank old Emperor?

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FROM

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FROM  
N A P L E S  
TO  
ROME, by SEA.

I Took a Faloucque at *Naples* to carry me to *Rome*, that I might not be forc'd to run over the same Sights a Second time, and might have an Opportunity of seeing many things that lye in a Road which our Voyage-Writers have not so particularly describ'd. As in my Journey from *Rome* to *Naples* I had *Horace* for my Guide, so I had the Pleasure of seeing my Voyage, from *Naples* to *Rome*, describ'd by  
*Virgil.*

*Virgil.* It is indeed much easier to trace out the Way that *Aeneas* took, than that of *Horace*, because *Virgil* has mark'd it out by Capes, Islands, and other Parts of Nature, which are not so subject to change or decay as are Towns, Cities, and the Works of Art. Mount *Pausilypo* makes a beautiful Prospect to those who pass by it: At a small distance from it lyes the little Island of *Nisida*, cover'd over with a great Variety of Plantations, rising one above another in so beautiful an Order, that the whole Island looks like a large Terrace-Garden. It has in it Two little Ports, and is not at present troubled with any of those noxious Steams that *Lucan* mentions.

———*Tali spiramine Nefis*  
*Emittit Stygium nebulosis Aëra saxis.*

Lib. 6.

*Nefis*

*Nesi's* high Rocks such *Stygian* Air  
produce,  
And the blue breathing Pestilence dif-  
fuse.

From *Nisida* we row'd to Cape  
*Miseno*. The Extremity of this Cape  
has a long Cleft in it, which was en-  
larg'd and cut into Shape by *Agrippa*,  
who made this the great Port for the  
*Roman* Fleet that serv'd in the Medi-  
terranean; as that of *Ravenna* held  
the Ships design'd for the *Adri-  
atic* and *Archipelago*. The highest  
End of this Promontory rises in the  
fashion of a Sepulchre or Monument  
to those that survey it from the Land,  
which perhaps might occasion *Vir-  
gil's* burying *Misenus* under it. I  
have seen a grave *Italian* Author, who  
has written a very large Book on the  
*Campania Felice*, that from *Virgil's*  
Description of this Mountain, con-  
cludes it was call'd *Aërius* before *Mi-  
senus* had given it a new Name.

At



*At pius Æneas ingenti mole Sepulchrum  
Imponit, suaque arma viro remumque  
tubamque*

*Monte sub Aerio, qui nunc Misenus  
ab illo*

*Dicitur, æternumque tenet per secula  
nomen. Æn. L. 6.*

There are still to be seen a few Ruins of old *Misenum*, but the most considerable Antiquity of the Place is a Set of Galleries that are hewn into the Rock, and are much more spacious than the *Piscina Mirabilis*. Some will have 'em to have been a Reservoir of Water, but others more probably suppose 'em to have been *Nero's Baths*. I lay the first Night on the Isle of *Procita*, that is pretty well cultivated, and contains about Four Thousand Inhabitants, who are all Vassals to the Marquis *de Vasto*.

The next Morning I went to see the Isle of *Ischia*, that stands further out into the Sea. The ancient Poets

T

call

call it *Inarime*, and lay *Typhæus* under it, by reason of its Eruptions of Fire. There has been no Eruption for near these Three Hundred Years. The last was very terrible, and destroy'd a whole City. At present there are scarce any Marks left of a Subterraneous Fire, for the Earth is cold, and cover'd with Grass and Shrubs, where the Rocks will suffer it. There are indeed several little Cracks in it, thro' which there issues a constant Smoke, but 'tis probable this arises from the warm Springs that feed the many Baths with which this Island is plentifully stock'd. I observ'd, about one of these Breathing Passages, a Spot of Myrtles that flourish within the Steam of these Vapours, and have a continual Moisture hanging upon 'em. On the South of *Ischia* lyes a round Lake of about Three Quarters of a Mile Diameter, separate from the Sea by a narrow Tract of Land. It was formerly a *Roman* Port. On the North  
End

End of the Island stands the Town and Castle, on an exceeding high Rock, divided from the Body of the Island, and inaccessible to an Enemy on all Sides. This Island is larger, but much more Rocky and Barren than *Procita*. *Virgil* makes 'em both shake at the Fall of part of the Mole of *Bajæ*, that stood at a few Miles distance from 'em.

*Qualis in Euböico Bajarum littore quon-*  
*dam*

*Saxeæ pila cadit, magnis quam molibus*  
*ante.*

*Constructam jaciunt pelago: Sic illa*  
*ruinam*

*Prona trahit, penitusque vadis illisa*  
*recumbit;*

*Miscent se maria & nigre attolluntur*  
*arenæ:*

*Tum sonitu Prochita alta tremit, du-*  
*rumque cubile*

*Inarime, Jovis Imperiis imposta Typhæo.*

*Æn. 9*

Not with less Ruin than the *Bajan*  
Mole

(Rais'd on the Seas the Surges to con-  
trol)

At once comes tumbling down the  
rocky Wall,

Prone to the Deep the Stones disjointed  
fall

Off the vast Pile ; the scatter'd Ocean  
flies ;

Black Sands, discolour'd Froth, and  
mingled Mud arise.

The frighted Billows roll, and seek  
the Shores :

Trembles high *Prochyta*, and *Ischia*  
roars :

*Typhæus* roars beneath, by *Jove's* Com-  
mand,

Astonish'd at the Flaw that shakes the  
Land,

Soon shifts his weary Side, and scarce  
awake,

With Wonder feels the Weight press  
lighter on his Back.

*Dryden.*

I don't see why *Virgil* in this noble Comparison has given the Epithet of *Alta* to *Procita*, for it is not only no high Island in it self, but is much lower than *Ischia*, and all the Points of Land that lye within its Nighbourhood. I should think *Alta* was join'd adverbially with *Tremit*, did *Virgil* make use of so Equivocal a Syntax. I cannot forbear inserting in this Place, the lame Imitation that *Silius Italicus* has made of the foregoing Passage.

*Haud aliter structo Tyrrhena ad littora  
Saxo,  
Pugnatura fretis subter cecisque pro-  
cellis  
Pila immane sonans, impingitur ardua  
ponto;  
Immugit Nereus, divisaque cœrula pulsu  
Illisum accipiunt irata sub æquora mon-  
tem.* L.4.

So a vast Fragment of the *Bajan*  
Mole,

T 3

That,

That, fix'd amidst the *Tyrrhene* Waters,  
 braves  
 The beating Tempests and insulting  
 Waves,  
 Thrown from its Basis with a dreadful  
 Sound,  
 Dashes the broken Billows all around,  
 And with resistless Force the Surface  
 cleaves,  
 That in its angry Waves the falling  
 Rock receives.

The next Morning going to *Cumæ* thro' a very pleasant Path, by the *Mare Mortuum*, and the *Elisian* Fields, we saw in our Way a great many Ruins of Sepulchres, and other ancient Edifices. *Cumæ* is at present utterly destitute of Inhabitants, so much is it chang'd since *Lucan's* Time, if the Poem to *Piso* be his.

—*Acidaliâ quæ condidit Alite muros  
 Euboicam referens fecunda Neapolis  
 urbem.*

Where

Where the fam'd Walls of fruitful Na-  
*ples* lye,  
 That may for Multitudes with *Cuma*  
 vie.

They show here the Remains of  
*Apollo's* Temple, which all the Wri-  
 ters of the Antiquities of this Place  
 suppose to have been the same *Virgil*  
 describes in his Sixth *Æneid*, as built  
 by *Dædalus*, and that the very Story  
 which *Virgil* there mentions, was actu-  
 ally Engraven on the Front of it.

*Redditus his primùm terris tibi Phæbe*  
*Sacravit*

*Remigium Alarum, posuitque immania*  
*Templa.*

*In foribus lethum Androgeo, tum pen-*  
*dere pœnas*

*Cecropidæ jussi, miserum! Septena quo-*  
*tannis*

*Corpora Natorum: Stat ductis sortibus*  
*urna.*

*Contra elata mari respondet Gnossia  
tellus, &c.* Æn. 6.

To the *Cumean* Coast at length he  
came,  
And, here alighting, built his costly  
Frame  
Inscrib'd to *Phæbus*, here he hung on  
high  
The Steerage of his Wings that cut  
the Sky ;  
Then o'er the lofty Gate his Art em-  
boss'd  
*Androgeo's* Death, and Off'rings to  
his Ghost  
Sev'n Youths from *Athens* yearly sent,  
to meet  
The Fate appointed by revengeful *Creet* ;  
And next to those the dreadful Urn  
was plac'd,  
In which the destin'd Names by Lots  
were cast. *Dryden.*

Among other Subterraneous Works  
there is the beginning of a Passage,  
which



which is stopp'd up within less than a Hundred Yards of the Entrance, by the Earth that is fallen into it. They suppose it to have been the other Mouth of the *Sibyl's Grotto*. It lyes indeed in the same Line with the Entrance near the *Avernus*, is fac'd alike with the *Opus Reticulatum*, and has still the Marks of Chambers that have been cut into the Sides of it. Among the many Fables and Conjectures that have been made on this Grotto, I think it is highly probable, that it was once inhabited by such as perhaps thought it a better Shelter against the Sun than any other kind of Building, or at least that it was made with smaller Trouble and Expence. As for the Mosaic, and other Works that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in later Ages, according as they thought fit to put the Place to different Uses. The Story of the *Cimmerians* is indeed clogg'd with Improbabilities, as *Strabo* relates it,  
but

but it is very likely there was in it some Foundation of Truth. *Homer's* Description of the *Cimmerians*, whom he places in these Parts, answers very well to the Inhabitants of such a long dark Cavern.

The gloomy Race, in Subterraneous  
Cells,  
Among surrounding Shades and Dark-  
ness dwells ;  
Hid in th' unwholsome Covert of the  
Night,  
They shun th' Approaches of the cheer-  
ful Light :  
The Sun ne'er visits their obscure Re-  
treats,  
Nor when he runs his Course, nor  
when he sets.  
Unhappy Mortals ! ————— *Od. L. 10.*

*Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneia nu-  
trix,  
Æternam moriens fomam Cajeta dedisti :*

*Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossa-  
que nomen*

*Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria,  
signat. Æn.7.*

And thou, O Matron of Immortal  
Fame,

Here dying, to the Shore hast left  
thy Name:

*Cajeta* still the Place is call'd from  
Thee,

The Nurse of great *Ænea's* Infancy.

Here rest thy Bones in rich *Hesperia's*  
Plains;

Thy Name ('tis all a Ghost can have)  
remains. *Dryden.*

I saw at *Cajeta* the Rock of Mar-  
ble, said to be cleft by an Earthquake  
at our Saviour's Death. There is  
written over the Chappel Door, that  
leads into the Crack, the Words of  
the Evangelist, *Ecce terre-motus fa-  
ctus est magnus.* I believe every one  
who sees this vast Rent in so high a  
Rock,

Rock, and observes how exactly the Convex Parts of one Side tally with the Concave of the other, must be satisfy'd that it was the Effect of an Earthquake, tho' I question not but it either happen'd long before the Time of the *Latin* Writers, or in the darker Ages since, for otherwise I can't but think they would have taken notice of its Original. The Port, Town, Castle, and Antiquities of this Place have been often describ'd.

We touch'd next at *Monte Circeo*, which *Homer* calls *Insula Æëa*, whether it be that it was formerly an Island, or that the *Greek* Sailors of his Time thought it so. It is certain they might easily have been deceiv'd by its appearance, as being a very high Mountain join'd to the main Land by a narrow Tract of Earth, that is many Miles in Length, and almost of a Level with the Surface of the Water. The End of this Promontory is very rocky, and mightily

tily expos'd to the Winds and Waves,  
 which perhaps gave the first Rise to  
 the Howlings of Wolves, and the  
 Roarings of Lions, that us'd to be  
 heard thence, which I had a very  
 lively Idea of, being forc'd to lye un-  
 der it a whole Night. *Virgil's* De-  
 scription of *Aeneas* passing by this  
 Coast can never be enough admir'd.  
 It is worth while to observe how, to  
 heighten the Horror of the Descripti-  
 on, he has prepar'd the Reader's Mind,  
 by the Solemnity of *Cajeta's* Funeral,  
 and the dead Stilness of the Night.

*At pius exequiis Aeneas rite solutis  
 Aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta  
 quiêrunt*

*Æquora, tendit iter velis, portumque  
 relinquit.*

*Adspirant auræ in noctem, nec candi-  
 da cursus*

*Luna negat: Splendet tremulo sub lu-  
 mine pontus.*

*Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ:*

*Dives*

*Dives inaccessos ubi solis filia lucos  
Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque super-  
bis*

*Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina ce-  
drum,*

*Arguto tenues percurrrens pectine telas :  
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque Leonum  
Vincla recusantum, & serâ sub nocte  
rudentum :*

*Setigerique sues, atque in præsepibus  
urfi,*

*Sævire ac formæ magnorum ululare lu-  
porum :*

*Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæva po-  
tentibus herbis*

*Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga fe-  
rarum.*

*Quæ nè monstra pii paterentur talia  
Troes*

*Delati in portus, neu littora dira su-  
birent,*

*Neptunus ventis implevit vela secun-  
dis :*

*Atque fugam dedit, & præter vada  
fervida vexit.*

Æn. L. 7.

Now,



The Grunts of bristled Boars, and  
 Groans of Bears,  
 And Herds of Howling Wolves that  
 stun the Sailor's Ears.  
 These from their Caverns, at the Close  
 of Night,  
 Fill the sad Isle with Horror and Af-  
 fright.  
 Darkling they mourn their Fate, whom  
*Circe's* Pow'r,  
 (That watch'd the Moon, and Planetary  
 Hour)  
 With Words and wicked Herbs, from  
 Human kind  
 Had alter'd, and in Brutal Shapes con-  
 fin'd.  
 Which Monsters, lest the *Trojan's* Pious  
 Host  
 Should bear, or touch upon th'in-  
 chanted Coast;  
 Propitious *Neptune* steer'd their Course  
 by Night  
 With rising Gales, that sped their hap-  
 py Flight.

*Dryden.**Virgil*



*Virgil* calls this Promontory *Æëæ Insula Circes* in the Third *Æneid*, but 'tis the Heroe, and not the Poet that speaks. It may however be look'd upon as an Intimation, that he himself thought it an Island in *Æneas's* Time. As for the thick Woods, which not only *Virgil* but *Homer* mentions, in the beautiful Description that *Plutarch* and *Longinus* have taken notice of, they are most of 'em grubb'd up since the Promontory has been cultivated and inhabited, tho' there are still many Spots of it that show the natural Inclination of the Soil leans that way.

The next Place we touch'd upon was *Nettuno*, where we found nothing remarkable besides the extream Poverty and Laziness of the Inhabitants. At Two Miles distance from it lye the Ruins of *Antium*, that are spread over a great Circuit of Land. There are still left the Foundations of several Buildings, and what are always the

last Parts that perish in a Ruin, many Subterraneous Grotto's and Passages of a great Length. The Foundations of *Nero's* Port are still to be seen. It was altogether Artificial, and compos'd of huge Moles running round it, in a kind of Circular Figure, except where the Ships were to enter, and had about Three Quarters of a Mile in its shortest Diameter. Tho' the making of this Port must have cost prodigious Sums of Mony, we find no Medal of it, and yet the same Emperor has a Medal struck in his own Name for the Port of *Ostia*, which in Reality was a Work of his Predecessor *Claudius*. The last Pope was at considerable Charges to make a little kind of Harbour in this Place, and to convey fresh Water to it, which was one of the Artifices of the Grand Duke, to divert his Holiness from his Project of making *Civita-vecchia* a free Port. There lyes between *Anti-um* and *Nettuno* a Cardinal's *Villa*, which

which his one of the pleafantest for Walks, Fountains, Shades, and Proſpects that I ever ſaw.

*Antium* was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that ſtood in it. All agree there were Two Fortunes worhipp'd here, which *Suetonius* calls the *Fortunæ Antiates*, and *Martial* the *Sorores Antii*. Some are of Opinion, that by theſe Two Goddeſſes were meant the Two *Nemeſes*, one of which rewarded good Men, as the other puniſh'd the wicked. *Fabretti* and others are apt to believe, that by the Two Fortunes were only meant in general the Goddeſs that ſent Proſperity, or ſhe that ſent Afflictions to Mankind, and produce in their Be- half an ancient Monument found in this very Place, and ſuperſcrib'd *Fortunæ Felici*, which indeed may favour one Opinion as well as the other, and ſhows at leaſt they are not miſtaken in the general Senſe of their Diviſion. I don't know whether any Body has

taken notice, that this double Function of the Goddesses gives a considerable Light and Beauty to the Ode that *Horace* has address'd to her. The whole Poem is a Prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper *Cæsar's* Arms, and confound his Enemies, so that each of the Goddesses has her Task assign'd in the Poet's Prayer; and we may observe the Invocation is divided between the Two Deities, the first Line relating indifferently to either. That which I have mark'd speaks to the Goddess of Prosperity, or if you please to the *Nemesis* of the Good, and the other to the Goddess of Adversity, or to the *Nemesis* of the Wicked.

*O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,  
Præfens vel imo tollere de gradu  
Mortale corpus, vel superbos  
Vertere funeribus triumphos! &c.*

Great

Great Goddess, *Antium's* Guardian

[Power,  
Whose Force is strong, and quick to

[raise  
The lowest to the highest Place;

Or with a wond'rous Fall

To bring the Haughty lower,

And turn proud Triumphs to a Fu-

[neral, &c.

*Creech.*

If we take the first Interpretation of the Two Fortunes for the double *Nemesis*, the Compliment to *Cæsar* is the greater, and the Fifth Stanza clearer than the Commentators usually make it, for the *Clavi trabales, cunei, uncus, liquidumque plumbum*, were actually us'd in the Punishment of Criminals.

Our next Stage brought us to the Mouth of the *Tiber*, into which we enter'd with some Danger, the Sea being generally very rough in these Parts, where the River rushes into it. The Season of the Year, the Muddiness of the Stream, with the many

Green Trees that hung over it, put  
me in Mind of the delightful Image  
that *Virgil* has given us when *Æneas*  
took the first View of it.

*Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore  
lucum*

*Prospicit: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus  
amæno,*

*Vorticibus rapidis & multâ flavus a-  
renâ*

*In mare prorumpit: variæ circumque  
supraque*

*Assuetæ ripis volucres & fluminis alveo  
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque vo-  
labant.*

*Flectere iter Sociis terræque advertere  
proras*

*Imperat, & latus fluvio succedit opaco.*  
*Æn. L. 7.*

The Trojan from the Main beheld a  
Wood,

Which thick with Shades, and a brown  
Horror stood:

Betwixt the Trees the *Tiber* took his  
Course,  
With Whirlpools dimpled, and with  
downward Force  
That drove the Sand along, he took  
his Way,  
And roll'd his Yellow Billows to the  
Sea;  
About him, and above, and round  
the Wood,  
The Birds that haunt the Borders of  
his Flood;  
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon  
his Side,  
To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats  
apply'd.  
The Captain gives Command, the  
joyful Train  
Glide through the gloomy Shade, and  
leave the Main. *Dryden.*

It is impossible to learn from the  
Ruins of the Port of *Ostia*, what its  
Figure was when it stood whole and  
entire. I shall therefore set down the

Medal, that I have before mention'd,  
which represents it as it was formerly.



It is worth while to compare *Ju-  
venal's* Description of this Port with  
the Figure it makes on the Coin.

*Tandem intrat positas inclusa per æquo-  
ra moles,*

*Tyrrhenamque Pharon, porrectaque bra-  
chia, rursus*

*Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longèque  
relinquunt*

*Italiam: non sic igitur mirabere por-  
tus*

*Quos Natura dedit* ——— *Juv. Sat. 12.*



At last within the mighty Mole she  
gets

Our *Tyrrhene Pharos*, that the mid Sea  
meets

With its Embrace, and leaves the Land  
behind;

A Work so wond'rous Nature ne'er  
design'd.

The Seas may very properly be said to be enclos'd (*Inclusa*) between the Two Semicircular Moles that almost surround 'em. The *Colossus*, with something like a lighted Torch in its Hand, is probably the *Pharos* in the Second Line. The Two Moles that we must suppose are join'd to the Land behind the *Pharos*, are very Poetically describ'd by the

——— *Porrectaque brachia, rursus*  
*Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longèque*  
*relinquunt*  
*Italiam*—————

as they retire from one another in the Compass they make, 'till their Two Ends almost meet a Second time in the midst of the Waters, where the Figure of *Neptune* sits. The Poet's Reflection on the Haven is very just, since there are few Natural Ports better Land-lock'd, and clos'd on all Sides than this seems to have been. The Figure of *Neptune* has a Rudder by him, to marke the Convenience of the Harbour for Navigation, as he is represented himself at the Entrance of it, to show it stood in the Sea. The Dolphin distinguishes him from a River *God*, and Figures out his Dominion over the Seas. He holds the same Fish in his Hand on other Medals. What it means we may learn from the *Greek* Epigram on the Figure of a *Cupid*, that had a Dolphin in one Hand, and a Flower in the other.

Ουδ' ἔ μάλ' ἢ παλάμαις Καλέχει δελφίνα ἢ  
 ἄνθ'.

Τῆ μὲν γὰρ γαῖαν ἴηδε θάλασσαν ἔχει.

A proper Emblem graces either Hand,  
In one he holds the Sea, in one the  
Land.

Half a Day more brought us to  
*Rome*, thro' a Road that is common-  
ly visited by Travellers.

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ROME.

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R O M E.

**I**T is generally observ'd, that Modern *Rome* stands higher than the Ancient; some have computed it about Fourteen or Fifteen Feet, taking one Place with another. The Reason given for it is, that the present City stands upon the Ruins of the former, and indeed I have often observ'd, that where any considerable Pile of Building stood anciently one still finds a rising Ground, or a little kind of Hill, which was doubtless made up out of the Fragments and Rubbish of the ruin'd Edifice. But besides this particular Cause, we may assign another that has very much contributed to the raising the Situation of several Parts  
of

of *Rome* : It being certain the great Quantities of Earth, that have been wash'd off from the Hills by the Violence of Showers, have had no small share in it. This any one may be sensible of who observes how far several Buildings, that stand near the Roots of Mountains, are sunk deeper in the Earth than those that have been on the Tops of Hills, or in open Plains ; for which Reason the present Face of *Rome* is much more Even and Level than it was formerly ; the same Cause that has rais'd the lower Grounds having contributed to sink those that were higher.

There are in *Rome* Two Sets of Antiquities, the Christian and the Heathen. The former, tho' of a fresher Date, are so embroil'd with Fable and Legend, that one receives but little Satisfaction from searching into 'em. The other give a great deal of Pleasure to such as have met with 'em before in ancient Authors ; for a Man  
who

who is in *Rome* can scarce see an Object that does not call to Mind a Piece of a *Latin* Poet or Historian. Among the Remains of Old *Rome*, the Grandeur of the Common-wealth shows it self chiefly in Works that were either necessary or convenient, such as Temples, High-ways, Aqueducts, Walls and Bridges of the City. On the contrary the Magnificence of *Rome*, under the Emperors, is seen principally in such Works as were rather for Ostentation or Luxury, than any real Usefulness or Necessity, as in Baths, Amphitheaters, Circus's, Obelisks, Triumphant Pillars, Arches and Mausoleums ; for what they added to the Aqueducts was rather to supply their Baths and Naumachias, and to embellish the City with Fountains, than out of any real Necessity that there was for 'em. These several Remains have been so copiously describ'd by abundance of Travellers, and other Writers, particularly

cularly by those concern'd in the learned Collection of *Grævius*, that it is very difficult to make any new Discoveries on so beaten a Subject. There is however so much to be observ'd in so spacious a Field of Antiquities, that it is almost impossible to survey 'em without taking new Hints, and raising different Reflections, according as a Man's natural Turn of Thoughts, or the Course of his Studies direct him. No Part of the Antiquities of *Rome* pleas'd me so much as the ancient Statues, of which there is still an incredible Variety. The Workmanship is often the most exquisite of any thing in its kind. A Man would wonder how it were possible for so much Life to enter into Marble, as may be discover'd in some of the best of 'em; and even in the meanest one has the Satisfaction of seeing the Faces, Postures, Airs and Dress of those that have liv'd so many Ages before us. There is a strange  
Re-

Resemblance between the Figures of the several Heathen Deities, and the Descriptions that the *Latin* Poets have given us of 'em; but as the first may be look'd upon as the ancients of the Two, I question not but the *Roman* Poets were the Copiers of the *Greek* Satuaries. Tho' on other Occasions we often find the Satuaries took their Subjects from the Poets. The *Laocoon* is too known an Instance among many others that are to be met with at *Rome*. In the *Villa Aldabrandina* are the Figures of an Old and Young Man, engag'd together at the *Cæstus*, who are probably the *Dares* and *Entellus* of *Virgil*; where by the way one may observe the Make of the ancient *Cæstus*, that it only consisted of so many large Thongs about the Hand, without any thing like a Piece of Lead at the End of 'em, as some Writers of Antiquities have falsely imagin'd.



I question not but many Passages in the old Poets hint at several Parts of Sculpture, that were in Vogue in the Author's Time, tho' they are now never thought of, and that therefore such Passages lose much of their Beauty in the Eye of a Modern Reader, who does not look upon 'em in the same Light with the Author's Contemporaries. I shall only mention Two or Three out of *Juvenal*, that his Commentators have not taken notice of. The first runs thus,

*Multa pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan,  
Aut aliqua extiterint, & sub Jove,  
sed Jove nondum*

*Barbato*————— · Sat. 6.

Some thin Remains of Chastity appear'd

Ev'n under *Jove*, but *Jove* without  
a Beard. *Dryden.*

I appeal to any Reader, if the Humour here would not appear much more natural and unforc'd to a People that saw every Day some or other Statue of this God with a thick bushy Beard, as there are still many of 'em extant at *Rome*, than it can to us who have no such Idea of him; especially if we consider there was in the same City a Temple Dedicated to the Young *Jupiter*, call'd *Templum Vejovis*, where, in all probability, there stood the particular Statue of a *Jupiter Imberbis*. *Juvenal*, in another Place, makes his Flatterer compare the Neck of one that is but feebly built, to that of *Hercules* holding up *Antæus* from the Earth.

Vid. Ov. de  
fastis, Li. 3.  
El. 7.

*Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus  
æquat  
Herculis Antæum procul a tellure te-  
nentis.*

Sat. 3.

His

His long Crane Neck and narrow  
Shoulders praise;

You'd think they were describing *Her-*  
*cules*

Lifting *Anteus*————— *Dryden.*

What a strain'd unnatural Similitude must this seem to a Modern Reader, but how full of Humour, if we suppose it alludes to any celebrated Statues of these Two Champions, that stood perhaps in some publick Place or High-way near *Rome*? And what makes it more than probable there were such Statues, we meet with the Figures, that *Juvenal* here describes, on Antique Intaglio's and Medals. Nay, *Propertius* has taken notice of the very Statues.

————— *Luctantum in pulvere signa*  
*Herculis Antæique*————— Lib. 3. Car. 1.

*Anteus* here and stern *Alcides* strive,  
And both the grappling Statues seem to  
live.

I can't forbear observing here, that the Turn of the Neck and Arms is often commended in the *Latin* Poets among the Beauties of a Man, as in *Horace* we find both put together, in that charming Description of Jealousie.

*Dum tu Lydia Telephi*

*Cervicem roseam, & Cerea Telephi*  
*Laudas Brachia, vae meum*

*Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur,*  
*Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color*

*Certâ sede manent: humor & in genas*  
*Furtim labitur, arguens*

*Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.*

While *Telephus's* youthful Charms,  
His rosie Neck, and winding Arms,  
With endless Rapture you recite,  
And in the tender Name delight;  
My Heart, enrag'd by jealous Heats,  
With numberless Resentments beats,  
From my pale Cheeks the Colour flies,  
And all the Man within me dies;

By fits my swelling Grief appears  
 In rising Sighs, and falling Tears,  
 That show too well the warm Desires,  
 The silent, slow, consuming Fires,  
 That on my inmost Vitals prey,  
 And melt my very Soul away.

This we should be at a Loss to account for, did not we observe in the Old *Roman* Statues, that these Two Parts were always bare, and expos'd to View, as much as our Hands and Face are at present. I can't leave *Juvenal* without taking notice that his

*Ventilat æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum*

*Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera Gemmæ.*

Sat. 1.

Charg'd with light Summer Rings his  
 Fingers sweat,  
 Unable to support a Gem of Weight.

*Dryden.*

was not anciently so great an Hyperbole as it is now, for I have seen old *Roman Rings* so very thick about, and with such large Stones in 'em, that 'tis no Wonder a Fop should reckon 'em a little cumbersome in the Summer Season of so hot a Climate.

It is certain that Satyr delights in such Allusions and Instances as are extremely natural and familiar: When therefore we see any thing in an old Satyrist that looks forc'd and pedantick, we ought to consider how it appear'd in the Time that the Poet wrote, and whether or no there might not be some particular Circumstances to recommend it to the Readers of his own Age, that we are now depriv'd of. One of the finest ancient Statues in *Rome* is a *Meleager* with a Spear in his Hand, and the Head of a Wild Boar on one Side of him. It is of *Parian Marble*, and as yellow as Ivory. One meets with many other Figures of *Meleager* in the ancient

*Basso*

*Basso Relievo's*, and on the Sides of the *Sarcophagi*, or Funeral Monuments. Perhaps it was the Arms, or Device of the old *Roman* Hunters; which Conjecture I have found confirm'd in a Passage of *Manilius*, that lets us know the Pagan Hunters had *Meleager* for their Patron, as the Christians have their *St. Hubert*. He speaks of the Constellation that makes a good Sports-Man.

————— *Quibus aspirantibus orti*  
*Te Meleagre colunt*————— *Manil. Lib. 5.*

I question not but this sets a Verse, in the Fifth Satyr of *Juvenal*, in a much better Light than if we suppose that the Poet aims only at the old Story of *Meleager*, without considering it as so very common and familiar a one among the *Romans*.

————— *Flavi dignus ferro Meleagri*  
*Spumat aper*————— *Juv. S. 5.*

A Boar intire, and worthy of the  
Sword

Of *Meleager*, smoaks upon the Board.

Mr. Bowles.

In the beginning of the Ninth Sa-  
tyr *Juvenal* asks his Friend, why he  
looks like *Marsya* when he was over-  
come?

*Scire velim quare toties mihi Nævole  
tristis*

*Occurris fronte obductâ, ceu Marsya  
victus?*

Tell me why faunt'ring thus from  
Place to Place,

I meet thee, *Nævulus*, with a clouded  
Face.

Some of the Commentators tell us,  
that *Marsya* was a Lawyer who had  
lost his Cause; others say that this  
Passage alludes to the Story of the Sa-  
tire *Marsyas*, that contended with *Apol-  
lo*; which I think is more humorous  
than



than the other, if we consider there was a famous Statue of *Apollo* fleeing *Marsya* in the midst of the *Roman Forum*, as there are still several ancient Statues of *Rome* on the same Subject. There is a Passage in the Sixth Satyr of *Juvenal*, that I could never tell what to make of, 'till I had got the Interpretation of it from one of *Bellorio's* ancient *Basso Relievo's*.

*Magnorum Artificum frangebatur pocula  
miles  
Ut phaleris gauderet Equus: cælatæque  
cassis  
Romulæ simulacra feræ mansuescere  
jussæ  
Imperii fato, & geminos sub rupe Qui-  
rinos,  
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis &  
hastâ,  
Pendentisque Dei, perituro ostenderet  
hosti.*

Juv. Sat. 11.

Or

Or else a Helmet for himself he made,  
 Where various Warlike Figures were  
 Inlaid :

The *Roman* Wolf suckling the Twins  
 was there,  
 And *Mars* himself, arm'd with his  
 Shield and Spear,  
 Hov'ring above his Crest, did dread-  
 ful show,  
 As threat'ning Death to each resisting Foe.

*Juvenal* here describes the Simpli-  
 city of the old *Roman* Soldiers, and  
 the Figures that were generally Engra-  
 ven on their Helmets. The First of  
 'em was the Wolf giving Suck to  
*Romulus* and *Rhemus* : The Second,  
 that is comprehended in the Two  
 last Verses, is not so Intelligible. Some  
 of the Commentators tell us, that the  
 God here mention'd is *Mars*, that he  
 comes to see his Two Sons Sucking  
 the Wolf, and that the old Sculptors  
 generally drew their Figures naked,  
 that they might have the Advantage  
 of

of representing the different Swelling of the Muscles, and the Turns of the Body. But they are extreamly at a Loss to know what is meant by the Word *Pendentis* ; some fancy it expresses only the great Embossment of the Figure, others believe it hung off the Helmet in *Alto Relievo*, as in the foregoing Translation. *Lubin* supposes that the God *Mars* was Engraven on the Shield, and that he is said to be hanging, because the Shield that bore him hung on the Left Shoulder. One of the old Interpreters is of Opinion, that by hanging is only meant a Posture of bending forward to strike the Enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is plac'd on the Head may be said to hang, as we call hanging Gardens, such as are planted on the Top of the House. Several learned Men, that like none of these Explications, believe there has been a Fault in the Transcriber, and that *Pendentis* ought to be *Perdentis* ;  
but



tho' on other Occasions he is drawn, as *Horace* has describ'd him, *Tunicâ cinctum adamantinâ*. The Sculptor however, to distinguish him from the rest of the Gods, gave him what the Medallists call his proper Attributes, a Spear in one Hand, and a Shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his Figure appear'd suspended in the Air over the Vestal Virgin, in which Sense the Word *Pendentis* is extremely proper and Poetical. Besides the Antique *Basso Relievo*, that made me first think of this Interpretation, I have since met with the same Figures on the Reverses of a couple of ancient Coins, which were stamp'd in the Reign of *Antoninus Pius*, as a Compliment to that Emperor, whom for his Excellent Government and Conduct of the City of *Rome*, the Senate regarded as a Second kind of Founder.



*Ilia Vestalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)*

*Sacra lavaturas manè petebat aquas:*

*Fessa resedit humi, ventosque accepit a-*

[perto

*Pectore; turbatas restituitque comas.*

*Dum sedet; umbrosæ salices volucresque*

[canoræ

*Fecerunt Somnos & leve murmur a-*

[quæ.

*Blanda quies victis furtim subrepat o-*

[cellis

*Et cadit a mento languida facta ma-*

[nus?

*Mars videt hanc visamque cupit, po-*

[titurque cupitâ:

*Et sua divinâ furta fefellit ope.*

*Somnus*

*Somnus abit: jacet illa gravis, jam*  
   [*scilicet intra*  
*Viscera Romanæ conditor urbis erat.*  
 Ov. de Fastis, Lib. 3. Eleg. 1.

As the Fair Vestal to the Fountain came,  
 (Let none be startled at a Vestal's  
 Name)

Tir'd with the Walk, she laid her down  
 to rest,

And to the Winds expos'd her glow-  
 ing Breast

To take the Freshness of the Morning  
 Air,

And gather'd in a Knot her flowing  
 Hair:

While thus she rested on her Arm re-  
 clin'd,

The hoary Willows waving with the  
 Wind,

And Feather'd Quires that warbled }  
 in the Shade,

And purling Streams that through }  
 the Meadow stray'd,

In drowsie Murmurs lull'd the gentle }  
 Maid.

The

The God of War beheld the Virgin  
 lye,  
 The God beheld her with a Lover's  
 Eye,  
 And by so tempting an Occasion  
 press'd,  
 The beauteous Maid, whom he be-  
 held, possess'd :  
 Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful  
 Womb  
 Swell'd with the Founder of Immor-  
 tal *Rome*.

I can't quit this Head without ta-  
 king notice of a Line in *Seneca* the  
 Tragedian.

———— *Primus emergit solo*  
*Dextrâ ferocem cornibus premens taurum*  
*Zetus*————— Sen. *OEdip.* Act. 3.

----First *Zetus* rises through the Ground,  
 Bending the Bull's tough Neck with  
 Pain,  
 That tosses back his Horns in vain.



I can't doubt but the Poet had here in view the Posture of *Zetus* in the famous Groupe of Figures, that represents the Two Brothers binding *Dirce* to the Horns of a mad Bull.

I could not forbear taking particular notice of the several Musical Instruments, that are to be seen in the Hands of the *Apollo's*, *Muses*, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Bacchanals* and *Shepherds*, which might certainly give a great Light to the Dispute for Preference between the Ancient and Modern Musick. It would perhaps be no impertinent Design to take off all their Models in Wood, which might not only give us some Notion of the ancient Musick, but help us to pleasanter Instruments than are now in use. By the Appearance they make in Marble, there is not One String-Instrument that seems comparable to our *Violins*, for they are all play'd on, either by the bare Fingers, or the *Plectrum*, so that they were incapable of adding any

Y length

length to their Notes, or of varying 'em by those insensible Swellings, and wearings away of Sound upon the same String, that give so wonderful a Sweetness to our Modern Musick. Besides, that the String-Instruments must have had very low and feeble Voices, as may be guess'd from the small Proportion of Wood about 'em, which could not contain Air enough to render the Strokes, in any considerable measure, full and sonorous. There is a great deal of difference in the Make, not only of the several kinds of Instruments, but even among those of the same Name. The *Syringa*, for Example, has sometimes Four, and sometimes more Pipes, as high as to Twelve. The same Variety of Strings may be observ'd on their Harps, and of Stops on their *Tibiae*, which shows the little Foundation that such Writers have gone upon, who from a Verse perhaps in *Virgil's Eclogues*, or a short Passage in a *Classic Author*, have been

been so very nice in determining the precise Shape of the ancient Musical Instruments, with the exact Number of their Pipes, Strings and Stops. It is indeed the usual Fault of the Writers of Antiquities, to streighten and confine themselves to particular Models. They are for making a kind of Stamp on every thing of the same Name, and if they find any thing like an old Description of the Subject they Treat on, they take care to regulate it on all Occasions, according to the Figure it makes in such a single Passage: As the learned *German* Author, quoted by Monsieur *Baudelot*, who had probably never seen any thing of a Household-God, more than a *Cano-  
pus*, affirms roundly, that all the ancient *Lares* were made in the Fashion of a Jug-Bottle. In short, the Antiquaries have been guilty of the same Fault as the Systeme Writers, that are for cramping their Subjects into as narrow a Space as they can, and for

reducing the whole Extent of a Science into a few general Maxims. This a Man has occasion of observing more than once, in the several Fragments of Antiquity that are still to be seen in *Rome*. How many Dresses are there for each particular Deity? What a Variety of Shapes in the ancient Urns, Lamps, Lachrymary Vessels, *Priapus's*, Household-Gods, which have some of 'em been represented under such a particular Form, as any one of 'em has been describ'd with in an ancient Author, and would probably be all so, were they not still to be seen in their own Vindication? Madam *Dacier*, from some old Cuts of *Terence*, fancies that the *Larva* or *Persona* of the *Roman* Actors, was not only a Vizard for the Face, but had false Hair to it, and came over the whole Head like a Helmet. Among all the Statues at *Rome*, I remember to have seen but Two that are the Figures of Actors, which are both in the *Villa Matthei*.

One

One sees on 'em the Fashion of the old Sock and *Larva*, the latter of which answers the Description that is given of it by this learned Lady, tho' I question not but several others were in use; for I have seen the Figure of *Thalia*, the Comic Muse, sometimes with an entire Head-piece in her Hand, sometimes with about half the Head, and a little Friz, like a Tower, running round the Edges of the Face, and sometimes with a Mask for the Face only, like those of a Modern Make. Some of the *Italian* Actors wear at present these Masks for the whole Head. I remember formerly I could have no Notion of that Fable in *Phedrus*, before I had seen the Figures of these entire Head-pieces.

*Personam Tragicam fortè vulpes vide-  
rat :*

O *Quanta Species, inquit, cerebrum non  
habet !*

L. 1. Fab. 7.

As wily *Renard* walk'd the Streets at  
 Night,  
 On a Tragedian's Mask he chanc'd to  
 light,  
 Turning it o'er, he mutter'd with  
 Disdain,  
 How vast a Head is here without a  
 Brain!

*Martial* alludes to the same kind  
 of Masks in the following Verses.

*Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina*  
[canum,  
*Personam capiti detrahbet illa tuo.*

L. 3. Ep. 43.

Why shou'dst thou try to hide thy  
 self in Youth?  
 Impartial *Proserpine* beholds the Truth,  
 And laughing at so fond and vain a  
 Task,  
 Will strip thy hoary Noddle of its  
 Mask.

In the *Villa Borghese* is the Bust of a young *Nero*, that shows us the Form of an ancient *Bulla* on the Breast, which is neither like a Heart, as *Macrobius* describes it, nor altogether resembles that in Cardinal *Chigi's* Cabinet; so that without establishing a particular Instance into a general Rule, we ought, in Subjects of this Nature, to leave room for the Humour of the Artist or Wearer. There are many Figures of Gladiators at *Rome*, tho' I don't remember to have seen any of the *Retiarius*, the *Samnite*, or the Antagonist to the *Pinnirapus*. But what I could not find among the Statues, I met with in Two Antique Pieces of Mosaic, that are in the Possession of a Cardinal. The *Retiarius* is engag'd with the *Samnite*, and has had so lucky a Throw, that his Net covers the whole Body of his Adversary from Head to Foot, yet his Antagonist recover'd himself out of the Toils, and was Conqueror, according

to the Inscription. In another Piece is represented the Combat of the *Pinnirapus*, who is arm'd like the *Samnite*, and not like the *Retiarius*, as some learned Men have fancy'd: On the Helmet of his Antagonist are seen the Two *Pinnae*, that stand up on either Side like the Wings in the *Petastus* of a *Mercury*, but rise much higher, and are more pointed.

There is no part of the *Roman* Antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their Sacrifices. For as the Old *Romans* were very much devoted to their Religion, we see several Parts of it entering their ancient *Basso Relievo's*, Statues and Medals, not to mention their Altars, Tombs, Monuments, and the particular Ornaments of Architecture that were borrow'd from it. An Heathen Ritual could not instruct a Man better than these several Pieces of Antiquity, in the particular Ceremonies and Punctilio's that attended the different



ferent kinds of Sacrifices. Yet there is a much greater Variety in the Make of the Sacrificing Instruments, than one finds in those that have Treated of 'em, or that have given us their Pictures. For not to insist too long on such a Subject, I saw in Signior *Antonio Politi's* Collection a *Patera* without any rising in the middle, as it is generally Engraven, and another with a Handle to it, as *Macrobius* describes it, tho' it is quite contrary to any that I have ever seen cut in Marble; and I have observ'd perhaps several Hundreds. I might here enlarge on the Shape of the Triumphal Chariot, that is different in some Pieces of Sculpture from what it appears in others; and on the Figure of the *Discus*, that is to be seen in the Hand of the celebrated *Castor* at Don *Livio's*, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as some Antiquaries have represented it, nor has it any thing like a Sling fasten'd to it, to add force to the Toss.

Pro-

*Protinus imprudens, actusque cupidine  
lufus*

*Tollere Tænarides orbem properabat——  
——De Hyacinthi disco. Ov. Met. L. 10.*

Th' unwary Youth, impatient for the  
Cast,  
Went to snatch up the rolling Orb in  
haste.

Notwithstanding there are so great a Multitude of cloath'd Statues at *Rome*, I could never discover the several different *Roman* Garments, for 'tis very difficult to Trace out the Figure of a Vest, thro' all the Plaits and Foldings of the Drapery; besides, that the *Roman* Garments did not differ from each other, so much by the Shape as by the Embroidery and Colour, the one of which was too nice for the Statuary's Observation, as the other does not lye within the Expression of the Chissel. I observ'd, in abundance of *Bas Reliefs*, that the *Cinctus Gabi-*  
*nus*

*nus* is nothing else but a long Garment, not unlike a Surplice, which would have trail'd on the Ground had it hung loose, and was therefore gather'd about the middle with a Girdle. After this it is worth while to read the laborious Description that *Ferrarius* has made of it. *Cinctus Gabinus non aliud fuit quàm cum togæ lacinia lævo brachio subducta in tergum ita rejiciebatur, ut contracta retraheretur ad pectus, atque ita in nodum necteretur; qui nodus sive cinctus togam contraherat, breviorēque & strictiorē reddidit.* *De re Vestiar.* L. 1. C. 14. The Description that *Lipsius* makes of the *Samnite* Armour, seems drawn out of the very Words of *Livy*; yet not long ago a Statue, which was dug up at *Rome*, dress'd in this kind of Armour, gives a much different Explication of *Livy* from what *Lipsius* has done. This Figure was superscrib'd *BA. TO. NI.* from whence *Fabretti* concludes, that it was a Monument erected to the

the Gladiator *Bato*, who after having succeeded in Two Combats, was kill'd in the Third, and honourably Inter'd by Order of the Emperor *Caracalla*. The manner of Punctuation after each Sillable is to be met with in other Antique Inscriptions. I confess I could never learn where this Figure is now to be seen, but I think it may serve as an Instance of the great Uncertainty of this Science of Antiquities. *Vid. Fab. de Columnâ Trajani.*

In a Palace of Prince *Cesarini* I saw Busts of all the *Antonine* Family, which were dug up about Two Years since, not far from *Albano*, in a Place where is suppos'd to have stood a *Villa* of *Marcus Aurelius*. There are the Heads of *Antoninus Pius*, the *Faustinas*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Lucius Verus*, a young *Commodus*, and *Annus Verus*, all incomparably well cut.

Tho' the Statues that have been found among the Ruins of Old *Rome* are already very numerous, there is

no question but Posterity will have the Pleasure of seeing many noble Pieces of Sculpture which are still undiscover'd, for doubtless there are greater Treasures of this Nature under Ground, than what are yet brought to Light. They have often dug into Lands that are describ'd in old Authors, as the Places where such particular Statues or Obelisks stood, and have seldom fail'd of Success in their Pursuits. There are still many such promising Spots of Ground that have never been search'd into. A great part of the *Palatine* Mountain, for Example, lyes untouch'd, which was formerly the Seat of the Imperial Palace, and may be presum'd to abound with more Treasures of this Nature than any other Part of *Rome*.

*Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,  
Exultatque habitante Deo, potioraque  
Delphis  
Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit.*

*Non*

*Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis  
Esse Larem, nulloque magis se colle po-  
testas*

*Æstimat & summi sentit fastigia juris.  
Attollens apicem subjectis regia rostris  
Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque Deo-  
rum*

*Cingitur excubiis*—————

Claud. de Sexto Consulat. Honorii.

The *Palatine*, proud *Rome's* Imperial  
Seat,  
(An awful Pile!) stands venerably  
Great:  
Thither the Kingdoms and the Nati-  
ons come,  
In supplicating Crouds to learn their  
Doom;  
To *Delphi* less th' enquiring Worlds  
repair,  
Nor does a greater God inhabit there:  
This sure the pompous Mansion was  
design'd  
To please the mighty Rulers of Man-  
kind;

In-

Inferior Temples rise on either Hand,  
And on the Borders of the Palace  
stand,  
While o'er the rest her Head she proud-  
ly rears,  
And lodg'd amidst her Guardian Gods  
appears.

But whether it be that the richest of these Discoveries fall into the Pope's Hands, or for some other Reason, it is said that the Prince *Farnese*, who is the present Owner of this Seat, will keep it from being turn'd up 'till he sees one of his own Family in the Chair. There are Undertakers in *Rome* that often purchase the digging of Fields, Gardens, or Vineyards, where they find any likelihood of succeeding, and some have been known to arrive at great Estates by it. They pay according to the Dimensions of the Surface they are to break up, and after having made Essays into it, as they do for Coal in *England*, they rake

rake into the most promising Parts of it, tho' they often find, to their Disappointment, that others have been beforehand with 'em. However they generally gain enough by the Bricks and Rubbish, which the present Architects value much beyond those of a Modern Make, to defray the Charges of their Search. I was shown Two Spaces of Ground, where part of *Nero's* Golden House stood, for which the Owner has been proffer'd an extraordinary Sum of Money. What encourag'd the Undertakers are several very ancient Trees, that grow upon the Spot, from whence they conclude that these particular Tracts of Ground must have lain untouch'd for some Ages. 'Tis pity there is not something like a publick Register, to preserve the Memory of such Statues as have been found from time to time, and to mark the particular Places where they have been taken up, which would not only spare many fruitless Searches for the

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the future, but might often give a considerable Light into the Quality of the Place, or the Design of the Statue.

But the great Magazine for all kinds of Treasure is suppos'd to be the Bed of the *Tiber*. We may be sure, that when the *Romans* lay under the Apprehensions of seeing their City sack'd by a barbarous Enemy, as they have done more than once, that they would take care to bestow such of their Riches this way as could best bear the Water. Besides, what the Insolence of a Brutish Conqueror may be suppos'd to have contributed, who had an Ambition to waste and destroy all the Beauties of so celebrated a City. I need not mention the old Common-shore of *Rome*, that ran from all Parts of the Town with the Current and Violence of an ordinary River; nor the frequent Inundations of the *Tiber*, that may have swept away many of the Ornaments of its Banks,

nor the several Statues that the *Romans* themselves flung into it, when they would revenge themselves on the Memory of an ill Citizen, a dead Tyrant, or a Discarded Favourite. At *Rome* they have so general an Opinion of the Riches of this River, that the *Jews* have formerly proffer'd the Pope to cleanse it, so they might have, for their Pains, what they found in the Bosome of it. I have seen the Valley near *Ponte molle*, which they propos'd to fashion into a new Channel for it, 'till they had clear'd the old for its Reception. The Pope however would not comply with the Proposal, as fearing the Heats might advance too far before they had finish'd their Work, and produce a Pestilence among his People; tho' I don't see why such a Design might not be executed now with as little Danger as in *Augustus's* Time, were there as many Hands employ'd upon it. The City of *Rome* would receive a great Advantage from  
the

the Undertaking, as it would raise the Banks and deepen the Bed of the *Tiber*, and by Consequence free 'em from those frequent Inundations to which they are so subject at present; for the Channel of the River is observ'd to be narrower within the Walls, than either below or above 'em.

Before I quit this Subject of the Statues, I think it very observable, that among those which are already found there should be so many not only of the same Persons, but made after the same Design. One would not indeed wonder to see several Figures of particular Deities and Emperors, who had a Multitude of Temples erected to 'em, and had their several Sets of Worshippers and Admirers. Thus *Ceres*, the most beneficent and necessary of the Heathen Divinities, has more Statues than any other of the Gods or Goddesses, as several of the *Roman* Emperesses took a Pleasure to be represented in her Dress. And I believe

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lieve

lieve one finds as many Figures of that excellent Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, as of all the rest together; because the *Romans* had so great a Veneration for his Memory, that it grew into a part of their Religion to preserve a Statue of him in almost every private Family. But how comes it to pass, that so many of these Statues are cut after the very same Model, and not only of these, but of such as had no Relation, either to the Interest or Devotion of the Owner, as the dying *Cleopatra*, the *Narcissus*, the Faune leaning against the Trunk of a Tree, the Boy with the Bird in his Hand, the *Leda* and her Swan, with many others of the same Nature. I must confess I always look upon Figures of this kind, as the Copies of some celebrated Master-piece, and question not but they were famous Originals, that gave Rise to the several Statues that we see with the same Air, Posture, and Aptitudes: What confirms me

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me in this Conjecture, there are many ancient Statues of the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Silenus* with the young *Bacchus* in his Arms, the *Hercules Farnese*, the *Antinous*, and other beautiful Originals of the Ancients, that are already drawn out of the Rubbish, where they lay conceal'd for so many Ages. Among the rest I have observ'd more that are form'd after the Design of the *Venus of Medicis* than of any other, from whence I believe one may conclude, that it was the most celebrated Statue among the Ancients, as well as among the Moderns. It has always been usual for Sculptors to work upon the best Models, as it is for those that are Curious to have Copies of 'em.

I am apt to think something of the same Account may be given of the Resemblance that we meet with in many of the Antique *Basso Relievo's*. I remember I was very well pleas'd with the Device of one that I met

with on the Tomb of a young *Roman* Lady, which had been made for her by her Mother. The Sculptor had chosen the Rape of *Proserpine* for his Device, where in one End you might see the God of the Dead (*Pluto*) hurrying away a beautiful young Virgin, (*Proserpine*) and at the other the Grief and Distraction of the Mother (*Ceres*) on that Occasion. I have since observ'd the same Device upon several *Sarcophagi*, that have enclos'd the Ashes of Men or Boys, Maids or Matrons; for when the Thought took, tho' at first it receiv'd its Rise from such a particular Occasion as I have mention'd, the Ignorance of the Sculptors apply'd it promiscuously. I know there are Authors that find a Mystery in this Device.

A Man is sometimes surpriz'd to find so many extravagant Fancies as are cut on the old Pagan Tombs. Masks, Hunting-matches, and Bacchanals are very common; sometimes  
one

one meets with a lewd Figure of a *Priapus*, and in the *Villa Pamphilia* is seen a Satyr coupling with a Goat. There are however many of a more serious Nature, that Shadow out the Existence of the Soul after Death, and the Hopes of a happy Immortality. I can't leave the *Basso Relievo's* without mentioning one of 'em, where the Thought is extreamly noble. It is call'd *Homer's Apotheosis*, and consists of a Groupe of Figures cut in the same Block of Marble, and rising one above another by Four or Five different Ascents. *Jupiter* sits at the Top of it with a Thunderbolt in his Hand, and, in such a Majesty as *Homer* himself represents him, presides over the Ceremony.

Ευρον δ' ευρύοπα κρονίδιω ἄτερ ἡμίμον ἄλλων  
 Ακροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδειράδ' Ὀουλύμποιο.

Immediately beneath him are the Figures of the Nine Muses, suppos'd

to be celebrating the Praises of the Poet. *Homer* himself is plac'd at one End of the lowest Row, sitting in a Chair of State, that is supported on each Side by the Figure of a kneeling Woman. The one holds a Sword in her Hand to represent the *Iliad*, or Actions of *Achilles*, as the other has an *Aplustre* to represent the *Odyssy*, or Voyage of *Ulysses*. About the Poet's Feet are creeping a Couple of Mice, as an Emblem of the *Batracho-myomachia*. Behind the Chair stands Time, and the Genius of the Earth, distinguish'd by their proper Attributes, and putting a Garland on the Poet's Head, to imitate the mighty Reputation that he has gain'd in all Ages, and in all Nations of the World. Before him stands an Altar with a Bull ready to be Sacrific'd to the new God, and behind the Victim a Train of the several Virtues that are represented in *Homer's* Works, or to be learnt out of 'em, lifting up their Hands in Ad-



Admiration of the Poet, and in Applause of the Solemnity. This Antique Piece of Sculpture is in the Possession of the Constable *Colonna*, but never shown to those that see the Palace, unless they particularly desire it.

Among the great Variety of ancient Coins that I saw at *Rome*, I could not but take particular notice of such as relate to any of the Buildings or Statues that are still Extant. Those of the First kind have been already publish'd by the Writers of the *Roman Antiquities*, and may be most of 'em met with in the last Edition of *Donatus*, as the Pillars of *Trajan* and *Antonine*, the Arches of *Drusus Germanicus*, and *Septimius Severus*, the Temples of *Janus*, *Concord*, *Vesta*, *Jupiter tonans*, *Apollo* and *Fausina*, the *Circus Maximus*, *Agonalis*, and that of *Caracalla*, or, according to *Fabretti*, of *Galienus*, of *Vespasian's Amphitheater*, and *Alexander Severus's Baths*; tho', I must confess, the Subject of  
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the last may be very well doubted of. For the *Meta sudans* and *Pons Ælius*, which have gain'd a Place among the Buildings that are now standing, and to be met with on old Reversees of Medals: The Coin that shows the first is generally rejected as spurious, nor is the other, tho' cited in the last Edition of Monsieur *Vaillant*, esteem'd more Authentick by the present *Roman* Medallists, who are certainly the most skilful in the World, as to the Mechanical Part of this Science. I shall close up this Set of Medals with a very Curious one, as large as a Medalion, that is singular in its kind. On one Side is the Head of the Emperor *Trajan*, the Reverse has on it the *Circus Maximus*, and a View of that Side of the *Palatine* Mountain that faces it, on which are seen several Edifices, and among the rest the famous Temple of *Apollo*, that has still a considerable Ruin standing. This Medal I saw in the Hands of  
Mon-

Monseigneur *Strozzi*, Brother to the Duke of that Name, who has many Curiosities in his Possession, and is very obliging to a Stranger that desires the Sight of 'em. It is a surprising thing, that among the great Pieces of Architecture, that are represented on the old Coins, one can never meet with the *Pantheon*, the *Mausoleum* of *Augustus*, *Nero's* Golden House, the *Moles Adriani*, the *Septizonium* of *Severus*, the Baths of *Dioclesian*, &c. But since it was the Custom of the *Roman* Emperors thus to Register their most remarkable Buildings, as well as Actions, and since there are several of these in either kind, not to be found on Medals more extraordinary than those that are, we may, I think, with great Reason suspect our Collections of old Coins to be extreamly deficient, and that those which are already found out scarce bear a Proportion to what are yet undiscover'd. A Man takes a great deal  
more

more Pleasure in surveying the ancient Statues, who compares them with Medals, than it is possible for him to do without some little Knowledge this way; for these Two Arts illustrate each other; and as there are several Particulars in History and Antiquities that receive a great Light from ancient Coins, so would it be impossible to Decipher the Faces of the many Statues that are to be seen at *Rome*, without so Universal a Key to 'em. It is this that teaches to distinguish the Kings and Consuls, Emperors and Emperesses, the Deities and Virtues, with a Thousand other Particulars relating to Statuary, that are not to be learnt by any other means. In the *Villa Pamphilia* stands the Statue of a Man in Woman's Cloaths, which the Antiquaries don't know what to make of, and therefore pass it off for an *Hermaphrodite*; but a learned Medallist in *Rome* has lately fix'd it to *Clodius*, who is so famous for having  
intruded

intruded into the Solemnities of the *Bona Dea* in a Woman's Habit, for one sees the same Features and Make of Face in a Medal of the *Clodian* Family.

I have seen on Coins the Four finest Figures perhaps that are now Extant: The *Hercules Farnese*, the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Apollo* in the *Belvidere*, and the famous *Marcus Aurelius* on Horseback. The oldest Medal that the First appears upon is one of *Commodus*, the Second on one of *Faustina*, the Third on one of *Antoninus Pius*, and the last on one of *Lucius Verus*. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that these Statues were extremely celebrated among the old *Romans*, or they would never have been honour'd with a Place among the Emperor's Coins. We may further observe, that all Four of 'em make their first Appearance in the *Antonine* Family, for which Reason I am apt to think they are all of 'em the Product of that Age. They  
would

would probably have been mention'd by *Pliny* the Naturalist, who liv'd in the next Reign, save one, before *Antoninus Pius*, had they been made in his Time. As for the Brazen Figure of *Marcus Aurelius* on Horseback, there is no doubt of its being of this Age, tho' I must confess it may be doubted, whether the Medal that I have cited represents it. All I can say for it is, that the Horse and Man on the Medal are in the same Posture as they are on the Statue, and that there is a Resemblance of *Marcus Aurelius's* Face, for I have seen this Reverse on a Medalion of *Don Livio's* Cabinet, and much more distinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the Hands of Signior *Marc. Antonio*. It is generally objected, that *Lucius Verus* would rather have plac'd the Figure of himself on Horseback on the Reverse of his own Coin, than the Figure of *Marcus Aurelius*. But it is very well known that an Emperor

ror often stamp'd on his Coins the Face or Ornaments of his Collegue, as an Instance of his Respect or Friendship for him; and we may suppose *Lucius Verus* would omit no Opportunity of doing Honour to *Marcus Aurelius*, whom he rather rever'd as his Father, than look'd upon as his Partner in the Empire. The Famous *Antinous* in the *Belvidere* must have been made too about this Age, for he dy'd towards the middle of *Adrian's* Reign, the immediate Predecessor of *Antoninus Pius*. This entire Figure, tho' not to be found in Medals, may be seen in several precious Stones. Monsieur *La Chaussé*, the Author of the *Musæum Romanum*, show'd me an *Antinous* that he has publish'd in his last Volume, cut in a *Cornelian*, which he values at Fifty Pistoles. It represents him in the Habit of a *Mercury*, and is the finest *Intaglia* that I ever saw.

Next

Next to the Statues, there is nothing in *Rome* more surprising than that amazing variety of ancient Pillars of so many kinds of Marble. As most of the old Statues may be well suppos'd to have been cheaper to their first Owners, than they are to a Modern Purchaser, several of the Pillars are certainly rated at a much lower Price at present than they were formerly. For not to mention what a huge Column of *Granite*, *Serpentine*, or *Porphyry* must have cost in the Quarry, or in its Carriage from *Egypt* to *Rome*, one need only consider the great Difficulty of hewing it into any Form, and of giving it the due Turn, Proportion and Polish. It is well known how these sorts of Marble resist the Impressions of such Instruments as are now in use. There is indeed a *Milanese* at *Rome* who works in 'em, but his Advances are so very slow, that he scarce lives upon what he gains by it. He show'd me a Piece  
of



of *Porphyry* work'd into an ordinary Salver, which had cost him Four Months continual Application, before he could bring it into that Form. The Ancients had probably some Secret to harden the Edges of their Tools, without recurring to those Extravagant Opinions of their having an Art to mollifie the Stone, or that it was naturally softer at its first cutting from the Rock, or what is still more absurd, that it was an artificial Composition, and not the natural Product of Mines and Quarries. The most valuable Pillars about *Rome*, for the Marble of which they are made, are the Four Columns of Oriental Jasper in *St. Paulina's* Chappel at *St. Maria Maggiore*; Two of Oriental Granite in *St. Pudenziana*; One of Transparent Oriental Jasper in the *Vatican* Library; Four of *Nero-Bianco* in *St. Cecilia Trans-tevere*; Two of *Brocatello*, and Two of Oriental Agate in *Don Livio's* Palace; Two of *Giallo Antico*

in St. *John Lateran*, and Two of *Verdi Antique* in the *Villa Pamphilia*. These are all entire and solid Pillars, and made of such kinds of Marble as are no where to be found but among Antiquities, whether it be that the Veins of it are undiscover'd, or that they were quite exhausted upon the ancient Buildings. Among these old Pillars I can't forbear reckoning a great Part of an Alabaster Column, that was found in the Ruins of *Livia's Portico*. It is of the Colour of Fire, and may be seen over the high Altar of St. *Maria in Campitello*, for they have cut it into Two Pieces, and fix'd it in the Shape of a Cross in a Hole of the Wall that was made on purpose to receive it; so that the Light passing thro' it from without, makes it look, to those that are in the Church, like a huge transparent Cross of Amber. As for the Workmanship of the old *Roman* Pillars, Monsieur *Desgodetz*, in his accurate Measures of these

these Ruins has observ'd, that the Ancients have not kept to the nicety of Proportion, and the Rules of Art, so much as the Moderns in this Particular. Some, to excuse this Defect, lay the Blame of it on the Workmen of *Ægypt*, and of other Nations, that sent most of the ancient Pillars ready shap'd to *Rome*: Others say that the Ancients, knowing Architecture was chiefly design'd to please the Eye, only took care to avoid such Disproportions as were gross enough to be observ'd by the Sight, without minding whether or no they approach'd to a Mathematical Exactness: Others will have it rather to be an Effect of Art, and of what the *Italians* call the *Gusto grande*, than of any Negligence in the Architect; for they say the Ancients always consider'd the Situation of a Building, whether it were high or low, in an open Square or in a narrow Street, and more or less deviated from their Rules of Art, to

comply with the several Distances and Elevations from which their Works were to be regarded. It is said there is an *Ionic* Pillar in the *Santa Maria Transfereve*, where the Marks of the Compass are still to be seen on the Volute, and that *Palladio* learnt from hence the working of that difficult Problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old Columns of that Church. Among the Pillars I must not pass over the Two noblest in the World, those of *Trajan* and *Antonine*. There could not have been a more magnificent Design than that of *Trajan's* Pillar. Where could an Emperor's Ashes have been so nobly lodg'd, as in the midst of his Metropolis, and on the Top of so exalted a Monument, with the greatest of his Actions underneath him? Or, as some will have it, his Statue was on the Top, his Urn at the Foundation, and his Battles in the midst. The Sculpture of it is too well known to be  
here

here mention'd. The most remarkable Piece in *Antonine's* Pillar is the Figure of *Jupiter Pluvius*, sending down Rain on the fainting Army of *Marcus Aurelius*, and Thunderbolts on his Enemies, which is the greatest Confirmation possible of the Story of the Thundering Legion, and will be a standing Evidence for it, when any Passage in an old Author may be suppos'd to be forg'd. The Figure that *Jupiter* here makes among the Clouds, puts me in Mind of a Passage in the *Æneid*, that gives just such another Image of him. *Virgil's* Interpreters are certainly to blame, that suppose it is nothing but the Air which is here meant by *Jupiter*.

*Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus  
hædis*

*Verberat imber humum, quàm multâ gran-  
dine nimbi*

*In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter hor-  
ridus austris*

*Torquet aquosam hyemem, & cælo cava  
nubila rumpit.* Æn. 9.

The Combat thickens, like the Storm  
that flies  
From Westward, when the show'ry  
Kids arise:  
Or patt'ring Hail comes pouring on  
the Main,  
When *Jupiter* descends in harden'd  
Rain,  
Or bellowing Clouds burst with a  
stormy Sound,  
And with an armed Winter strew the  
Ground. *Dryden.*

I have seen a Medal that, according to the Opinion of many learned Men, relates to the same Story. The Emperor is entitled on it *Germanicus*, (as it was in the Wars of *Germany* that this Circumstance happen'd) and carries on the Reverse a Thunderbolt in his Hand; for the Heathens attributed the same Miracle to the Piety  
of

of the Emperor, that the Christians ascrib'd to the Prayers of the Thundering Legion. *Fulmen de cælo precibus suis contra hostium Machinamentum Marcus extorsit, suis pluviâ impetratâ cum siti laborarent.* Jul. Capit.

*Claudian* takes notice of this Miracle, and has given the same Reason for it.

————— *Ad templa vocatus*  
*Clemens Marce redis, cum gentibus un-*  
*dique cinctam*  
*Exiit Hesperiam paribus fortuna peri-*  
*clis.*  
*Laus ibi nulla ducum, nam flammeus*  
*imber in hostem*  
*Decidit, hunc dorso trepidum fumante*  
*ferebat*  
*Ambustus sonipes; hic tabescente so-*  
*lutus*  
*Subsedit galeâ, liquefactaque fulgure*  
*cuspis*  
*Canduit, & subitis fluxere vaporibus*  
*enses.*

*Tunc, contenta polo, mortalis nescia  
teli*

*Pugna fuit. Chaldaea mago seu car-  
mina ritu*

*Armarere Deos: seu, quod reor, omne  
tonantis*

*Obsequium Marci mores potuere mereri.*

De Sexto Conf. Hon.

So mild *Aurelius* to the Gods repaid  
The grateful Vows that in his Fears  
he made,

When *Latium* from unnumber'd Foes  
was freed:

Nor did he Then by his own Force  
succeed;

But with descending Show'rs of Brim-  
stone fir'd,

The wild Barbarian in the Storm ex-  
pir'd.

Wrapt in devouring Flames the Horse-  
man rag'd,

And spurr'd the Steed in equal Flames  
engag'd:



Another pent in his scorch'd Armour  
glow'd,  
While from his Head the melting Hel-  
met flow'd ;  
Swords by the Light'ning's subtile Force  
distill'd,  
And the cold Sheath with running  
Metal fill'd :  
No Human Arm its weak Assistance  
brought,  
But Heav'n, offended Heav'n, the Bat-  
tel fought ;  
Whether dark Magick and *Chaldean*  
Charms  
Had fill'd the Skies, and set the Gods  
in Arms ;  
Or good *Aurelius* (as I more believe)  
Deserv'd whatever Aid the Thunderer  
could give.

It is pity the Obelisks in *Rome* had  
not been charg'd with several Parts of  
the *Egyptian* Histories instead of Hie-  
roglyphics, which might have given  
no small Light to the Antiquities of  
that

that Nation, which are now quite sunk out of sight in those remoter Ages of the World. Among the Triumphal Arches, that of *Constantine* is not only the noblest of any in *Rome*, but in the World. I search'd narrowly into it, especially among those Additions of Sculpture that were made in the Emperor's own Age, to see if I could find any Marks of the Apparition, that is said to have preceded the very Victory which gave Occasion to the Triumphal Arch. But there are not the least Traces of it to be met with, which is not very strange, if we consider that the greatest Part of the Ornaments were taken from *Trajan's* Arch, and set up to the new Conqueror in no small haste, by the Senate and People of *Rome*, who were then most of 'em Heathens. There is however something in the Inscription, which is as old as the Arch it self, that seems to hint at the Emperor's Vision, and which no Body has  
taken

taken notice of on this Account. *Imp. Caf. Fl. Constantino maximo P. F. Augusto S. P. Q. R. quod instinctu Divinitatis mentis magnitudine cum exercitu suo tam de Tyranno quàm de omni ejus Factione uno tempore justis Rempublicam ultus est armis arcum triumphis insignem dicavit.* There is no Statue of this Emperor at Rome with a Cross to it, tho' the Ecclesiastical Historians say there were many such erected to him. I have seen of his Medals that were stamp'd with it, and a very remarkable one of his Son *Constantius*, where he is Crown'd by a Victory on the Reverse with this Inscription, *In hoc Signo Victor eris* ✠. This Triumphant Arch, and some other Buildings of the same Age, show us that Architecture held up its Head after all the other Arts of Designing were in a very weak and languishing Condition, as it was probably the first among 'em that reviv'd. If I was surpriz'd not to find the Cross in *Constantine's*

*stantine's* Arch, I was as much disappointed not to see the Figure of the Temple of *Jerusalem* on that of *Titus*, where are represented the Golden Candlestick, the Table of Shew-bread, and the River *Jordan*. Some are of Opinion, that the composite Pillars of this Arch were made in Imitation of the Pillars of *Solomon's* Temple, and observe that these are the most ancient of any that are found of that Order.

It is almost impossible for a Man to form, in his Imagination, such beautiful and glorious Scenes as are to be met with in several of the *Roman* Churches and Chappels; for having such a prodigious Stock of ancient Marble within the very City, and at the same time so many different Quarries in the Bowels of their Country, most of their Chappels are laid over with such a rich Variety of Incrustations, as can't possibly be found in any other Part of the World. And  
not-

notwithstanding the incredible Sums of Mony that have been already lain out this way, there is still the same Work going forward in other Parts of *Rome*, the last still endeavouring to out-shine those that went before 'em. Painting, Sculpture and Architecture are at present far from being in a flourishing Condition, but 'tis thought they may all recover themselves under the present Pontificate, if the Wars and Confusions of *Italy* will give 'em leave. For as the Pope is himself a Master of Polite Learning, and a great Encourager of Arts, so at *Rome* any of these Arts immediately thrives under the Encouragement of the Prince, and may be fetch'd up to its Perfection in Ten or a Dozen Years, which is the Work of an Age or Two in other Countries, where they have not such excellent Models to form themselves upon.

I shall conclude my Observations on *Rome*, with a Letter of King *Henry*  
the

the Eighth to *Ann* of *Bulleyn*, transcrib'd out of the famous Manuscript in the Vatican, which the Bishop of *Salisbury* assures us is written with the King's own Hand.

“ The Cause of my Writing at this  
 “ Time is to hear of your Health  
 “ and Prosperity, of which I would  
 “ be as glad as in manner of my  
 “ own, praying God that it be his  
 “ Pleasure to send us shortly together,  
 “ for I promise I long for it; howbeit  
 “ I trust it shall not be long too,  
 “ and seeing my Darling is absent, I  
 “ can no less do than send her some  
 “ Flesh, Prognosticating that hereafter  
 “ thou must have some of mine, which,  
 “ if he please, I would have now. As  
 “ touching your Sister's Mother, I  
 “ have consign'd *Walter Welsh* to write  
 “ to my Lord *Manwring* my Mind  
 “ therein, whereby I trust he shall  
 “ not have Power to disseid her; for  
 “ surely, whatever is said, it cannot  
 “ so

“ so stand with his Honour, but that  
“ he must needs take his natural  
“ Daughter in her extream Necessity.  
“ No more to you at this time, my  
“ own Darling, but that with a Whistle  
“ I wish we were together one Even-  
“ ing; by the Hand of Yours,

HENRY.

These Letters are always shown to  
an *Englishman* that visits the *Vatican*  
Library.

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TOWNS

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# T O W N S

Within the Neighbourhood of

## R O M E.

**I** Spent Three or Four Days on *Tivoli*, *Frescati*, *Palestrina* and *Albano*. On the way to *Tivoli* I saw the Rivulet of *Solforata*, formerly call'd *Albula*, and smelt the Stench that arises from its Waters some time before I saw 'em. *Martial* mentions this offensive Smell in an Epigram of the Fourth Book, as he does the Rivulet it self in the First.

*Quod*



*Quod sicca redolet lacus lacunæ,  
Crudarum nebule quod Albularum.*

L. 4. Ep. 4.

The drying Marshes such a Stench  
convey,  
Such the rank Steams of reeking *Albula*.

*Itur ad Herculeæ gelidas quæ Tiburis*  
[*arces,*  
*Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat a-*  
[*quis.*

L. 1. Ep. 5.

As from high *Rome* to *Tivoli* you go,  
Where *Albula*'s sulphureous Waters flow.

The little Lake that gives Rise to  
this River, with its floating Islands,  
is one of the most extraordinary na-  
tural Curiosities about *Rome*. It lyes  
in the very Flat of the *Campania*, and  
as it is the Drain of these Parts, 'tis  
no Wonder that it is so impregnated  
with Sulphur. It has at Bottom so  
thick a Sediment of it, that upon  
throwing in a Stone the Water boils

for a considerable time over the Place that has been stirr'd up. At the same time are seen little Flakes of Scurfe rising up, that are probably the Parts which compose the Islands, for they often mount of themselves, tho' the Water is not troubled.

I question not but this Lake was formerly much larger than it is at present, and that the Banks have grown over it by degrees, in the same manner as the Islands have been form'd on it. Nor is it improbable but that, in Process of Time, the whole Surface of it may be crusted over, as the Islands enlarge themselves, and the Banks close in upon 'em. All about the Lake, where the Ground is dry, we found it to be hollow by the Trampling of our Horses Feet. I could not discover the least Traces of the *Sibyls* Temple and Grove, that stood on the Borders of this Lake. *Tivoli* is seen at a distance lying along on the Brow of a Hill. Its Situation has given

*Horace*

Horace occasion to call it *Tibur Sulpinum*, as *Virgil* perhaps for the same Reason entitles it *Superbum*. The *Villa de Medicis* with its Water-Works, the Cascade of the *Teverone*, and the Ruins of the *Sibyls* Temple (of which *Vignola* has made a little Copy at *St. Peters de Montorio*) are describ'd in every Itinerary. I must confess I was most pleas'd with a beautiful Prospect that none of 'em have mention'd, which lyes at about a Mile distance from the Town. It opens on one Side into the *Roman Campania*, where the Eye loses it self on a smooth spacious Plain. On the other Side is a more broken and interrupted Scene, made up of an infinite Variety of Inequalities and Shadowings, that naturally arise from an agreeable Mixture of Hills, Groves and Vallies. But the most enlivening Part of all is the River *Teverone*, which you see at about a Quarter of a Miles distance throwing it self down a Precipice, and

falling by several Cascades from one Rock to another, 'till it gains the Bottom of the Valley, where the Sight of it would be quite lost, did not it sometimes discover it self thro' the Breakings and Inter-stices of the Woods that grow about it. The *Roman* Painters often work upon this Landskip, and I am apt to believe that *Horace* had his Eye upon it in those Two or Three beautiful Touches that he has given us of these Seats. The *Teverone* was formerly call'd the *Anio*.

*Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,  
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,  
Quàm domus Albunæ resonantis,  
Et præceps Anio, & Tiburni lucus, &  
[uda  
Mobilibus pomaria rivis. L.I.O.7.*

Not Fair *Larissa's* fruitful Shore,  
Nor *Lacedæmon* charms me more,  
Than high *Albunea's* airy Walls  
Resounding with her Water-falls,  
And

And *Tivoli's* delightful Shades,  
And *Anio* rolling in Cascades,  
That through the flow'ry Meadows  
glides,  
And all the beauteous Scene divides.

I remember Monsieur *Dacier* explains *Mobilibus* by *Ductilibus*, and believes that the Word relates to the Conduits, Pipes, and Canals that were made to distribute the Waters up and down, according to the Pleasure of the Owner. But any one that sees the *Teverone* must be of another Opinion, and conclude it to be one of the most *moveable* Rivers in the World, that has its Stream broken by such a Multitude of Cascades, and is so often shifted out of one Channel into another. After a very turbulent and noisie Course of several Miles among the Rocks and Mountains, the *Teverone* falls into the Valley before-mention'd, where it recovers its Temper, as it were, by little and little,

and after many Turns and Windings  
glides peaceably into the *Tiber*. In  
which Sense we are to understand *Si-*  
*lius Italicus's* Description, to give it  
its proper Beauty.

*Sulphureis gelidus quæ serpit leniter  
undis,  
Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure  
Tibrim.*

Here the loud *Anio's* boist'rous Cla-  
mours cease,  
That with submissive Murmurs glides  
in Peace  
To his old Sire the *Tiber*——

At *Frescati* I had the Satisfaction  
of seeing the First Sketch of *Versailles*  
in the Walks and Water-Works. The  
Prospect from it was doubtless much  
more delightful formerly, when the  
*Campania* was set thick with Towns,  
Villas and Plantations. *Cicero's Tus-*  
*culum* was at a Place call'd *Grotto Fer-*  
*rate,*

rate, about Two Miles off this Town, tho' most of the Modern Writers have fix'd it to *Frescati*. *Nardini* says, there was found among the Ruins at *Grotto Ferrate* a Piece of Sculpture that *Cicero* himself mentions in one of his familiar Epistles. In going to *Frescati* we had a fair View of Mount *Algido*.

On our Way to *Palæstrina* we saw the Lake *Regillus*, famous for the Apparition of *Castor* and *Pollux*, who were here seen to give their Horses Drink after the Battel between the *Romans* and the Son-in-Law of *Tarquinius*. At some distance from it we had a View of the *Lacus Gabinus*, that is much larger than the former. We left the Road for about half a Mile to see the Sources of a Modern Aqueduct. It is entertaining to observe how the several little Springs and Rills, that break out of the Sides of the Mountain, are glean'd up, and convey'd thro' little cover'd Channels

B b 4

into

into the main Hollow of the Aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for *Rome*, seeing it had occasion for so many Aqueducts, that there chanc'd to be such a Range of Mountains within its Neighbourhood. For by this means they could take up their Water from what height they pleas'd, without the Expence of such an Engine as that at *Marli*. Thus the *Claudian* Aqueduct ran Thirty Eight Miles, and sunk after the Proportion of Five Foot and a half every Mile, by the Advantage only of a high Source and the low Situation of *Rome*. *Palæstrina* stands very high, like most other Towns in *Italy*, for the Advantage of the cool Breezes, for which Reason *Virgil* calls it *Altum*, and *Horace*, *Frigidum Præneste*. *Statius* calls it *Præneste Sacrum*, because of the Famous Temple of Fortune that stood in it. There are still great Pillars of Granite, and other Fragments of this ancient Temple. But the most considerable



siderable Remnant of it is a very beautiful *Mosaic* Pavement, the finest that I have ever seen in Marble. The Parts are so well join'd together, that the whole Piece looks like a continu'd Picture. There are in it the Figures of a Rhinoceros, of Elephants, and of several other Animals, with little Landskips that look very lively and well painted, tho' they are made out of the natural Colours and Shadows of the Marble. I don't remember ever to have met with any old *Roman Mosaic*, compos'd of little Pieces of Clay half vitrify'd, and prepar'd at the Glafs-Houses, which the *Italians* call *Smalte*. These are much in use at present, and may be made of what Colour and Figure the Work-man pleases, which is a Modern Improvement of the Art, and enables those that are employ'd in it to make much finer Pieces of *Mosaic* than they did formerly.

In our Excursion to *Albano* we went as far as *Nemi*, that takes its Name from the *Nemus Dianæ*. The whole Country thereabouts is still overrun with Woods and Thickets. The Lake of *Nemi* lyes in a very deep Bottom, so surrounded on all Sides with Mountains and Groves, that the Surface of it is never ruffled with the least Breath of Wind, which perhaps, together with the Clearness of its Waters, gave it formerly the Name of *Diana's Looking-Glass*.

—*Speculumque Dianæ.* Virg.

Prince *Cesarini* has a Palace at *Fensano*, very near *Nemi*, in a pleasant Situation, and set off with many beautiful Walks. In our Return from *Fensano* to *Albano* we pass'd thro' *la Ricca*, the *Aricia* of the Ancients, *Horace's* First Stage from *Rome* to *Brundisi*. There is nothing at *Albano* so remarkable as the Prospect from the

the *Capucin's* Garden, which for the Extent and Variety of pleasing Incidents is, I think, the most charming that I ever saw. It takes in the whole *Campania*, and terminates in a full View of the Mediterranean. You have a Sight at the same time of the *Alban* Lake, that lyes just by in an Oval Figure of about Seven Miles round, and, by reason of the continu'd Circuit of high Mountains that encompass it, looks like the *Area* of some vast Amphitheater. This, together with the several Green Hills and naked Rocks, that lye within the Neighbourhood, makes the most agreeable Confusion imaginable. *Albano* keeps up its Credit still for Wine, which perhaps would be as good as it was anciently did they preserve it to as great an Age; but as for Olives there are now very few here, tho' they are in great plenty at *Tivoli*.

— *Albani pretiosa senectus.* Juv. Sat. 13.  
Cras

*Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus  
aut de*

*Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque Se-  
nectus*

*Delevit multâ veteris fuligine testæ.*

Id. Sat. 5.

Perhaps to Morrow he may change  
his Wine,

And drink old sparkling *Alban*, or  
*Setine*,

Whose Title, and whose Age, with  
Mould o'er-grown,

The good old Cask for ever keeps un-  
known.

Mr. Bowles.

—*Palladiæ seu collibus uteris Albæ.*

Mar. L. 5. E. 1.

*Albanæ*———*Olivæ.*

Id. L. 9. Ep. 16.

The Places mention'd in this Chap-  
ter were all of 'em formerly the cool  
Retirements of the *Romans*, where  
they us'd to hide themselves among  
the Woods and Mountains, during  
the excessive Heats of their Summer;

as

as *Bajæ* was the general Winter Rendezvous.

*Jam terras volucremque polum fuga  
veris Aquosi*

*Laxat, & Icariis cælum latratibus urit.*

*Ardua jam densæ rarefcunt mænia*

*Romæ :*

*Hos Præneste sacrum, nemus hos glaci-  
ale Dianæ,*

*Algidus aut horrens, aut Tuscula pro-  
tegit Umbra,*

*Tiburis hi lucos, Anienaque frigora cap-  
tant.*

Sil. 4. 1.

*Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles*

*Et quodcunque jacet sub urbe frigus.*

*Fidenas veteres, brevesque Rubras,*

*Et quod Virgineo cruore gaudet*

*Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ.*

M. L. I. E. 123.

All shun the raging Dog-Stars sultry  
Heat,

And from the half-unpeopled Town  
retreat :

Some

Some hid in *Nemi's* gloomy Forests  
 lye,  
 To *Palæstrina* some for Shelter fly ;  
 Others to catch the Breeze of breathing  
 Air,  
 To *Tusculum* or *Algido* repair ;  
 Or in moist *Tivoli's* Retirements find  
 A cooling Shade, and a refreshing Wind.

On the contrary, at present, *Rome* is never fuller of Nobility than in Summer time ; for the Country Towns are so infested with unwholsome Vapours, that they dare not trust themselves in 'em while the Heats last. There is no question but the Air of the *Campania* would be now as healthful as it was formerly, were there as many Fires burning in it, and as many Inhabitants to manure the Soil. Leaving *Rome* about the latter end of *October*, in my Way to *Sienna*, I lay the first Night at a little Village in the Territories of the ancient *Veii*.

*Hæc tum nomina erant nunc sunt sine nomine Campi.*

The Ruins of their Capital City are at present so far lost, that the Geographers are not able to determine exactly the Place where they once stood: So literally is that beautiful Prophecy of *Lucan* fulfill'd, of this and other Places of *Latium*.

——— *Gentes Mars iste futuras  
Obruet, & populos ævi venientis in  
orbem  
Erepto natale feret, tunc omne Lati-  
num  
Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veiosque,  
Coramque,  
Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare  
ruinæ,  
Albanosque lares, Laurentinosque pe-  
nates  
Rus vacuum, quod non habitet nisi nocte  
coactâ*

*Invitus*—————

L. 7.

Suc-

Succeeding Nations by the Sword shall  
 die,  
 And swallow'd up in dark Oblivion  
 lye;  
 Almighty *Latium* with her Cities  
 crown'd,  
 Shall like an antiquated Fable found;  
 The *Veian* and the *Gabian* Tow'rs shall  
 fall,  
 And one promiscuous Ruin cover all,  
 Nor, after length of Years, a Stone be-  
 tray  
 The Place where ónce the very Ruins  
 lay:  
 High *Alba's* Walls, and the *Lavinian*  
 Strand,  
 (A lonely Defart, and an empty Land)  
 Shall scarce afford, for needful Hours  
 of Rest,  
 A single House to their benighted  
 Guest.

We here saw the Lake *Bacca*, that  
 gives Rise to the *Cremera*, on whose  
 Banks the *Fabii* fell.



*Tercentum numerabat avos, quos turbine Martis,*

*Abstrulit una Dies, cum fors non æqua labori*

*Patricio Cremeræ maculavit sanguine ripas.*

Sil. It. L. 1.

*Fabius* a num'rous Ancestry could tell,  
Three Hundred Heroes that in Battel  
fell,

Near the fam'd *Cremera's* difast'rous  
Flood,

That ran polluted with *Patrician* Blood.

We saw afterwards, in the Progress of our Voyage, the Lakes of *Vico* and *Bolsena*. The last is reckon'd One and Twenty Miles in Circuit, and is plentifully stock'd with Fish and Fowl. There are in it a couple of Islands, that are perhaps the Two floating Isles mention'd by *Pliny*, with that improbable Circumstance of their appearing sometimes like a Circle, and sometimes like a Triangle, but never

like a Quadrangle. It is easie enough to conceive how they might become fix'd, tho' they once floated; and it is not very credible, that the Naturalist could be deceiv'd in his Account of a Place that lay, as it were, in the Neighbourhood of *Rome*. At one End of this Lake stands *Montefiascone*, the Habitation of *Virgil's Æqui Falisci*. *Æn.* 7. and on the Side of it the Town of the *Volsinians*, now call'd *Bolsena*.

*Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volsiniis.*  
Juv. Sat. 3.

—————*Volsinium* stood  
Cover'd with Mountains, and enclos'd  
with Wood.

I saw in the Church-yard of *Bolsena* an antique Funeral Monument (of that kind wh ch they call'd a *Sarcophagus*) very entire, and what is particular, Engraven *on all Sides* with a curious Representation of a Bacchanal. Had the Inhabitants observ'd a couple of lewd Figures

gures at one End of it, they would not have thought it a proper Ornament for the Place where it now stands. After having travell'd hence to *Aquapendente*, that stands in a wonderful pleasant Situation, we came to the little Brook that separates the Pope's Dominions from the Great Duke's. The Frontier Castle of *Radicofani* is seated on the highest Mountain in the Country, and is as well fortify'd as the Situation of the Place will permit. We here found the natural Face of the Country quite chang'd from what we had been entertain'd with in the Pope's Dominions. For instead of the many beautiful Scenes of green Mountains and fruitful Vallies, that we had been presented with for some Days before, we saw now nothing but a wild naked Prospect of Rocks and Hills, worn on all Sides with Gutters and Channels, and not a Tree or Shrub to be met with in a vast Circuit of several Miles. This Savage

Prospect put me in Mind of the *Italian* Proverb, that *The Pope has the Flesh, and the Great Duke the Bones of Italy.* Among a large Extent of these Barren Mountains I saw but a single Spot that was cultivated, on which there stood a Convent.

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SIEN-

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*S I E N N A,*  
*LEGHORNE,*  
*P I S A.*

**S***IENNA* stands high, and is adorned with a great many Towers of Brick, that in the Time of the Common-wealth were erected to such of the Members as had done any considerable Service to their Country. These Towers gave us a sight of the Town a great while before we enter'd it. There is nothing in this City so extraordinary as the Cathedral, which a Man may view with Pleasure after he has seen *St. Peters*, tho' 'tis quite of another Make, and can only be

look'd upon as one of the Master-pieces of *Gothic* Architecture. When a Man sees the prodigious Pains and Expence, that our Fore-fathers have been at in these barbarous Buildings, one can't but fancy to himself what Miracles of Architecture they would have left us, had they only been instructed in the right way; for when the Devotion of those Ages was much warmer than it is at present, and the Riches of the People much more at the Disposal of the Priests, there was so much Mony consum'd on these *Gothic* Cathedrals, as would have finish'd a greater Variety of Noble Buildings, than have been rais'd either before or since that Time.

One would wonder to see the vast Labour that has been laid out on this single Cathedral. The very Spouts are loaden with Ornaments, the Windows are form'd like so many Scenes of Perspective, with a Multitude of little Pillars retiring one behind

hind another, the great Columns are finely engraven with Fruits and Foliage that run twisting about 'em from the very Top to the Bottom, the whole Body of the Church is chequer'd with different Lays of White and Black Marble, the Pavement curiously cut out in Designs and Scripture-Stories, and the Front cover'd with such a Variety of Figures, and over-run with so many little Mazes and Labyrinths of Sculpture, that nothing in the World can make a prettier Show to those that prefer false Beauties, and affected Ornaments, to a Noble and Majestick Simplicity. Over-against this Church stands a large Hospital, erected by a Shooe-Maker that has been Beatify'd, tho' never Sainted. There stands a Figure of him superscrib'd, *Sutor ultra Crepidam*. I shall speak nothing of the Extent of this City, the Cleanliness of its Streets, nor the Beauty of its Piazza, which so many Travellers have describ'd. As this is the

last Republick that fell under the Subjection of the Duke of *Florence*, so is it still suppos'd to retain many Hankerings after its ancient Liberty: For this Reason, when the Keys and Pageants of the Duke's Towns and Governments pass in Procession before him, on St. *John Baptist's* Day, I was told that *Sienna* comes in the Rear of his Dominions, and is push'd forward by those that follow, to show the Reluctancy it has to appear in such a Solemnity. I shall say nothing of the many gross and absurd Traditions of St. *Catherine* of *Sienna*, who is the great Saint of this Place. I think there is as much Pleasure in hearing a Man tell his Dreams, as in reading Accounts of this Nature: A Traveller, that thinks 'em worth his Observation, may fill a Book with 'em at every great Town in *Italy*.

From *Sienna* we went forward to *Leghorne*, where the Two Ports, the *Bagnio*, and *Donatelli's* Statue of the  
Great



Great Duke, amidst the Four Slaves chain'd to his Pedestal, are very noble Sights. The Square is one of the largest, and will be one of the beautifullest in *Italy*, when this Statue is erected in it, and a Town-house built at one End of it to front the Church that stands at the other. They are at a continual Expence to cleanse the Ports, and keep 'em from being choak'd up, which they do by the help of several Engines that are always at work, and employ many of the Great Duke's Slaves. Whatever part of the Harbour they scoop in, it has an Influence on all the rest, for the Sea immediately works the whole Bottom to a Level. They draw a double Advantage from the Dirt that is taken up, as it clears the Port, and at the same time dries up several Marshes about the Town, where they lay it from time to time. One can scarce imagine how great Profits the Duke of *Tuscany* receives from this single Place,

Place, which are not generally thought so considerable, because it passes for a Free Port. But, notwithstanding the Name of a Free Port, it is very well known how the Great Duke has, of late Years, very much contracted the Privileges of the Merchants, and drawn no small Sums of Money out of em; tho' still, in respect of the Exorbitant Dues that are paid at most other Ports, it retains the Name of Free. It brings into his Dominions a great Increase of People from all other Nations. They reckon in it near Ten Thousand *Jews*, many of 'em very Rich, and so great Traffickers, that our *English* Factors complain they have most of our Country Trade in their Hands. 'Tis true the Strangers pay little or no Taxes directly, but out of every thing they buy there goes a large Gabel to the Government. The very Ice-Merchant at *Leghorne* pays above a Thousand Pound Sterling annually for his Privilege, and the

the Tobacco-Merchant Ten Thousand, which is very considerable in a Country where there are so few Smokers. The Ground is sold by the Great Duke at a very high Price, and Houses are every Day rising on it. All the Commodities that go up into the Country, of which there are great Quantities, are clogg'd with Impositions as soon as they leave *Leghorne*. All the Wines, Oils, and Silks that come down from the fruitful Vallies of *Pisa*, *Florence*, and other Parts of *Tuscany*, must make their Way thro' several Duties and Taxes before they can reach the Port. The Canal that runs from the Sea into the *Arno* gives a convenient Carriage to all Goods that are to be shipp'd off, which does not a little enrich the Owners; and in proportion, as private Men grow wealthy, their Legacies, Law-Suits, Daughter's Portions, &c. encrease, in all which the Great Duke comes in for his Share. The *Lucquese*, who  
Traffick

Traffick at this Port, are said to bring in a great deal into the Duke's Coffers. Another Advantage, which may be of great use to him, is, that at Five or Six Days warning he may find Credit in this Town for some Hundred Thousands of Pounds Sterling, which no other Prince in *Italy* can pretend to. I need not take notice of the Reputation that this Port gives him among Foreign Princes, but there is one Benefit arising from it, which, tho' never thrown into the Account, is doubtless very considerable. It is well known how the *Pisans* and *Florentines* long regretted the Loss of their ancient Liberty, and their Subjection to a Family that many of 'em thought themselves equal to, in the flourishing Times of their Common-wealths. The Town of *Leghorne* has accidentally done what the greatest Fetch of Politicks would have found difficult to have brought about, for it has almost unpeopled *Pisa*, if we compare it with what it

was

was formerly, and every Day lessens the Number of the Inhabitants of *Florence*. This does not only weaken those Places, but at the same time turns many of the busiest Spirits from their old Notions of Honour and Liberty, to the Thoughts of Traffick and Merchandise: And as Men engag'd in a Road of Thriving are no Friends to Changes and Revolutions, they are at present worn into a Habit of Subjection, and push all their Pursuits another way. It is no Wonder therefore that the Great Duke has such Apprehensions of the Pope's making *Civita Vecchia* a Free Port, which may in time prove so very prejudicial to *Leghorne*. It would be thought an improbable Story, should I set down the several Methods that are commonly reported to have been made use of, during the last Pontificate, to put a stop to this Design. The Great Duke's Mony was so well bestow'd in the Conclave, that several of the Cardinals

nals dissuaded the Pope from the Undertaking, and at last turn'd all his Thoughts upon the little Port that he made at *Antium*, near *Nettuno*. The chief Work-men that were to have convey'd the Water to *Civita Vecchia* were bought off, and when a poor *Capucin*, that was thought Proof against all Bribes, had undertaken to carry on the Work, he dy'd a little after he had enter'd upon it. The present Pope however, who is very well acquainted with the Secret History, and the Weakness of his Predecessor, seems resolv'd to bring the Project to its Perfection. He has already been at vast Charges in finishing the Aqueduct, and had some Hopes that, if the War drove our *English* Merchants from *Sicily* and *Naples*, they would settle here. His Holiness has told some *English* Gentlemen, that those of our Nation should have the greatest Privileges of any but the Subjects of the Church. One of our  
Coun-

Countrymen, that makes a good Figure at *Rome*, told me the Pope has this Design extreamly at his Heart, but that he fears the *English* will suffer nothing like a Resident or Consul in his Dominions, tho' at the same time he hop'd the Business might as well be transacted by one that had no publick Character. This Gentleman has so busied himself in the Affair, that he has offended the *French* and *Spanish* Cardinals, insomuch that Cardinal *Fanson* refus'd to see him when he would have made his Apology for what he had said to the Pope on this Subject. There is one great Objection to *Civita Vecchia*, that the Air of the Place is not wholesome; but this they say proceeds from want of Inhabitants, the Air of *Leghorne* having been worse than this before the Town was well peopled.

The great Profits that have accru'd to the Duke of *Florence* from his Free Port have set several of the States of *Italy*

on the same Project. The most likely to succeed in it would be the *Genoese*, that lye more convenient than the *Venetians*, and have a more inviting Form of Government than that of the Church, or that of *Florence*. But as the Port of *Genoa* is so very ill guarded against Storms, that no Privileges can tempt the Merchants from *Leghorne* into it, so dare not the *Genoese* make any other of their Ports Free, lest it should draw to it most of their Commerce and Inhabitants, and by Consequence ruin their chief City.

From *Leghorne* I went to *Pisa*, where there is still the Shell of a great City, tho' not half furnish'd with Inhabitants. The Great Church, Baptistry, and Leaning Tower are very well worth seeing, and are built after the same Fancy with the Cathedral of *Sienna*. Half a Day's Journey more brought me into the Republick of *Lucca*.



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T H E  
R E P U B L I C K  
O F  
*L U C C A.*

**I**T is very pleasant to see how the small Territories of this little Republick are cultivated to the best Advantage, so that one can't find the least Spot of Ground, that is not made to contribute its utmost to the Owner. In all the Inhabitants there appears an Air of Chearfulness and Plenty, that is not often to be met with in those of the Countries that lye about 'em. There is but one Gate for Strangers

to enter at, that it may be known what Numbers of 'em are in the Town. Over it is written in Letters of Gold, *Libertas*.

This Republick is shut up in the Great Duke's Dominions, who at present is very much incens'd against it, and seems to threaten it with the Fate of *Florence*, *Pisa*, and *Sienna*. The Occasion as follows.

The *Lucquese* plead Prescription for Hunting in one of the Duke's Forests, that lyes upon their Frontiers, which about Two Years since was strictly forbidden 'em, the Prince intending to preserve the Game for his own Pleasure. Two or Three Sportsmen of the Republick, that had the Hardiness to offend against the Prohibition, were seiz'd, and kept in a neighbouring Prison. Their Countrymen, to the Number of Threescore, attack'd the Place where they were kept in Custody, and rescu'd 'em. The Great Duke redemands his Prisoners,

soners, and, as a further Satisfaction, would have the Governor of the Town, where the Threescore Assailants had combin'd together, deliver'd into his Hands; but receiving only Excuses, he resolv'd to do himself Justice. Accordingly he order'd all the *Lucquese* to be seiz'd that were found, on a Market-Day, in one of his Frontier Towns. These amounted to Four-score, among whom were Persons of some Consequence in the Republick. They are now in Prison at *Florence*, and, as 'tis said, treated hardly enough, for there are Fifteen of the Number dead within less than Two Years. The King of *Spain*, who is Protector of the Common-wealth, receiv'd Information from the Great Duke of what had pass'd, who approv'd of his Proceedings, and order'd the *Lucquese*, by his Governor of *Milan*, to give a proper Satisfaction. The Republick, thinking themselves ill us'd by their

Protector, as they say at *Florence*, have sent to Prince *Eugene* to desire the Emperor's Protection, with a Proffer of Winter-Quarters, as 'tis said, for Four Thousand *Germans*. The Great Duke rises on 'em in his Demands, and will not be satisfy'd with less than a Hundred Thousand Crowns, and a Solemn Ambassy to beg Pardon for the past, and promise Amendment for the future. Thus stands the Affair at present, that may end in the Ruin of the Common-wealth, if the *French* succeed in *Italy*. It is pleasant however to hear the Discourse of the Common People of *Lucca*, who are firmly persuaded that One *Lucquese* can beat Five *Florentines*, who are grown low spirited, as they pretend, by the Great Duke's Oppressions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They say they can bring into the Field Twenty or Thirty Thousand fighting Men, all ready to Sacrifice their Lives for their

their Liberty. They have Quantity of Arms and Ammunition, but few Horſe. It muſt be own'd theſe People are more happy, at leaſt in Imagination, than the reſt of their Neighbours, becauſe they think themſelves ſo; tho' ſuch a Chimerical Happineſs is not peculiar to Republicans, for we find the Subjects of the moſt abſolute Prince in *Europe* are as proud of their great Monarch as the *Lucqueſe* of being ſubject to none. Should the *French* Affairs prosper in *Italy*, it is poſſible the Great Duke may bargain for the Republick of *Lucca*, by the help of his great Treasures, as his Predeceſſors did formerly with the Emperor for that of *Sienna*. The Great Dukes have never yet attempted any thing on *Lucca*, as not only fearing the Arms of their Protector, but becauſe they are well aſſur'd, that ſhould the *Lucqueſe* be reduc'd to the laſt Extremities, they would rather

throw themselves under the Government of the *Genoese*, or some stronger Neighbour, than submit to a State for which they have so great an Aversion. And the *Florentines* are very sensible, that 'tis much better having a weak State within their Dominions, than the Branch of one as strong as themselves. But should so formidable a Power, as that of the *French King*, support 'em in their Attempts, there is no Government in *Italy* that would dare to interpose. This Republick, for the Extent of its Dominions, is esteem'd the richest and best peopled State of *Italy*. The whole Administration of the Government passes into different Hands at the End of every Two Months, which is the greatest Security imaginable to their Liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick Dispatch of all publick Affairs: But in any Exigence of State, like that they

they are now press'd with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any Design, for the Good of the Common-wealth, to its Maturity and Perfection.

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# FLORENCE.

I Had the good Luck to be at *Flo-*  
*rence* when there was an Opera  
 acted, which was the Eighth that I  
 had seen in *Italy*. I could not but  
 smile to see the Solemn Protestation  
 of the Poet in the First Page, where  
 he declares that he believes neither in  
 the Fates, Deities, or Destinies; and  
 that if he has made use of the Words,  
 it is purely out of a Poetical Liberty,  
 and not from his real Sentiments, for  
 that in all these Particulars he believes  
 as the Holy Mother Church believes  
 and commands.

## PROTESTA.

*Le voci Fato, Deità, Destino, e  
 Simili, che per entro questo Drama tro-  
 varai,*



*varai, son messe per ischerzo poetico, e non per Sentimento vero, credendo Sempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chiesa.*

There are some beautiful Palaces in *Florence*; but as *Tuscan* Pillars and *Rustic* Work owe their Original to this Country, the Architects always take care to give 'em a Place in the great Edifices that are rais'd in *Tuscany*. The Duke's new Palace is a very noble Pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extreamly Solid and Majestick. It is not unlike that of *Luxemburg* at *Paris*, which was built by *Mary of Medicis*, and for that Reason perhaps the Workmen fell into the *Tuscan* Humour. I found in the Court of this Palace what I could not meet with any where in *Rome*. I mean an Antique Statue of *Hercules* lifting up *Antæus* from the Earth, which I have already had occasion to speak of. It was found in *Rome*, and brought

brought hither under the Reign of *Leo* the Tenth. There are abundance of Pictures in the several Apartments, by the Hands of the greatest Masters.

But 'tis the Famous Gallery of the Old Palace, where there are perhaps the noblest Collections of Curiosities that are to be met with in any Part of the whole World. The Gallery it self is made in the Shape of an L, according to Mr. *Lassel*, but, if it must needs be like a Letter; it resembles the *Greek*  $\Pi$  most. It is adorn'd with admirable Pieces of Sculpture, as well Modern as Ancient. Of the last Sort I shall mention those that are rarest, either for the Person they represent, or the Beauty of the Sculpture. Among the Busts of the Emperors and Emperesses there are these that follow, which are all very scarce, and some of 'em almost singular in their kind. *Agrippa, Caligula, Otho, Nerva, Aelius verus, Pertinax, Geta, Didius Julianus, Albinus* extremely well

well

well wrought, and what is seldom seen in Alabaster, *Gordianus Africanus* the elder, *Eliogabalus*, *Galien* the elder, and the younger *Pupienus*. I have put *Agrippa* among the Emperors, because he is generally rang'd so in Sets of Medals, as some that follow among the Emperesses have no other Right to the Company they are join'd with. *Domitia*, *Agrippina* Wife of *Germanicus*, *Antonia*, *Matidia*, *Plotina*, *Mallia Scantilla*, falsely superscrib'd under her Bust *Julia Severi*, *Aquila Severa*, *Julia Mesa*. I have generally observ'd at Rome, which is the great Magazine of these Antiquities, that the same Heads which are rare in Medals are also rare in Marble, and indeed one may commonly assign the same Reason for both, which was the Shortness of the Emperors Reigns, that did not give the Workmen time to make many of their Figures; and as the Shortness of their Reigns was generally occasion'd by the Advancement of

a Rival, it is no Wonder that no Body work'd on the Figure of a Deceas'd Emperor, when his Enemy was in the Throne. This Observation however does not always hold. An *Agrippa* or *Caligula*, for Example, is a common Coin, but a very extraordinary Bust; and a *Tiberius* a rare Coin, but a common Bust, which one would the more wonder at, if we consider the Indignities that were offer'd to this Emperor's Statues after his Death. The *Tiberius* in *Tiberim* is a known Instance.

Among the Busts of such Emperors as are common enough, there are several in the Gallery that deserve to be taken notice of for the Excellence of the Sculpture, as those of *Augustus*, *Vespasian*, *Adrian*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Lucius Verus*, *Septimius Severus*, *Caracalla*, *Geta*. There is in the same Gallery a beautiful Bust of *Alexander* the Great, casting up his Face to Heaven, with a noble  
Air

Air of Grief or Discontentedness in his Looks. I have seen Two or Three antique Busts of *Alexander* in the same Air and Posture, and am apt to think the Sculptor had in his Thoughts the Conqueror's weeping for new Worlds, or some other the like Circumstance of his History. There is also in *Porphyry* the Head of a Faun, and of the God *Pan*. Among the entire Figures I took particular notice of a Vestal Virgin, with the Holy Fire burning before her. This Statue, I think, may decide that notable Controversie among the Antiquaries, whether the Vestals, after having receiv'd the Tonsure, ever suffer'd their Hair to come again, for 'tis here full grown, and gather'd under the Veil. The Brazen Figure of the Consul, with the Ring on his Finger, reminded me of *Juvenal's majoris pondera Gemmae*. There is another Statue in Brass, suppos'd to be of *Apollo*, with this Modern Inscription on the Pedestal, which I must

must confess I don't know what to make of. *Ut potui huc veni musis & fratre relicto.* I saw in the same Gallery the Famous Figure of the Wild Boar, the Gladiator, the *Narcissus*, the *Cupid* and *Psiche*, the *Flora*, with some Modern Statues that several others have describ'd. Among the antique Figures there is a fine one of *Morpheus* in Touchstone. I have always observ'd, that this God is represented by the ancient Statuaries under the Figure of a Boy asleep, with a Bundle of Poppy in his Hand. I at first took it for a *Cupid*, 'till I had taken notice that it had neither Bow nor Quiver. I suppose Doctor *Lister* has been guilty of the same Mistake in the Reflections that he makes on what he calls, the sleeping *Cupid* with Poppy in his Hands.

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*Qualia namque*

*Corpora nudorum tabulâ pinguntur A-*  
*morum*

*Talis*

*Talis erat, sed nè faciat discrimina  
cultus,  
Aut huic adde leves, aut illis deme  
pharetras.* Ov. Met. L. 10.

Such are the *Cupids* that in Paint we  
view;  
But that the Likeness may be nicely  
true,  
A loaden Quiver to his Shoulders tie,  
Or bid the *Cupids* lay their Quivers  
by.

'Tis probable they chose to represent the God of Sleep under the Figure of a Boy, contrary to all our Modern Designers, because it is that Age which has its Repose the least broken by Cares and Anxieties. *Statius*, in his celebrated Invocation of Sleep, addresses himself to him under the same Figure.

*Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidissime  
Divûm,*

*Quove*

*Quove errore miser, donis ut solus ex-  
gerem*

*Somme tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucres-  
que feræque, &c.* Silv. Li. 5.

Tell me, thou best of Gods, thou  
gentle Youth,  
Tell me my sad Offence; that only I,  
While hum'd at Ease thy drowsie Sub-  
jects lye,  
In the dead Silence of the Night com-  
plain,  
Nor taste the Blessings of thy peace-  
ful Reign.

I never saw any Figure of Sleep that was not of Black Marble, which has probably some Relation to the Night, that is the proper Season for Rest. I should not have made this Remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient Authors, that the *Nile* is generally represented in Stone of this Colour, because it flow'd from the Country of the *Ethio-  
pians*:



*pians* ; which shows us that the Statuaries had sometimes an Eye to the Person they were to represent, in the Choice they made of their Marble. There are still at *Rome* some of these Black Statues of the *Nile* that are cut in a kind of Touchstone.

*Usque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis.*

Virg. Geor. 4. de Nilo.

At one End of the Gallery stand Two antique Marble Pillars, curiously wrought with the Figures of the old *Roman* Arms and Instruments of War. After a full Survey of the Gallery, we were led into Four or Five Chambers of Curiosities that stand on the Side of it. The First was a Cabinet of Antiquities, made up chiefly of Idols, Talismans, Lamps and Hieroglyphics. I saw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the Four following Figures in Brass.

I. A little Image of *Juno Sispita*, or *Sospita*, that perhaps is not to be

E e

met

met with any where else but on Medals. She is cloath'd in a Goats-skin, the Horns sticking out above her Head. The Right Arm is broken that probably supported a Shield, and the Left a little defac'd, tho' one may see it held something in its Grasp formerly. The Feet are bare. I remember *Tully's* Description of this Goddess in the following Words. *Hercle inquit quàm tibi illam nostram Sospitam quam tu nunquam nè in Somniis vides, nisi cum pelle Caprinâ, cum hastâ, cum scutulo, cum calceolis repandis.*

*A Medal of Juno Sispita. Vid. Fulv. Ursin. in Familiâ Thoriâ & Porciliâ.*

*This is a Reverse of Anton. Pius.*

P. 418.



II. An antique Model of the Famous *Laocoon* and his Two Sons, that stands  
in

in the *Belvidera* at *Rome*. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in those Parts where the Statue is maim'd. It was by the help of this Model that *Bandinelli* finish'd his admirable Copy of the *Laocoon*, which stands at one End of this Gallery.

III. An *Apollo* or *Amphion*. I took notice of this little Figure for the Singularity of the Instrument, which I never before saw in ancient Sculpture. It is not unlike a Violin, and play'd on after the same manner. I doubt however whether this Figure be not of a later Date than the rest, by the Meanness of the Workmanship.

IV. A *Corona Radialis* with only Eight Spikes to it. The usual Number was Twelve, some say in Allusion to the Signs of the *Zodiac*, and others to the Labours of *Hercules*.

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*Ingenti mole Latinus*

*Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora  
circùm* *E e 2* *Au-*

*Aurati bis Sex Radium fulgentia cingunt,  
Solis arvi Specimen.*——— Virg. *Æn.* 12.

Four Steeds the Chariot of *Latinus*  
bear :

Twelve Golden Beams around his  
Temples play,  
To mark his Lineage from the God  
of Day.

Mr. Dryden.

The Two next Chambers are made up of several Artificial Curiosities in Ivory, Amber, Crystal, Marble, and precious Stones, which all Voyage-Writers are full of. In the Chamber that is shown last stands the celebrated *Venus of Medicis*. The Statue seems much less than the Life, as being perfectly naked, and in Company with others of a larger Make : It is notwithstanding as big as the ordinary size of a Woman, as I concluded from the Measure of her Wrist ; for from the Bigness of any one Part it is easie to guess at all the rest, in a

Fi-

Figure of such nice Proportions. The Softness of the Flesh, the Delicacy of the Shape, Air and Posture, and the Correctness of Design in this Statue are inexpressible. I have several Reasons to believe that the Name of the Sculptor on the Pedestal is not so old as the Statue. This Figure of *Venus* put me in Mind of a Speech she makes in one of the *Greek* Epigrams.

Τομνὴν εἶδε Πάρις με ἢ Ἀγχίσις ἢ Ἄδωνις:  
Τὸς ἰσθίς εἶδα μόνος. Πραξιτέλης δὲ πύθεν.

*Anchises*, *Paris*, and *Adonis* too  
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to  
view;  
All these I frankly own without deny-  
ing:  
But where has this *Praxiteles* been  
prying?

There is another *Venus* in the same  
Circle, that would make a good Fi-  
gure any where else. There are a-  
mong

mong the old *Roman* Statues several of *Venus* in different Postures and Habits, as there are many particular Figures of her made after the same Design. I fancy it is not hard to find among 'em some that were made after the Three Statues of this Goddess, which *Pliny* mentions. In the same Chamber is the *Roman* Slave whetting his Knife and listning, that from the Shoulders upward is incomparable. The Two Wrestlers are in the same Room. I observ'd here likewise a very curious Bust of *Annius Verus*, the young Son of *Marcus Aurelius*, that dy'd at Nine Years of Age. I have seen several other Busts of him at *Rome*, tho' his Medals are exceeding rare.

The Great Duke has order'd a large Chamber to be fitted up for old Inscriptions, Urns, Monuments, and the like Sets of Antiquities. I was shown several of 'em that are not yet put up. There are the Two Famous Inscriptions

tions that give so great a Light to the Histories of *Appius*, who made the High-way, and of *Fabius* the Dictator; they contain a short Account of the Honours they pass'd thro', and the Actions they perform'd. I saw too the Busts of *Tranquillina*, Mother to *Gordianus Pius*, and of *Quintus Hrennius*, Son to *Trajan Decius*, which are extremely valuable for their Rarity, and a beautiful old Figure made after the celebrated Hermaphrodite in the *Villa Borghese*. I saw nothing that has not been observ'd by several others in the *Argenteria*, the Tabernacle of St. *Laurence's* Chappel, and the Chamber of Painters. The Chappel of St. *Laurence* will be perhaps the most costly Piece of Work on the Face of the Earth when compleated, but it advances so very slow, that tis not impossible but the Family of *Medicis* may be Extinct before their Burial Place is finish'd.

The Great Duke has liv'd many Years separate from the Dutcheſs, who is at preſent in the Court of *France*, and intends there to end her Days. The Cardinal his Brother is old and infirm, and could never be induc'd to reſign his Purple for the uncertain Proſpect of giving an Heir to the Dukedom of *Tuſcany*. The Great Prince has been marry'd ſeveral Years without any Children, and notwithstanding all the Precautions in the World were taken for the Marriage of the Prince his younger Brother (as the finding out a Lady for him that was in the Vigour and Flower of her Age, and that had given Marks of her Fruitfulneſs by a former Husband) they have all hitherto prov'd unſucceſſful. There is a Branch of the Family of *Medicis* in *Naples* : The Head of it has been own'd as a Kinsman by the grand Duke, and 'tis thought will ſucceed to his Dominions, in caſe the Princes his Sons die Childleſs; tho' 'tis



'tis not impossible but in such a Con-  
juncture, the Common-wealths, that  
are thrown under the Great Dutchy,  
may make some Efforts towards the  
Recovery of their ancient Liberty.

I was in the Library of Manu-  
scripts belonging to St. *Laurence*, of  
which there is a Printed Catalogue.  
I look'd into the *Virgil* that disputes  
its Antiquity with that of the *Vatican*.  
It wants the *Ille ego qui quondam*, &c.  
and the Twenty Two Lines in the  
Second *Æneid*, beginning at *Jamque*  
*adeo super unus eram*---I must con-  
fess I always thought this Passage left  
out with a great deal of Judgment  
by *Tucca* and *Varius*, as it seems to  
contradict a Part in the Sixth *Æneid*,  
and represents the Heroe in a Passion,  
that is, at least, not at all becoming  
the Greatness of his Character. Be-  
sides, I think the Apparition of *Ve-*  
*nus* comes in very properly to draw  
him away from the Sight of *Priam's*  
Murder; for without such a Machine

to take him off, I can't see how the Heroe could, with Honour, leave *Neoptolemus* triumphant, and *Priam* unreveng'd. But since *Virgil's* Friends thought fit to let drop this Incident of *Helen*, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a Line in *Venus's* Speech, that has a Relation to the Rencounter, and comes in improperly without it.

*Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies invisa La-*  
*cenæ,*  
*Culpatuſe Paris* \_\_\_\_\_ Æn. 2.

*Florence* for Modern Statues I think excels even *Rome*, but these I shall pass over in silence, that I may not Transcribe out of others.

The Way from *Florence* to *Bolonia* runs over several Ranges of Mountains, and is the worst Road, I believe, of any over the *Appennines*; for this was my Third Time of crossing 'em. It gave me a lively Idea of  
*Silius*

*Silius Italicus's Description of Hannibal's March.*

*Quoque magis subiere jugo atque evadere nisi*

*Erexere gradum, .crescit labor, ardua supra*

*Sese aperit fessis, & nascitur altera moles.*

L. 3.

From Steep to Steep the Troops advanc'd with Pain,

In hopes at last the topmost Cliff to gain ;

But still by new Ascents the Mountain grew,

And a fresh Toil presented to their View.

I shall conclude this Chapter with the Descriptions that the *Latin* Poets have given us of the *Appennines*, in which we may observe all the remarkable Qualities of this prodigious length of Mountains, that run from one

Ex-

Extremity of *Italy* to the other, and give Rise to an incredible Variety of Rivers that water this delightful Country.

— *Nubifer Apenninus.* Ov. Met. L. 2.

— *Qui Siculum porrectus ad usque Pelorum*

*Finibus ab Ligurum populos amplectitur omnes*

*Italiae, geminumque latus stringentia longè*

*Utraque perpetuo discriminat æquora tractu.*

Clau. de Sexto Conf. Hon.

————— *Mole nivali*

*Alpibus æquatum attollens caput Apenninus.*

Sil. It. L. 2.

*Horrebat glacie Saxa inter lubrica Summo*

*Piniferum cælo miscens caput Apenninus:*

*Condiderat Nix alta trabes, & vertice celso*

*Canus apex strictâ surgebat ad astra pruinâ.*

Li. 4. Id.

Umbro-

*Umbrosis mediam quâ collibus Apen-  
ninus*

*Erigit Italiam, nullo quâ vertice tel-  
lus*

*Altiùs intumuit, propiùsque accessit  
Olympo.*

*Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit  
undas*

*Inferni superique maris: collesque co-  
ercent*

*Hinc Tyrrena vado frangentes æquora  
Pise,*

*Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus An-  
con.*

*Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit  
amnes,*

*Fluminaque in gemini spargit divortia  
ponti.*

Luc. L. 2.

In Pomp the shady *Appennines* arise,  
And lift th' aspiring Nation to the  
Skies;

No Land like *Italy* erects the Sight  
By such a vast Ascent, or swells to  
such a Height:

Her

Her num'rous States the tow'ring Hills  
divide,  
And see the Billows rise on either  
Side ;  
At *Pisa* here the Range of Moun-  
tains ends,  
And here to high *Ancona's* Shores ex-  
tends :  
In their dark Womb a Thousand Ri-  
vers lye,  
That with continu'd Streams the dou-  
ble Sea supply.

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*Bolo-*

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*Bolonia, Modena,  
Parma, Turin, &c.*

**A**FTER a very tedious Journey over the *Appennines*, we at last came to the River that runs at the Foot of 'em, and that was formerly call'd the little *Rhine*. Following the Course of this River we arriv'd in a short time at *Bolonia*.

—*Parvique Bononia Rheni.* Sil.It.8!

*Bolonia* water'd by the petty *Rhine*..

We here quickly felt the Difference of the Northern from the Southern Side of the Mountains, as well in the Coldness of the Air, as in the  
Bad-

Badness of the Wine. This Town is Famous for the Richness of the Soil that lyes about it, and the Magnificence of its Convents. It is likewise esteem'd the Third in *Italy* for Pictures, as having been the School of the *Lombard* Painters. I saw in it Three Rarities of different kinds, that pleas'd me more than any other Shows of the Place. The first was an Authentick Silver Medal of the younger *Brutus*, in the Hands of an Eminent Antiquary. One may see the Character of the Person in the Features of the Face, which is exquisitely well cut. On the Reverse is the Cap of Liberty, with a Dagger on each side of it, subscrib'd *Id. Mar.* for the Ides of *March*, the famous Date of *Cæsar's* Murder. The Second was a Picture of *Raphels* in *St. Giouanni* in *Monte*. It is extreamly well preserv'd, and represents *St. Cecilia* with an Instrument of Musick in her Hands. On one side of her are the Figures of  
St.



St. Paul, and St. John; and on the other, of *Mary Magdalene* and St. *Austin*. There is something wonderfully Divine in the Airs of this Picture. I can't forbear mentioning, for my Third Curiosity, a new Stair-Case that Strangers are generally carry'd to see, where the Easiness of the Ascent within so small a compass, the Disposition of the Lights, and the convenient Landing are admirably well contriv'd. The Wars of *Italy*, and the Season of the Year, made me pass thro' the Dutchies of *Modena*, *Parma*, and *Savoy* with more haste than I would have done at another time. The Soil of *Modena* and *Parma* is very rich and well cultivated. The Palaces of the Princes are magnificent, but neither of 'em is yet finish'd. We procur'd a Licence of the Duke of *Parma* to enter the Theater and Gallery, that deserve to be seen as well as any thing of that Nature in *Italy*. The Theater is, I think, the most spacious of any

I ever saw, and at the same time so admirably well contriv'd, that from the very depth of the Stage the lowest Sound may be heard distinctly to the farthest part of the Audience, as in a Whispering Place; and yet if you raise your Voice as high as you please, there is nothing like an Eccho to cause in it the least Confusion. The Gallery is hung with a numerous Collection of Pictures, all done by celebrated Hands. On one Side of the Gallery is a large Room adorn'd with Inlaid Tables, Cabinets, Works in Amber, and other Pieces of great Art and Value. Out of this we were led into another great Room, furnish'd with old Inscriptions, Idols, Busts, Medals, and the like Antiquities. I could have spent a Day with great Satisfaction in this Apartment, but had only time to pass my Eye over the Medals, which are in great Number, and many of 'em very rare. The scarcest of all is a *Pescennius Niger* on

a Medalion well preserv'd. It was coin'd at *Antioch*, where this Emperor trifled away his Time 'till he lost his Life and Empire. The Reverse is a *Dea Salus*. There are Two of *Otho*, the Reverse a *Serapis*; and Two of *Messalina* and *Poppæa* in middle Brass, the Reverse of the Emperor *Claudius*. I saw Two Medallions of *Plotina* and *Matidia*, the Reverse to each a *Pietas*; with Two Medals of *Pertinax*, the Reverse of one *Vota Decennalia*, and of the other *Diis Custodibus*; and another of *Gordianus Affricanus*, the Reverse I have forgot.

The Principalities of *Modena* and *Parma* are much about the same Extent, and have each of 'em Two large Towns, besides a great Number of little Villages. The Duke of *Parma* however is much richer than the Duke of *Modena*. Their Subjects would live in great Plenty amidst so rich and well cultivated a Soil, were not the Taxes and Impositions so very Exorbitant;

bitant; for the Courts are much too splendid and magnificent for the Territories that lye about them, and one can't but be amaz'd to see such a Profusion of Wealth laid out in Coaches, Trappings, Tables, Cabinets, and the like precious Toys, in which there are few Princes in *Europe* that equal 'em, when at the same time they have not had the Generosity to make Bridges over the Rivers of their Countries for the Convenience of their Subjects, as well as Strangers, who are forc'd to pay an unreasonable Exaction at every Ferry upon the least Rising of the Waters. A Man might well expect in these small Governments a much greater Regulation of Affairs, for the Ease and Benefit of the People, than in large over-grown States, where the Rules of Justice, Beneficence, and Mercy may be easily put out of their Course, in passing thro' the Hands of Deputies, and a long Subordination of Officers. And

it

it would certainly be for the Good of Mankind to have all the mighty Empires and Monarchies of the World canton'd out into petty States and Principalities, that, like so many large Families, might lye under the Eye and Observation of their proper Governors ; so that the Care of the Prince might extend it self to every individual Person under his Protection. But since such a general Scheme can never be brought about, and if it were it would quickly be destroy'd by the Ambition of some particular State aspiring above the rest, it happens very ill at present to be born under one of these petty Sovereigns, that will be still endeavouring, at his Subjects Cost, to equal the Pomp and Grandeur of greater Princes, as well as to out-vie those of his own Rank.

For this Reason there are no People in the World that live with more Ease and Prosperity than the Subjects of little Common-wealths, as on the

contrary there are none that suffer more under the Grievances of a hard Government than the Subjects of little Principalities. I left the Road of *Milan* on my Right Hand, having before seen that City, and after having pass'd through *Asti*, the Frontier Town of *Savoy*, I at last came within Sight of the *Po*, that is a fine River even at *Turin*, tho' within Six Miles of its Source. This River has been made the Scene of Two or Three Poetical Stories. *Ovid* has chosen it out to throw his *Phaeton* into it, after all the smaller Rivers had been dry'd up in the Conflagration.

I have read some Botanical Criticks, who tell us the Poets have not rightly follow'd the Traditions of Antiquity in Metamorphosing the Sisters of *Phaeton* into Poplars, who ought to have been turn'd into Larch-trees; for that it is this kind of Tree that sheds a Gum, and that is commonly found on the Banks of the *Po*. The Change  
of

of *Cycnus* into a Swan, which closes up the Disasters of *Phaeton's* Family, was wrought on the same Place where the Sisters were turn'd into Trees. The Descriptions that *Virgil* and *Ovid* have made of it are extremely charming.

*Claudian* has set off his Description of the *Eridanus*, with all the Poetical Stories that have been made of it.

—*Ille caput placidis sublime fluentis  
Extulit, & totis lucem spargentia ripis  
Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.  
Non illi madidum vulgaris arundine  
crinem*

*Velat honos, rami caput umbravere vi-  
rentes*

*Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra ca-  
pillis.*

*Palla tegit latos humeros, curruque pa-  
terno*

*Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit a-  
mictus :*

*Fultaque sub gremio cœlatis nobilis a-  
stris*

*Ætherium probat urna decus. Namque  
omnia luctûs*

*Argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo,  
Mutatumque senem plumis, & fronde  
sorores,*

*Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit an-  
heli.*

*Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, vestigia fra-  
tris*

*Germanæ servant Hyades, Cycnique so-  
dalis*

*Lacteus extentas aspergit circulus alas.  
Stellifer Eridanus sinuatis fluctibus er-  
rans*

*Clara noti convexa rigat. ———*

Claudian de Sexto Cons. Honorii.

His Head above the Floods he gently rear'd,

And as he rose his golden Horns appear'd,

That on the Forehead shone divinely bright,

And o'er the Banks diffus'd a yellow Light :



No interwoven Reeds a Garland  
made

To hide his Brows within the vulgar  
Shade,

But Poplar Wreaths around his Tem-  
ples spread,

And Tears of Amber trickled down his  
Head:

A spacious Veil from his broad Shoul-  
ders flew,

That set th' unhappy *Phaeton* to view:  
The flaming Chariot, and the Steeds  
it show'd,

And the whole Fable in the Mantle  
glow'd:

Beneath his Arm an Urn supported  
lyes,

With Stars embellish'd, and fictitious  
Skies.

For *Titan*, by the mighty Loss dis-  
may'd,

Among the Heav'ns th' Immortal Fact  
display'd,

Left the Remembrance of his Grief  
should fail,

And in the Constellations wrote his  
Tale.

A Swan in Memory of *Cycnus* shines,  
The Mourning Sisters weep in watry  
Signs,

The burning Chariot, and the Cha-  
rioteer,

In bright *Boötes* and his Wane ap-  
pear,

Whilst in a Track of Light the Wa-  
ters run,

That wash'd the Body of his blasted  
Son.

The River *Po* gives a Name to the  
chief Street of *Turin*, that fronts the  
Duke's Palace, and, when finish'd,  
will be one of the noblest in *Italy* for  
its Length. There is one Convenience  
in this City that I never observ'd in  
any other, and that makes some a-  
mends for the Badness of the Pave-  
ment.

ment. By the help of a River, that runs on the upper Side of the Town, they can convey a little Stream of Water thro' all the most considerable Streets, which serves to cleanse the Gutters, and carries away all the Filth that is swept into it. The Manager opens his Sluce every Night, and distributes the Water into what Quarters of the Town he pleases. Besides the ordinary Convenience that arises from it, 'tis of great use when a Fire chances to break out, for at a few Minutes warning they have a little River running by the very Walls of the House that is Burning. The Court of *Turin* is reckon'd the most splendid and Polite of any in *Italy*; but by Reason of its being in Mourning, I could not see it in its Magnificence. The common People of this State are more exasperated against the *French* than even the rest of the *Italians*. For the great Mischiefs they have suffer'd from 'em are still fresh upon their

Me-

Memories, and notwithstanding this Interval of Peace, one may easily trace out the several Marches that the *French* Armies have made thro' their Country, by the Ruin and Desolation they have left behind 'em. I pass'd through *Piemont* and *Savoy*, at a time when the Duke was forc'd, by Necessity of his Affairs, to be in Alliance with the *French*.

I came directly from *Turin* to *Geneva*, and had a very easie Journey over Mount *Cennis*, tho' about the Beginning of *December*, the Snows having not yet fallen. On the Top of this high Mountain is a large Plain, and in the midst of the Plain a beautiful Lake, which would be very extraordinary were there not several Mountains in the Neighbourhood rising over it. The Inhabitants thereabout pretend that 'tis unfathomable, and I question not but the Waters of it fill up a deep Valley, before they come to a Level with the Surface of the

the

the Plain. It is well stock'd with Trouts, tho' they say it is cover'd with Ice Three Quarters of the Year.

There is nothing in the natural Face of *Italy* that is more delightful to a Traveller, than the several Lakes that are dispers'd up and down among the many Breaks and Hollows of the *Alps* and *Appennines*. For as these vast Heaps of Mountains are thrown together with so much Irregularity and Confusion, they form a great Variety of hollow Bottoms, that often lye in the Figure of so many artificial Basins; where, if any Fountains chance to rise, they naturally spread themselves into Lakes before they can find any Issue for their Waters. The ancient *Romans* took a great deal of Pains to hew out a Passage for these Lakes to discharge themselves into some neighbouring River, for the bettering of the Air, or the recovering of the Soil that lay underneath 'em. The Drain-  
ing

ing of the *Fucinus* by the Emperor *Claudius*, with the prodigious Multitude of Spectators that attended it, and the Famous *Naumachia* and splendid Entertainment which were made upon it before the Sluces were open'd, is a known Piece of History. In all our Journey thro' the *Alps*, as well when we climb'd as when we descended 'em, we had still a River running along with the Road, that probably at first occasion'd the Discovery of that Passage. I shall end this Chapter with a Description of the *Alps*, as I did the last with those of the *Appennines*. The Poet perhaps would not have taken notice, that there is no Spring nor Summer on these Mountains, but because in this Respect the *Alps* are quite different from the *Appennines*, that have as delightful Green Spots among 'em as any in *Italy*.

*Cuncta gelu canâque æternùm grandine  
tecta,*

*Atque ævi glaciem cobibent : riget  
ardua montis*

*Ætherii facies, surgentique obvia Phæbo  
Duratas nescit flammis mollire pruinas.*

*Quantùm Tartareus regni pallentis hi-  
atus*

*Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna pa-  
ludis*

*A superâ tellure patet : tam longa per  
auras*

*Erigitur tellus, & cælum intercipit  
Umbrâ.*

*Nullum ver usquam, nullique Æstatis  
honores ;*

*Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tue-  
tur*

*Perpetuas deformis Hyems : illa undi-  
que nubes*

*Huc atras agit & mixtos cum grandine  
nimbos.*

*Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentis  
regna*

*Alpinâ posuere domo, caligat in altis  
 Obtutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila  
 montes.*

Sil. It. L. 3.

Stiff with Eternal Ice, and hid in  
 Snow,  
 That fell a Thousand Centuries ago,  
 The Mountain stands; nor can the  
 rising Sun  
 Unfix her Frosts, and teach 'em how  
 to run:  
 Deep as the dark Infernal Waters lye  
 From the bright Regions of the cheer-  
 ful Sky,  
 So far the proud ascending Rocks  
 invade  
 Heav'ns upper Realms, and cast a  
 dreadful Shade:  
 No Spring nor Summer on the Moun-  
 tain seen,  
 Smiles with gay Fruits, or with de-  
 lightful Green,  
 But hoary Winter, unadorn'd and bare,  
 Dwells in the dire Retreat, and freezes  
 there;

There



There she assembles all her blackest  
Storms,  
And the rude Hail in rattling Tem-  
pests forms;  
Thither the loud tumultuous Winds  
resort,  
And on the Mountain keep their  
boist'rous Court,  
That in thick Show'rs her rocky Sum-  
mits shrouds,  
And darkens all the broken View with  
Clouds.

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## G E N E V A

A N D T H E

## L A K E.

N E A R St. *Julian* in *Savoy* the *Alps* begin to enlarge themselves on all sides, and open into a vast Circuit of Ground, that in Respect of the other Parts of the *Alps* may pass for a plain *Champion* Country. This Extent of Lands, with the *Leman* Lake, would make one of the prettiest and most defensible Dominions in *Europe* was it all thrown into a single State, and had *Geneva* for its Metropolis. But there are Three powerful Neighbours that divide among

mong 'em the greatest part of this fruitful Country. The Duke of *Savooy* has the *Chablais*, and all the Fields that lye beyond the *Arve*, as far as to the *Ecluse*. The King of *France* is Master of the whole Country of *Gex*; and the Canton of *Bern* comes in for that of *Vaud*. *Geneva* and its little Territories lye in the Heart of these Three States. The greatest part of the Town stands upon a Hill, and has its Views bounded on all Sides by several Ranges of Mountains, which are however at so great a Distance that they leave open a wonderful Variety of beautiful Prospects. The Situation of these Mountains has some particular Effects on the Country, which they enclose. As first, they cover it from all Winds, except the South and North. 'Tis to the last of these Winds that the Inhabitants of *Geneva* ascribe the Healthfulness of their Air; for as the *Alps* surround 'em on all sides, they form a vast kind

of Bason, where there would be a constant Stagnation of Vapours, the Country being so well water'd, did not the North Wind put 'em in Motion, and scatter 'em from time to time. Another Effect that the *Alps* have on *Geneva* is, that the Sun here rises later, and sets sooner than it does to other Places of the same Latitude. I have often observ'd that the Tops of the neighbouring Mountains have been cover'd with Light above half an Hour after the Sun is down, in Respect of some that live at *Geneva*. These Mountains likewise very much increase their Summer Heats, and make up an Horizon that has something in it very singular and agreeable. On one Side you have the long Tract of Hills, that goes under the Name of Mount *Jura*, cover'd with Vineyards and Pasturage, and on the other huge Precipices of naked Rocks rising up in a Thousand odd Figures, and cleft in some Places, so  
as

as to discover high Mountains of Snow that lye several Leagues behind 'em. Towards the South the Hills rise more insensibly, and leave the Eye a vast uninterrupted Prospect for many Miles. But the most beautiful View of all is the Lake, and the Borders of it that lye North of the Town.

This Lake resembles a Sea in the Colour of its Waters, the Storms that are rais'd on it, and the Ravage it makes on its Banks. It receives too a different Name from the Coasts it washes, and in Summer has something like an Ebb and Flow, which arises from the melting of the Snows that fall into it more copiously at Noon, than at other times of the Day. It has Five different States bordering on it, the Kingdom of *France*, the Dutchy of *Savoy*, the Canton of *Bern*, the Bishopricks of *Sion*, and the Republick of *Geneva*. I have seen Papers fix'd up in the Canton of *Bern* with this magnificent Preface; *Where-*

as we have been inform'd of several Abuses committed in our Ports and Harbours on the Lake, &c.

I made a little Voyage round the Lake, and touch'd on the several Towns that lye on its Coasts, which took up near Five Days, tho' the Wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The Right Side of the Lake from *Geneva* belongs to the Duke of *Savoy*, and is extreamly well cultivated. The greatest Entertainment that we found in coasting it were the several Prospects of Woods, Vineyards, Meadows, and Corn-Fields that lye on the Borders of it, and run up all the Sides of the *Alps*, where the Barrenness of the Rocks, or the Steepness of the Ascent will suffer 'em. The Wine however on this Side of the Lake is by no means so good as that on the other, as it has not so open a Soil, and is less expos'd to the Sun. We here pass'd by *Yvoire*, where the  
Duke

Duke keeps his Gallies, and lodg'd at *Tonon*, which is the greatest Town on the Lake belonging to the *Savoyard*. It has Four Convents, and they say about Six or Seven Thousand Inhabitants. The Lake is here about Twelve Miles in Breadth. At a little Distance from *Tonon* stands *Ripaille*, where there is a Convent of *Carthusians*. They have a large Forest cut out into Walks, that are extreamly thick and gloomy, and very suitable to the Genius of the Place. There are *Vista's* in it of a great Length, that terminate upon the Lake. At one Side of the Walks you have a near Prospect of the *Alps*, which are broken into so many Steeps and Precipices, that they fill the Mind with an agreeable kind of Horror, and form one of the most irregular mishapen Scenes in the World. The House that is now in the Hands of the *Carthusians* belong'd formerly to the Hermites of *St. Maurice*, and is fa-

mous in History for the Retreat of an Anti-Pope, that call'd himself *Felix* the Fifth. He had been Duke of *Savoy*, and after a very glorious Reign took on him the Habit of a Hermit, and retir'd into this Solitary Spot of his Dominions. His Enemies will have it, that he liv'd here in great Ease and Luxury, from whence the *Italians* to this Day make use of the Proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia*; and the *French*, *Faire Ripaille*, to express a delightful kind of Life. They say too, that he had great Managements with several Ecclesiasticks before he turn'd Hermit, and that he did it in the View of being advanc'd to the Pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a Year before he was chosen Pope by the Council of *Basil*, that took upon 'em to Depose *Eugenio* the Fourth. This promis'd fair at first, but by the Death of the Emperor, who favour'd *Amadeo*, and the Resolution of *Eugenio*, the greatest

part



part of the Church threw it self again under the Government of their depos'd Head. Our Anti-Pope however was still supported by the Council of *Basil*, and own'd by *Savoy*, *Switzerland*, and a few other little States. This Schism lasted in the Church Nine Years, after which *Felix* voluntarily resign'd his Title into the Hands of Pope *Nicholas* the Fifth, but on the following Conditions, That *Amadeo* should be the First Cardinal in the Conclave; That the Pope should always receive him standing, and offer him his Mouth to kiss; That he should be perpetual Cardinal-Legate in the States of *Savoy* and *Switzerland*, and in the Archbishopricks of *Geneva*, *Sion*, *Bress*, &c. And lastly, That all the Cardinals of his Creation should be recogniz'd by the Pope. After he had made a Peace so acceptable to the Church, and so honourable to himself, he spent the Remainder of his Life with great Devotion at *Ripaille*,  
and

and dy'd with an extraordinary Reputation of Sanctity.

At *Tonon* they show'd us a Fountain of Water that is in great Esteem for its Wholesomness. They say it weighs Two Ounces in a Pound less than the same Measure of the Lake Water, notwithstanding this last is very good to Drink, and as clear as can be imagin'd. A little above *Tonon* is a Castle and small Garrison. The next Day we saw other small Towns on the Coast of *Savoy*, where there is nothing but Misery and Poverty. The nearer you come to the End of the Lake the Mountains on each side grow thicker and higher, 'till at last they almost meet. One often sees on the Tops of the Mountains several sharp Rocks that stand above the rest; for as these Mountains have been doubtless much higher than they are at present, the Rains have wash'd away abundance of the Soil, that have left the Veins of Stone shooting

shooting out of 'em, as in a decay'd Body the Flesh is still shrinking from the Bones. The Natural Histories of *Switzerland* talk very much of the Fall of these Rocks, and the great Damage they have sometimes done, when their Foundations have been moulder'd with Age, or rent by an Earthquake. We saw in several Parts of the *Alps* that border'd upon us vast Pits of Snow, as several Mountains that lye at a greater Distance are wholly cover'd with it. I fancy'd the Confusion of Mountains and Hollows, I here observ'd, furnish'd me with a more probable Reason than any I have met with for the Periodical Fountains in *Switzerland*, that flow only at such particular Hours of the Day. For as the Tops of these Mountains cast their Shadows upon one another, they hinder the Sun's shining on several Parts at such certain times, so that there are several Heaps of Snow that have the Sun lying upon 'em Two

or

or Three Hours together, that are in the Shade all the Day afterwards. If therefore it happens that any particular Fountain takes its Rise from any of these Reservoirs of Snow, it will naturally begin to flow on such Hours of the Day as the Snow begins to melt, but as soon as the Sun leaves it again to freeze and harden, the Fountain dries up, and receives no more Supplies 'till about the same time the next Day, when the Heat of the Sun again sets the Snows a running that fall into the same little Conduits, Traces, and Canals, and by Consequence break out and discover themselves always in the same Place. At the very Extremity of the Lake the *Rhone* enters, and, when I saw it, brought along with it a prodigious Quantity of Water; the Rivers and Lakes of this Country being much higher in Summer than in Winter, by reason of the melting of the Snows. One would wonder how so many

Learned

Learned Men could fall into so great an Absurdity, as to believe this River could preserve it self unmix'd with the Lake 'till its going out again at *Geneva*, which is a Course of many Miles. It was extremely muddy at its Entrance when I saw it, though as clear as Rock Water at its going out. Besides, that it brought in much more Water than it carry'd off. The River indeed preserves it self for about a Quarter of a Mile in the Lake, but is afterwards so wholly mix'd, and lost with the Waters of the Lake, that one discovers nothing like a Stream 'till within about a Quarter of a Mile of *Geneva*. From the End of the Lake to the Source of the *Rhone* is a Valley of about Four Days Journey in Length, that gives the Name of *Vallesins* to its Inhabitants, and is the Dominion of the Bishop of *Sion*. We lodg'd the Second Night at *Ville Neuve*, a little Town in the Canton of *Bern*, where we found good Accommodations,

commodations, and a much greater Appearance of Plenty than on the other side of the Lake. The next Day, having pass'd by the Castle of *Chillon*, we came to *Verfoy*, another Town in the Canton of *Bern*, where *Ludlow* retir'd after having left *Geneva* and *Lausanne*. The Magistrates of the Town warn'd him out of the First by the Sollicitation of the Dutches of *Orleans*, as the Death of his Friend *Lisle* made him quit the other. He probably chose this Retreat as a Place of the greatest Safety, it being an easie matter to know what Strangers are in the Town, by Reason of its Situation. The House he liv'd in has this Inscription over the Door:

*Omne solum forti patria  
quia patris.*

The first Part is a Piece of a Verse in *Ovid*, as the last is a Cant of his own. He is bury'd in the best of the

the Churches with the following Epitaph.

*Siste gradum & respice*

*Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow Anglus Natione, Provinciæ Wiltoniensis, filius Henrici Equestris Ordinis, Senatorisque Parlamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipse membrum, Patrum stemmate clarus & nobilis, virtute propria nobilior, Religione protestans & insigni pietate coruscus, Ætatis Anno 23. Tribunus Militum, paulo post exercitiis prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugna intrepidus & vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens & mansuetus, patriæ Libertatis Defensor, & potestatis Arbitrariæ propugnator acerrimus; cujus causâ ab eâdem patriâ 32 annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ Dignus apud Helveticos se recepit ibique ætatis Anno 73. Moriens sui desiderium Relinquens sedes æternas letus advolavit.*

*Hocce Monumentum in perpetuam veræ & sinceræ pietatis erga Maritum*  
de-

*defunctum memoriam dicat & vovet  
 Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus  
 strenua & mæstissima tam in infortu-  
 niis quam in matrimonio consors dile-  
 ctissima que animi magnitudine & vi  
 amoris conjugalis mota eum eum in exi-  
 lium ad obitum usque constanter secuta  
 est Anno Dom. 1693.*

Ludlow was a constant Frequenter of Sermons and Prayers, but would never Communicate with 'em either of Geneva or Vevy. Just by his Monument is a Tombstone with the following Inscription.

### *Depositiorium*

*Andree Broughton Armigeri Anglicani  
 Maydstonensis in Comitatu Cantii ubi  
 bis prætor Urbanus. Dignatusque etiam  
 fuit sententiam Regis Regum profari:  
 Quam ob causam expulsus patriâ suâ  
 peregrinatione ejus finitâ solo senectutis  
 morbo affectus requiescens a laboribus  
 suis in Domino obdormivit, 23 die Feb.  
 Anno*



Anno D. 1687. *etatis suæ* 84. The Inhabitants of the Place could give no Account of this *Broughton*, but, I suppose, by his Epitaph, it is the same Person that was Clerk to the pretended High Court of Justice, that pass'd Sentence on the Royal Martyr.

The next Day we spent at *Lausanne*, the greatest Town on the Lake, after *Geneva*. We saw the Wall of the Cathedral Church that was open'd by an Earthquake, and shut again some Years after by a Second. The Crack can but be just discern'd at present, tho' there are several in the Town still living that have formerly pass'd through it. The Duke of *Schomberg*, who was kill'd in *Savoy*, lyes in this Church, but without any Monument or Inscription over him. *Lausanne* was once a Republick, but is now under the Canton of *Bern*, and govern'd, like the rest their Dominions, by a Bailly that is sent 'em every Three Years from the Senate of

*Bern.* There is one Street of this Town that has the Privilege of acquitting or condemning any Person of their own Body, in Matters of Life and Death. Every Inhabitant of it has his Vote, which makes a House here sell better than in any other Part of the Town. They tell you that not many Years ago it happen'd, that a Cobler had the Casting Vote for the Life of a Criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful Side. From *Lausanne* to *Geneva* we coasted along the Country of the *Vaud*, which is the fruitfullest and best cultivated Part of any among the *Alps*. It belong'd formerly to the Duke of *Savoy*, but was won from him by the Canton of *Bern*, and made over to it by the Treaty of *St. Julian*, which is still very much regretted by the *Savoyard*. We call'd in at *Morge*, where there is an artificial Port, and a show of more Trade than in any other Town on the Lake. From *Morge*  
we

we came to *Nyon*. The *Colonia E-questris*, that *Julius Cæsar* settled in this Country, is generally suppos'd to have been planted in this Place. They have often dug up old *Roman* Incriptions and Statues, and as I walk'd in the Town I observ'd in the Walls of several Houses the Fragments of vast *Corinthian* Pillars, with several other Pieces of Architecture, that must have formerly belong'd to some very Noble Pile of Building. There is no Author that mentions this Colony, yet 'tis certain by several old *Roman* Incriptions that there was such an one. *Lucan* indeed speaks of a Part of *Cæsar's* Army, that came to him from the *Leman* Lake in the beginning of the Civil War.

*Deseruere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno.*

At about Five Miles distance from *Nyon* they show still the Ruins of *Cæsar's* Wall, that reach'd eighteen Miles

in Length from Mount *Jura* to the Borders of the Lake, as he has describ'd it in the First Book of his Commentaries. The next Town upon the Lake is *Verfey*, which belongs to the King of *France*, and for that Reason we could not see. It has the Reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We sail'd from hence directly for *Geneva*, which makes a very noble Show from the Lake. There are near *Geneva* several Quarries of Freestone that run under the Lake. When the Water is at lowest they make within the Borders of it a little Square enclos'd with Four Walls. In this Square they sink a Pit, and dig for Freestone; the Walls hindering the Waters from coming in upon 'em, when the Lake rises and runs on all Sides of 'em. The great Convenience of Carriage makes these Stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm Land. One sees several deep Pits that have been made at several

veral times as one fails over 'em. As the Lake approaches *Geneva* it grows still narrower and narrower, 'till at last it changes its Name into the *Rhone*, that turns all the Mills of the Town, and is extreamly rapid, notwithstanding its Waters are very deep. As I have seen a great Part of the Course of this River, I can't but think it has been guided by the particular Hand of Providence. It rises in the very Heart of the *Alps*, and has a long Valley that seems hewn out on purpose to give its Waters a Passage amidst so many Rocks and Mountains that are on all Sides of it. This brings it almost in a direct Line to *Geneva*. It would there over-flow all the Country, was there not one particular Cleft that divides a vast Circuit of Mountains, and conveys it off to *Lyons*. From *Lyons* there is another great Rent, that runs across the whole Country in almost another streight Line, and notwithstanding

the vast height of the Mountains that rise about it, gives it the shortest Course it can take to fall into the Sea. Had such a River as this been left to it self to have found its way out from among the *Alps*, whatever Windings it had made it must have form'd several little Seas, and have lain many Countries under Water before it had come to the End of its Course. I shall not make any Remarks upon *Geneva*, that is a Republick so well known to the *English*. It lyes at present under some Difficulties by Reason of the Emperor's Displeasure, who has forbidden the Importation of their Manufactures into any Part of the Empire, which will certainly raise a Sedition among the People, unless the Magistrates find some way to remedy it, which they say is already done by the Interposition of the States of *Holland*. The Occasion of the Emperor's Prohibition was their furnishing great Sums to the King of *France* for the

the

the Payment of his Army in *Italy*. They oblig'd themselves to remit, after the rate of Twelve Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling, *per Annum*, divided into so many Monthly Payments. As the Interest was very great, several of the Merchants of *Lyons*, that would not trust their King in their own Names, are said to have contributed a great deal under the Names of *Geneva* Merchants. The Republick fancies it self hardly treated by the Emperor, since it is not any Action of the State, but a Compact among private Persons that have furnish'd out these several Remittances. They pretend however to have put a stop to 'em, and by that means are in hopes again to open their Commerce into the Empire.

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*Fribourg, Bern, Soleurre,  
Zurich, St. Gaul,  
Lindaw, &c.*

**F**ROM *Geneva* I travell'd to *Lausanne*, and thence to *Fribourg*, which is but a mean Town for the Capital of so large a Canton: Its Situation is so irregular, that they are forc'd to climb up to several Parts of it by Stair-Cases of a prodigious Ascent. This Inconvenience however gives 'em a very great Commodity in case a Fire breaks out in any Part of the Town, for by Reason of several Reservoirs on the Tops of these Mountains, by the opening of a Sluce they convey a River into what Part of the Town they please. They have Four Churches,



Churches, Four Convents of Women, and as many for Men. The little Chappel, call'd the *Salutation*, is very neat, and built with a pretty Fancy. The College of Jesuits is, they say, the finest in *Switzerland*. There is a great deal of Room in it, and several beautiful Views from the different Parts of it. They have a Collection of Pictures representing most of the Fathers of their Order, that have been Eminent for their Piety or Learning. Among the rest many *English* Men whom we name Rebels, and they Martyrs. *Henry Garnet's* Inscription says, That when the Hereticks could not prevail with him, either by Force or Promises, to change his Religion, they Hang'd and Quarter'd him. At the *Capucins* I saw the Escargatoire, which I took the more notice of because I don't remember to have met with any thing of the same Nature in other Countries. It is a square Place boarded in, and fill'd with a  
vast

vast quantity of large Snails, that are esteem'd excellent Food when they are well dress'd. The Floor is strow'd about half a Foot deep with several kinds of Plants, among which the Snails nestle all the Winter Season. When *Lent* arrives they open their Magazines, and take out of 'em the best meagre Food in the World, for there is no Dish of Fish that they reckon comparable to a Ragoût of Snails. About Two Leagues from *Fribourg* we went to see a Hermitage, that is reckon'd the greatest Curiosity of these Parts. It lyes in the prettiest Solitude imaginable, among Woods and Rocks, that at first Sight dispose a Man to be serious. There has liv'd in it a Hermite these Five and Twenty Years, who with his own Hands has work'd in the Rock a pretty Chapel, a Sacrifice, a Chamber, Kitchin, Cellar, and other Conveniences. His Chimney is carry'd up through the whole Rock, so that you see the Sky through

through it, notwithstanding the Rooms  
lye very deep. He has cut the Side  
of the Rock into a Flat for a Garden,  
and by laying on it the waste Earth  
that he has found in several of the  
neighbouring Parts, has made such a  
Spot of Ground of it as furnishes out  
a kind of Luxury for a Hermite. As  
he saw Drops of Water distilling  
from several Parts of the Rock, by  
following the Veins of 'em, he has  
made himself Two or Three Foun-  
tains in the Bowels of the Mountain,  
that serve his Table, and water his  
little Garden. We had very bad Ways  
from hence to *Bern*, a great Part of  
'em through Woods of Fir-trees. The  
great Quantity of Wood they have  
in this Country makes 'em mend  
their High-ways with Logs of Wood  
instead of Stone. I could not but  
take notice of the Make of several  
of their Barns that I here saw. After  
having laid a Frame of Wood for the  
Foundation, they place at the Four  
Corners

Corners of it Four huge Blocks, cut in such a Shape as neither Mice nor any other sort of Vermin can creep up the Sides of 'em, at the same time that they raise the Corn above the Moisture that might come into it from the Ground. The whole weight of the Barn is supported by these Four Blocks.

What pleas'd me most at *Bern* was their publick Walks that lye by the Great Church. They are rais'd extremely high, and that their Weight might not break down the Walls and Pilasters that surround 'em, they are built upon Arches and Vaults. Tho' they are, I believe, as high as most Steeples in *England* from the Streets and Gardens that lye at the Foot of 'em, yet about Forty Years ago a Person, that was in his Drink, fell down from the very Top to the Bottom, without doing himself any other Hurt than the Breaking of an Arm. He dy'd about Four Years ago. There is the

the noblest Summer-Prospect in the World from this Walk, for you have a full View of a huge Range of Mountains that lye in the Country of the *Grisons*, and are bury'd in Snow from the very Top to the Bottom. They are about Twenty Five Leagues distance from the Town, tho' by Reason of their Height and their Colour they seem much nearer it. The Cathedral Church stands on one side of these Walks, and is perhaps the most Magnificent of any Protestant Church in *Europe* out of *England*. It is a very bold Work, and a Master-piece in *Gothic* Architecture. I saw the Arsenal of *Bern*, where they say there are Arms for Twenty Thousand Men. There is indeed no great Pleasure in visiting these Magazines of War after one has seen Two or Three of 'em, yet it is very well worth a Traveller's while to look into all that lye in his Way; for besides the Idea it gives him of the Forces of a State,

it

it serves to fix in his Mind the most considerable Parts of its History. Thus in that of *Geneva* one meets with the Ladders, Petard, and other Utensils that were made use of in their Famous Escalade, besides the Weapons they took of the *Savoyards*, *Florentines*, and *French* in the several Battels that are mention'd in their History. In this of *Bern* you have the Figure and Armour of the Count that founded the Town, of the Famous *Tell*, who is represented as shooting at the Apple on his Son's Head. The Story is too well known to be repeated in this Place. I here likewise saw the Figure and Armour of him that headed the Peasants in the War upon *Bern*, with the several Weapons that were found in the Hands of his Followers. They show too abundance of Arms that they took from the *Burgundians* in the Three great Battels that establish'd 'em in their Liberty, and that destroy'd the Great Duke of *Burgundy* himself,  
with

with the bravest of his Subjects. I saw nothing remarkable in the Chambers where the Council meet, nor in the Fortifications of the Town. These last were made on Occasion of the Peasants Insurrection, to defend the Place for the future against the like sudden Assaults. In their Library I observ'd a couple of antique Figures in Metal, of a Priest pouring Wine between the Horns of a Bull. The Priest is veil'd after the manner of the old Roman Sacrificers, and is represented in the same Action that *Virgil* describes in the Third *Æneid*.

*Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima  
Dido  
Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit.*

This Antiquity was found at *Lausanne*.

The Town of *Bern* is extremely well furnish'd with Water, there being a great Multitude of handsome Fountains

tains planted at set Distances from one End of the Streets to the other. There is indeed no Country in the World better supply'd with Water, than the several Parts of *Switzerland* that I travell'd through. One meets every where in the Roads with Fountains continually running into huge Troughs that stand underneath 'em, which is wonderfully commodious in a Country that so much abounds with Horses and Cattle. It has so many Springs that break out of the Sides of the Hills, and such vast Quantities of Wood to make Pipes of, that it is no Wonder they are so well stock'd with Fountains. On the Road between *Bern* and *Soleurre* there is a Monument erected by the Republick of *Bern*, which tells us the Story of an *Engliss* Man, that is not to be met with in any of our own Writers. The Inscription is in *Latin* Verse on one side of the Stone, and in *German* on the other. I had not Time to Copy  
it,



it, but the Substance of it is this.  
 “ One *Cuffinus*, an *English* Man, to  
 “ whom the Duke of *Austria* had  
 “ given his Sister in Marriage, came  
 “ to take her from among the *Swiss*  
 “ by Force of Arms, but after having  
 “ ravag’d the Country for some time,  
 “ he was here overthrown by the  
 “ Canton of *Bern*. *Soleurre* is our  
 next considerable Town, that seem’d  
 to me to have a greater Air of Polite-  
 ness than any I saw in *Switzerland*. The  
*French* Ambassador has his Residence  
 in this Place. His Master contributed  
 a Noble Sum of Mony to the Jesuit’s  
 Church, which is not yet quite finish’d.  
 It is the finest Modern Building in  
*Switzerland*. The old Cathedral Church  
 stood not far from it. At the Ascent  
 that leads to it are a couple of antique  
 Pillars that belong’d to an old Hea-  
 then Temple, Dedicated to *Hermes*:  
 They seem *Tuscan* by their Proportion.  
 The whole Fortification of *Soleurre* is  
 fac’d with Marble. But its best Forti-

fications are the high Mountains that lye within its Neighbourhood, and separate it from the *Franche Comptè*. The next Days Journey carry'd us through other Parts of the Canton of *Bern*, to the little Town of *Meldingen*. I was surpriz'd to find in all my Road through *Switzerland*, the Wine that grows in the Country of *Vaud* on the Borders of the Lake of *Geneva*, which is extreamly cheap, notwithstanding that great Distance between the Vineyards and the Towns that sell the Wine. But the Navigable Rivers of *Switzerland* are as commodious to 'em in this Respect, as the Sea is to the *English*. As soon as the Vintage is over, they Ship off their Wine upon the Lake, which furnishes all the Towns that lye upon its Borders. What they design for other Parts of the Country they unload at *Vevey*, and after about half a Days Land-Carriage convey it into the River *Aar*, that brings it down the

Stream

Stream to *Bern*, *Soleurre*, and, in a Word, distributes it through all the richest Parts of *Switzerland*; as it is easie to guess from the first sight of the Map, which shows us the natural Communication that Providence has form'd between the many Rivers and Lakes of a Country that is at so great a distance from the Sea. The Canton of *Bern* is reckon'd as powerful as all the rest together. They can send a Hundred Thousand Men into the Field; tho' the Soldiers of the Catholick Cantons, who are much poorer, and therefore forc'd to enter oftner into Foreign Armies, are more esteem'd than the Protestants. We lay a Night at *Meldingen*, which is a little *Roman* Catholick Town with one Church, and no Convent. It is a Republick of it self under the Protection of the Eight ancient Cantons. There are in it a Hundred Bourgeois, and about a Thousand Souls. Their Government is modell'd after the same

manner with that of the Cantons, as much as so small a Community can imitate those of so large an Extent. For this Reason, though they have very little Business to do, they have all the Variety of Councils and Officers that are to be met with in the greater States. They have a Town-House to meet in, adorn'd with the Arms of the Eight Cantons their Protectors. They have Three Councils, the Great Council of Fourteen, the Little Council of Ten, and the Privy Council of Three. The chief of the State are the Two Avoyers: When I was there the Reigning Avoyer, or Doge of the Commonwealth, was Son to the Inn where I was lodg'd. His Father having enjoy'd the same Honours before him. His Revenue amounts to about Thirty Pound a Year. The several Councils meet every *Thursday* upon Affairs of State, such as the Reparation of a Trough, the mending of a Pavement, or any the

the like Matters of Importance. The River that runs through their Dominions puts 'em to the Charge of a very large Bridge, that is all made of Wood, and coped over Head, like the rest in *Switzerland*. Those that Travel over it pay a certain Due towards the Maintenance of this Bridge. And as the *French* Ambassador has often occasion to pass this way, his Master gives the Town a Pension of Twenty Pound Sterling, which makes them extreamly industrious to raise all the Men they can for his Service, and keeps this powerful Republick firm to the *French* Interest. You may be sure the preserving of the Bridge, with the Regulation of the Dues that arise from it, is the grand Affair that cuts out Employment for the several Councils of State. They have a small Village that belongs to 'em, whither they punctually send a Bailiff for the Distribution of Justice; in Imitation still of the Great Cantons. There are

Three other Towns that have the same Privileges and Protectors.

We Dined the next Day at *Zurich*, that is prettily situated on the Out-let of the Lake, and is reckon'd the handsomest Town in *Switzerland*. The chief Places that are shown to Strangers are the Arsenal, the Library, and the Town-House. This last is but lately finish'd, and is a very fine Pile of Building. The Frontispiece has Pillars of a beautiful Black Marble streak'd with White, that is found in the neighbouring Mountains. The Chambers for the several Councils, with the other Apartments are extreamly neat. The whole Building is indeed so well design'd, that it would make a good Figure even in *Italy*. It is pity they have spoil'd the Beauty of the Walls with abundance of childish *Latin* Sentences, that consist often in a Jingle of Words. I have indeed observ'd in several Inscriptions of this Country, that your Men of Learning here are  
extreamly

extreamly delighted in playing little Tricks with Words and Figures; for your *Swiss* Wits are not yet got out of Anagram and Acrostick. The Library is a very large Room, pretty well fill'd. Over it is another Room furnish'd with several artificial and natural Curiosities. I saw in it a huge Map of the whole Country of *Zurich* drawn with a Pensil, where they see every particular Fountain and Hillock in their Dominions. I ran over their Cabinet of Medals, but don't remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The Arsenal is better than that of *Bern*, and they say has Arms for Thirty Thousand Men. At about a Days Journey from *Zurich* we enter'd on the Territories of the Abbot of *St. Gaul*. They are Four Hours Riding in Breadth, and Twelve in Length. The Abbot can raise in it an Army of Twelve Thousand Men well arm'd and exercis'd. He is Sovereign of the whole Country, and

under the Protection of the Cantons of *Zurich, Lucerne, Glaris* and *Switz*. He is always chosen out of the Abby of *Benedictus* at *St. Gaul*. Every Father and Brother of the Convent has a Voice in the Election, which must afterwards be confirm'd by the Pope. The last Abbot was Cardinal *Sfondrati*, who was advanc'd to the Purple about Two Years before his Death. The Abbot takes the Advice and Consent of his Chapter before he enters on any Matter of Importance, as the levying of a Tax, or declaring of a War. His chief Lay-Officer is the *Grand Maitre d'Hotel*, or High Steward of the Household, who is nam'd by the Abbot, and has the Management of all Affairs under him. There are several other Judges and Distributers of Justice appointed for the several Parts of his Dominions, from whom there always lyes an Appeal to the Prince. His Residence is generally at the *Benedictine* Convent at *St. Gaul*,

not-



notwithstanding the Town of *St. Gaul* is a little Protestant Republick, wholly independent of the Abbot, and under the Protection of the Cantons.

One would wonder to see so many rich Bourgeois in the Town of *St. Gaul*, and so very few poor People in a Place that has scarce any Lands belonging to it, and little or no Income but what arises from its Trade. But the great Support and Riches of this little State is its Linnen Manufacture, which employs almost all Ages and Conditions of its Inhabitants. The whole Country about 'em furnishes 'em with vast Quantities of Flax, out of which they are said to make yearly Forty Thousand Pieces of Linnen Cloath, reckoning Two Hundred Ells to the Piece. Some of their Manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in *Holland*; for they have Excellent Artizans, and great Commodities for Whitening. All the Fields about the Town were so cover'd with  
their

their Manufacture, that coming in the Dusk of the Evening we mistook 'em for a Lake. They send off their Works upon Mules into *Italy, Spain, Germany*, and all the adjacent Countries. They reckon in the Town of *St. Gaul*, and in the Houses that lye scatter'd about it, near Ten Thousand Souls, of which there are Sixteen Hundred Burgeois. They chuse their Councils and Burgo-Masters out of the Body of the Burgeois, as in the other Governments of *Switzerland*, which are every where of the same Nature, the difference lying only in the Numbers of such as are employ'd in State Affairs, which are proportion'd to the Grandeur of the States that employ 'em. The Abby and the Town have a great Aversion for one another; but in the General Diet of the Cantons their Representatives sit together, and Act by Concert. The Abbot deposes his *Grand Maitre d'Hotel*, and the Town one of its Burgo-Masters. A-  
bout

about Four Years ago the Town and Abby had come to an open Rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the Interposition of their common Protectors. The Occasion was this, A *Benedictine* Monk, in one of their annual Processions, carry'd his Cross erected through the Town with a Train of Three or Four Thousand Peasants following him. They had no sooner enter'd the Convent but the whole Town was in a Tumult, occasion'd by the Insolence of the Priest, who, contrary to all Precedents, had presum'd to carry his Cross in that manner. The Burgeois immediately put themselves in Arms, and drew down Four Pieces of their Cannon to the Gates of the Convent. The Procession to escape the Fury of the Citizens durst not return by the Way it came, but after the Devotions of the Monks were finish'd, pass'd out at a Back-door of the Convent, that immediately led into the Abbot's Terri-

Territories. The Abbot on his Part raises an Army, blocks up the Town on the Side that faces his Dominions, and forbids his Subjects to furnish it with any of their Commodities. While things were just ripe for a War, the Cantons, their Protectors, interpos'd as Umpires in the Quarrel, condemning the Town that had appear'd too forward in the Dispute to a Fine of Two Thousand Crowns; and Enacting at the same time, That as soon as any Procession enter'd their Walls, the Priest should let the Cross hang about his Neck without touching it with either Hand, 'till he came within the Precincts of the Abby. The Citizens could bring into the Field near Two Thousand Men well exercis'd, and arm'd to the best Advantage, with which they fancy they could make Head against Twelve or Fifteen Thousand Peasants, for so many the Abbot could easily raise in his Territories. But the Protestant Subjects

jects of the Abby, which they say make up a good Third of its People, would probably, in case of a War, abandon the Cause of their Prince for that of their Religion. The Town of *St. Gaul* has an Arsenal, Library, Town-Houses, and Churches proportionable to the Bigness of the State. It is well enough fortify'd to resist any sudden Attack, and to give the Cantons time to come to their Assistance. The Abby is by no means so Magnificent as one would expect from its Endowments. The Church is one huge Nef with a double Aisle to it. At each End is a large Quire. The one of 'em is supported by vast Pillars of Stone, cas'd over with a Composition that looks the most like Marble of any thing one can imagine. On the Cieling and Walls of the Church are Lists of Saints, Martyrs, Popes, Cardinals, Arch-Bishops, Kings and Queens that have been of the *Benedictine* Order. There are several Pictures of such as  
have

have been distinguish'd by their Birth, Sanctity, or Miracles, with Inscriptions that let you into the Name and History of the Persons represented. I have often wish'd that some Traveller would take the Pains to gather together all the Modern Inscriptions that are to be met with in *Roman* Catholick Countries, as *Gruter* and others have copy'd out the ancient Heathen Monuments. Had we Two or Three Volumes of this Nature, without any of the Collector's own Reflections, I am sure there is nothing in the World could give a truer Idea of the *Roman* Catholick Religion, nor expose more the Pride, Vanity and Self-Interest of Convents, the Abuse of Indulgencies, the Folly and Impertinence of Votaries, and in short the Superstition, Credulity, and Childishness of the *Roman* Catholick Religion. One might fill several Sheets at *St. Gaul*, as there are few considerable Convents or Churches that would not afford large Contributions.

As

As the King of *France* distributes his Pensions through all the Parts of *Switzerland*, the Town and Abby of *St. Gaul* come in too for their Share. To the First he gives Five Hundred Crowns *per Annum*, and to the other a Thousand. This Pension has not been paid these Three Years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of *Anjou* for King of *Spain*. The Town and Abby of *St. Gaul* carry a Bear for their Arms. The *Roman* Catholicks have this Bear's Memory in very great Veneration, and represent him as the first Convert their Saint made in the Country. One of the learnedst of the *Benedictine* Monks gave me the following History of him, which he deliver'd to me with Tears of Affection in his Eyes. *St. Gaul* it seems, whom they call the great Apostle of *Germany*, found all this Country little better than a vast Desert. As he was walking in it on a very cold Day he chanc'd to meet a Bear in his Way.

The

The Saint, instead of being startled at the Rencounter, order'd the Bear to bring him a Bundle of Wood, and make him a Fire. The Bear serv'd him to the best of his Ability, and at his Departure was commanded by the Saint to retire into the very Depth of the Woods, and there to pass the rest of his Life without ever hurting Man or Beast. From this time, says the Monk, the Bear liv'd irreproachably, and observ'd to his dying Day the Orders that the Saint had given him.

I have often consider'd, with a great deal of Pleasure, the profound Peace and Tranquillity that reigns in *Switzerland* and its Alliances. It is very wonderful to see such a Knot of Governments, that are so divided among themselves in Matters of Religion, maintain so uninterrupted an Union and Correspondence, that no one of 'em is for Invading the Rights of another, but remains content within the Bounds of its First Establishment.

This,



This, I think, must be chiefly ascrib'd to the Nature of the People, and the Constitution of their Governments. Were the *Swiss* animated by Zeal or Ambition, some or other of their States would immediately break in upon the rest; or were the States so many Principalities, they might often have an ambitious Sovereign at the Head of 'em, that would embroil his Neighbours, and sacrifice the Repose of his Subjects to his own Glory. But as the Inhabitants of these Countries are naturally of a heavy Phlegmatick Temper, if any of their Leading Members have more Fire and Spirit than comes to their Share, it is quickly temper'd by the Coldness and Moderation of the rest that sit at the Helm with 'em. To this we may add, that the *Alps* is the worst Spot of Ground in the World to make Conquests in, a great Part of its Governments being so naturally intrench'd among Woods and Mountains. How-

ever it be, we find no such Disorders among 'em as one would expect in such a Multitude of States; for as soon as any Publick Rupture happens, it is immediately clos'd up by the Moderation and good Offices of the rest that interpose.

As all the considerable Governments among the *Alps* are Commonwealths, so indeed it is a Constitution the most adapted of any other to the Poverty and Barrenness of these Countries. We may see only in a neighbouring Government the ill Consequences of having a Despotic Prince, in a State that is most of it compos'd of Rocks and Mountains; for notwithstanding there is a vast Extent of Lands, and many of 'em better than those of the *Swiss* and *Grisons*, the common People, among the latter, are much more at their Ease, and in a greater Affluence of all the Conveniencies of Life. A Prince's Court eats too much into the Income of a poor State, and generally introduces

a kind of Luxury and Magnificence, that sets every particular Person upon making a higher Figure in his Station than is generally consistent with his Revenue.

It is the great Endeavour of the several Cantons of *Switzerland*, to banish from among them every thing that looks like Pomp or Superfluity. To this End the Ministers are always Preaching, and the Governors putting out Edicts against Dancing, Gaming, Entertainments, and fine Cloaths. This is become more necessary in some of the Governments, since there are so many Refugees settled among them; for tho' the Protestants in *France* affect ordinarily a greater Plainness and Simplicity of Manners, than those of the same Quality that are of the *Roman* Catholick Communion, they have however too much of their Country-Gallantry for the Genius and Constitution of *Switzerland*. Should Dressing, Feasting, and Balls once get

among the Cantons, their Military Roughness would be quickly lost, their Tempers would grow too soft for their Climate, and their Expences out-run their Incomes, besides that the Materials for their Luxury must be brought from other Nations, which would immediately ruin a Country that has few Commodities of its own to export, and is not over-stock'd with Money. Luxury indeed wounds a Republick in its very Vitals, as its natural Consequences are Rapine, Avarice and Injustice; for the more Money a Man spends, the more must he endeavour to augment his Stock; which at last sets the Liberty and Votes of a Common-wealth to Sale, if they find any Foreign Power that is able to pay the Price of 'em. We see no where the pernicious Effects of Luxury on a Republick more than in that of the ancient *Romans*, who immediately found it self poor as soon as this Vice got Footing among 'em, though

though they were possess'd of all the Riches in the World. We find in the Beginnings and Increases of their Common-wealth strange Instances of the Contempt of Mony, because indeed they were utter Strangers to the Pleasures that might be procur'd by it; or in other Words, because they were wholly ignorant of the Arts of Luxury. But as soon as they once enter'd into a Taste of Pleasure, Politeness and Magnificence, they fell into a Thousand Violences, Conspiracies, and Divisions that threw 'em into all the Disorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter Subversion of the Common-wealth. It is no wonder therefore that the poor Common-wealths of *Switzerland* are ever labouring at the Suppression and Prohibition of every thing that may introduce Vanity and Luxury. Besides the several Fines that are set upon Plays, Games, Balls and Feastings,

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they

they have many Customs among 'em that very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient Simplicity. The Bourgeois, that are at the Head of the Governments, are oblig'd to appear at all their publick Assemblies in a Black Cloak and a Band. The Womens Dress is very plain, those of the best Quality wearing nothing on their Heads generally but Furs, that are to be met with in their own Country. The Persons of different Qualities in both Sexes are indeed allow'd their different Ornaments, but these are generally such as are by no means costly, being rather design'd as Marks of Distinction than to make a Figure. The chief Officers of *Bern*, for Example, are known by the Crowns of their Hats, which are much deeper than those of an inferior Character. The Peasants are generally cloath'd in a coarse kind of Canvas, that is the Manufacture  
of

of the Country. Their Holy-day Cloaths go from Father to Son, and are seldom worn out, 'till the Second or Third Generation: So that it is a common thing enough to see a Countryman in the Doublet and Breeches of his Great-grand-father.

*Geneva* is much politer than *Switzerland*, or any of its Allies, and is therefore look'd upon as the Court of the *Alps*, whither the Protestant Cantons often send their Children to improve themselves in Language and Education. The *Genevois* have been very much refin'd, or as others will have it, corrupted by the Conversation of the *French* Protestants, who make up almost a Third of their People. It is certain they have very much forgotten the Advice that *Calvin* gave 'em in a great Council a little before his Death, who recommended to 'em, above all Things, an Exemplary Modesty and Humility,

and as great a Simplicity in their Manners as in their Religion. Whether or no they have done well, to set up for making another kind of Figure, Time will witness. There are several that fancy the great Sums they have remitted into *Italy*, though they make their present Court to the King of *France*, may sometime or other give him an Inclination to become the Master of so wealthy a City. As this Collection of little States abounds more in Pasturage than in Corn, they are all provided with their publick Granaries, and have the Humanity to furnish one another in publick Exigencies, when the Scarcity is not Universal. As the Administration of Affairs, that relate to these publick Granaries, is not very different in any of the particular Governments, I shall content my self to set down the Rules that are observ'd in it by the little Common-wealth of *Geneva*, in which



which I had more Time to inform my self of the Particulars than in any other. There are Three of the Little Council deputed for this Office. They are oblig'd to keep together a Provision sufficient to feed the People at least Two Years, in case of War or Famine. They must take care to fill their Magazines in Times of the greatest Plenty, that so they may afford it at a cheaper Price, and increase the publick Revenue at a small Expence of its Members. None of the Three Managers must, upon any Pretence, furnish the Granaries from his own Fields, that so they may have no Temptation to pay too great a Price, or put any bad Corn upon the Publick. They must buy up no Corn that grows within Twelve Miles of *Geneva*, that so the filling of their Magazines may not prejudice their Market, and raise the Price of their Provisions at Home. That  
such

such a Collection of Corn may not spoil in keeping, all the Inns and Publick-Houses are oblig'd to furnish themselves out of it, by which means is rais'd the most considerable Branch of the publick Revenues ; the Corn being sold out at a much dearer Rate than 'tis bought up. So that the greatest Income of the Commonwealth, that pays the Pensions of most of its Officers and Ministers, is rais'd on Strangers and Travellers, or such of their own Body as have Mony enough to spend at Taverns and Publick-Houses.

It is the Custom in *Geneva* and *Switzerland* to divide their Estates equally among all their Children, by which means every one lives at his Ease without growing dangerous to the Republick, for as soon as an overgrown Estate falls into the Hands of one that has many Children, it is broken into so many Portions as  
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render the Sharers of it Rich enough, without raising 'em too much above the Level of the rest. This is absolutely necessary in these little Republicks, where the Rich Merchants live very much within their Estates, and by heaping up vast Sums from Year to Year might become formidable to the rest of their Fellow-Citizens, and break the Equality, which is so necessary in these kinds of Governments, were there not means found out to distribute their Wealth among several Members of their Common-wealth. At *Geneva*, for Instance, are Merchants reckon'd worth Twenty Hundred Thousand Crowns, though, perhaps, there is not one of 'em that spends to the value of Five Hundred Pounds a Year.

Tho' the Protestants and Papists know very well that it is their common Interest to keep a steady Neutrality

trality in all the Wars between the States of *Europe*, they can't forbear siding with a Party in their Discourse. The Catholicks are zealous for the *French* King, as the Protestants don't a little glory in the Riches, Power, and good Success of the *English* and *Dutch*, whom they look upon as the Bulwarks of the Reformation. The Ministers, in particular, have often preach'd against such of their Fellow-Subjects as enter into the Troops of the *French* King; but so long as the *Swiss* see their Interest in it, their Poverty will always hold 'em fast to his Service. They have indeed the Exercise of their Religion, and their Ministers with 'em, which is the more remarkable, because the very same Prince refus'd even those of the Church of *England*, that follow'd their Master to *St. Germans*, the publick Exercise of their Religion. Before I leave *Switzerland* I can't but observe, that

that the Notion of Witchcraft reigns very much in this Country. I have often been tir'd with Accounts of this Nature from very sensible Men, that are most of 'em furnish'd with Matters of Fact which have happen'd, as they pretend, within the compass of their own Knowledge. It is certain there have been many Executions on this Account, as in the Canton of *Bern* there were some put to Death during my Stay at *Geneva*. The People are so universally infatuated with the Notion, that if a Cow falls sick 'tis Ten to One but an Old Woman is clapt up in Prison for it, and if the poor Creature chance to think her self a Witch, or has any thing like a Teat more than ordinary about her, the whole Country is for hanging her up without Mercy. One finds indeed the same Humour prevail in most of the rocky barren Parts of *Europe*.  
Whe-

Whether it be that Poverty and Ignorance, which are generally the Products of these Countries, may really engage a Wretch in such dark Practices, or whether or no the same Principles may not render the People too credulous, and perhaps too willing to get rid of some of their unprofitable Members.

A great Affair that employs the *Swiss* Politicks at present is the Prince of *Conti's* Succession to the Dutches of *Nemours* in the Government of *Neuf-Chatel*. The Inhabitants of *Neuf-Chatel* can by no means think of submitting themselves to a Prince who is a *Roman* Catholick, and a Subject of *France*. They were very attentive to his Conduct in the Principality of *Orange*, which they did not question but he would Rule with all the Mildness and Moderation imaginable, as it would be the best Means in the World to recommend him

him to *Neuf-Chatel*. But notwithstanding it was so much his Interest to manage his Protestant Subjects in that Country, and the strong Assurances he had given 'em in protecting 'em in all their Privileges, and particularly in the free Exercise of their Religion, he made over his Principality in a very little time for a Sum of Mony to the King of *France*. It is indeed generally believ'd the Prince of *Conti* would rather still have kept his Title to *Orange*, but the same Respect that made him quit this Government, might at another time tempt him to give up that of *Neuf-Chatel* on the like Conditions. The King of *Prussia* lays in his Claim for *Neuf-Chatel*, as he did for the Principality of *Orange*, and 'tis probable would be more acceptable to the Inhabitants than the other, but they are generally dispos'd to declare themselves a Free Common-wealth, after  
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the Death of the Dutchess of *Nemours*, if the *Swiss* will support 'em. The Protestant Cantons seem very much inclin'd to assist 'em, which they may very well do in case the Dutchess dies whilst the King of *France* has his Hands so full of Business on all sides of him. It certainly very much concerns 'em not to suffer the King of *France* to Establish his Authority on this side Mount *Jura*, and on the very Borders of their Country; but it is not easie to foresee what a round Sum of Mony, or the Fear of a Rupture with *France*, may do among a People that have tamely suffer'd the *Franche Comptè* to be seiz'd on, and a Fort to be built within Cannon-shot of one of their Cantons.

There is a new Sect sprung up in *Switzerland*, that spreads very much in the Protestant Cantons. The Professors of it call themselves *Pietists*,  
and



and as Enthusiasm carries Men generally to the like Extravagancies, they differ but little from several Sectaries in other Countries. They pretend in general to great Refinements, as to what regards the Practice of Christianity, and to observe the following Rules. To retire much from the Conversation of the World. To sink themselves into an entire Repose and Tranquillity of Mind. In this State of Silence to attend the secret Illapse and Flowings in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their Minds with Peace and Consolation, Joys or Raptures. To favour all his secret Intimations, and give themselves up entirely to his Conduct and Direction, so as neither to speak, move, or act, but as they find his Impulse on their Souls. To retrench themselves within the Conveniencies and Necessities of Life. To make a Covenant with all their Senses, so far as to shun

the Smell of a Rose or Violet, and to turn away their Eyes from a beautiful Prospect. To avoid, as much as is possible, what the World calls Innocent Pleasures, lest they should have their Affections tainted by any Sensuality, and diverted from the Love of him who is to be the only Comfort, Repose, Hope and Delight of their whole Beings. This Sect prevails very much amongst the Protestants of *Germany*, as well as those of *Switzerland*, and has occasion'd several Edicts against it in the Dutchy of *Saxony*. The Professors of it are accus'd of all the ill Practices that may seem to be the Consequence of their Principles, as that they ascribe the worst of Actions which their own vicious Tempers throw 'em upon to the Dictates of the Holy Spirit; that both Sexes under Pretence of Devout Conversation visit one another at all Hours, and in all Places, without any

any regard to common Decency, often making their Religion a Cover for their Immoralities; and that the very best of 'em are possess'd with Spiritual Pride, and a Contempt for all such as are not of their own Sect. The *Roman* Catholicks, who reproach the Protestants for their breaking into such a Multitude of Religions, have certainly taken the most effectual way in the World for the keeping their Flock together; I don't mean the Punishments they inflict on Mens Persons, which are commonly look'd upon as the great Methods by which they deter 'em from breaking through the Pale of the Church, though certainly these lay a very great Restraint on those of the *Roman* Catholick Persuasion. But I take one great Cause why there are so few Sects in the Church of *Rome*, to be the Multitude of Convents with which they every where

L 1 2                      abound,

abound, that serve as Receptacles for all those fiery Zealots that would set the Church in a Flame, were not they got together in these Houses of Devotion. All Men of dark Tempers, according to their Degree of Melancholy or Enthusiasm, may find Convents fitted to their Humours, and meet with Companions as gloomy as themselves. So that what the Protestants would call a Fanatick, is in the *Roman* Church a Religious of such or such an Order; as I have been told of an *English* Merchant at *Lisbon*, that after some great Disappointments in the World was resolv'd to turn Quaker or Capucin; for in the Change of Religion Men don't so much consider the Principles, as the Practice of those to whom they go over.

From *St. Gaul* I took Horse to the Lake of *Constance*, that lyes at Two Leagues Distance from it, and is form'd by the Entry of the *Rhine*.

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This is the only Lake in *Europe* that disputes for Greatness with that of *Geneva*; it appears more beautiful to the Eye, but wants the fruitful Fields and Vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its Name from *Constance*, the chief Town on its Banks. When the Cantons of *Bern* and *Zurick* propos'd, at a general Diet, the Incorporating *Geneva* in the Number of the Cantons, the *Roman* Catholick Party, fearing the Protestant Interest might receive by it too great a Strengthening, propos'd at the same time the Incantoning of *Constance*, as a Counterpoise; to which the Protestants not consenting, the whole Project fell to the Ground. We cross'd the Lake to *Lindaw*, and in several Parts of it observ'd abundance of little Bubbles of Air, that came working upward from the very Bottom of the Lake. The Watermen told us, that they are observ'd always

to rise in the same Places, from whence they conclude 'em to be so many Springs that break out of the Bottom of the Lake. *Lindaw* is an Imperial Town on a little Island that lyes at about Three Hundred Paces from the firm Land, to which it is join'd by a huge Bridge of Wood. The Inhabitants were all in Arms when we pass'd through it, being under great Apprehensions of the Duke of *Bavaria*, after his having fallen upon *Ulm* and *Memminghen*. They flatter themselves, that by cutting their Bridge they could hold out against his Army: But, in all probability, a Shower of Bombs would quickly reduce the Burgeois to Surrender. They were formerly Bombarded by *Gustavus Adolphus*. We were advis'd, by our Merchants, by no means to venture our selves in the Duke of *Bavaria's* Country, so that we had the Mortification to lose the Sight of *Munich*,  
*Ausburg*,

*Ausburg*, and *Ratisbon*, and were forc'd to take our Way to *Vienna* through the *Tirol*, where we had very little to Entertain us besides the natural Face of the Country.

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TIROL,

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T I R O L,  
I N S P R U C K,  
H A L L, &c.

AFTER having coasted the *Alps* for some time, we at last enter'd 'em by a Passage that leads into the long Valley of the *Tirol*, and following the Course of the River *Inn* we came to *Inspruck*, that receives its Name from this River, and is the Capital City of the *Tirol*.

*Inspruck*



*Inspruck* is a handsome Town, tho' not a great one, and was formerly the Residence of the Arch-Dukes who were Counts of *Tirol*: The Palace where they us'd to keep their Court is rather Convenient than Magnificent. The great Hall is indeed a very noble Room, the Walls of it are painted in *Fresco*, and represent the Labours of *Hercules*. Many of 'em look very finely, tho' a great part of the Work has been crack'd by Earthquakes, which are very frequent in this Country. There is a little Wooden Palace that borders on the other, whither the Court us'd to retire at the first shake of an Earthquake. I saw here the largest Manege that I have met with any where else. At one End of it is a great Partition design'd for an Opera. They show'd us also a very pretty Theater. The last Comedy that was acted on it was design'd by the Jesuits for the Entertainment of the Queen of the *Romans*,  
who

who pass'd this way from *Hanover* to *Vienna*. The Compliment which the Fathers made her Majesty on this Occasion was very particular, and did not a little expose 'em to the Raillery of the Court. For the Arms of *Hanover* being a Horse, the Fathers thought it a very pretty Allusion to represent the Queen by *Bucephalus*, that would let no Body get upon him but *Alexander* the Great. The Wooden Horse that acted this notable Part is still to be seen behind the Scenes. In one of the Rooms of the Palace that is hung with the Pictures of several Illustrious Persons, they show'd us the Portrait of *Mary* Queen of the *Scots*, who was beheaded in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. The Gardens about the House are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of 'em a beautiful Statue in Brass of an Arch-Duke *Leopold* on Horseback. There are near it Twelve other Figures of Water-Nymphs and River-Gods

Gods that are well Cast, and as big as the Life. They were design'd for the Ornaments of a Water-Work, as one might easily make a great Variety of Jetteaus at a small Expence in a Garden that has the River *Inn* running by its Walls. The late Duke of *Lorain* had this Palace, and the Government of the *Tirol* assign'd him by the Emperor, and his Lady the Queen Dowager of *Poland* liv'd here several Years after the Death of the Duke her Husband. There are cover'd Galleries that lead from the Palace to Five different Churches. I pass'd through a very long one that reaches to the Church of the *Capucin* Convent, where the Duke of *Lorain* us'd often to assist at their Mid-night Devotions. They show'd us in this Convent the Apartments of *Maximilian*, who was Arch-Duke and Count of *Tirol* about Fourscore Years ago. This Prince at the same time that he kept the Government in his Hands, liv'd  
in

in this Convent with all the Rigor and Austerity of a *Capucin*. His Anti-Chamber and Room of Audience are little square Chambers Wain-coated. His private Lodgings are Three or Four small Rooms fac'd with a kind of Fret-work, that makes 'em look like little Hollow Caverns in a Rock. They preserve this Apartment of the Convent uninhabited, and shew in it the Altar, Bed and Stove, as likewise a Picture and a Stamp of this Devout Prince. The Church of the *Franciscan* Convent is famous for the Monument of the Emperor *Maximilian* the First that stands in the midst of it. It was erected to him by his Grand-Son *Ferdinand* the First, who probably look'd upon this Emperor as the Founder of the *Austrian* Greatness. For as by his own Marriage he annex'd the Low-Countries to the House of *Austria*, so by matching his Son to *Joan* of *Arragon* he settled on his Posterity the King-

Kingdom of *Spain*, and by the Marriage of his Grand-Son *Ferdinand* got into his Family the Kingdoms of *Bohemia* and *Hungary*. This Monument is only Honorary, for the Ashes of the Emperor lye elsewhere. On the Top of it is a Brazen Figure of *Maximilian* on his Knees, and on the Sides of it a beautiful *Bas Relief* that represents the Actions of this Prince. His whole History is digested into Twenty Four square Pannels of Sculpture in *Bas Relief* : The Subject of Two of 'em is his Confederacy with *Henry* the Eighth, and the Wars they made together upon *France*. On each Side of this Monument is a Row of very noble Brazen Statues much bigger than the Life, most of 'em representing such as were some way or other related to *Maximilian*. Among the rest is one that the Fathers of the Convent tell us represents King *Arthur* the old *British* King. But what Relation had that *Arthur* to *Maximilian*?

*lian*? I don't question therefore but it was design'd for Prince *Arthur*, Elder Brother of *Henry* the Eighth, who had espous'd *Catharine*, Sister of *Maximilian*, whose Divorce afterwards gave occasion to such signal Revolutions in *England*. This Church was built by *Ferdinand* the First. One sees in it a kind of Offer at Modern Architecture, but at the same time that the Architect has shown his Dislike of the *Gothic* manner, one may see very well that in that Age they were not, at least in this Country, arriv'd at the Knowledge of the true Way. The Portal, for Example, consists of a composite Order unknown to the Ancients; the Ornaments indeed are taken from 'em, but so put together that you see the Volutes of the *Ionic*, the Foliage of the *Corinthian*, and the Uovali of the *Doric* mix'd without any Regularity on the same Capital. So the Vault of the Church, tho' broad enough, is encumber'd with too many

ny little Tricks in Sculpture. It is indeed supported with single Columns instead of those vast Clusters of little Pillars that one meets with in *Gothic* Cathedrals, but at the same time these Columns are of no regular Order, and at least Twice too long for their Diameter. There are other Churches in the Town, and Two or Three Palaces that are of a more Modern Make, and built with a good Fancy. I was shown the little *Notredame* that is handsomly design'd, and topp'd with a Cupola. It was made as an Offering of Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, for having defended the Country of the *Tirol* against the Victorious Arms of *Gustavus Adolphus*, who could not enter this Part of the Empire after having over-run most of the rest. This Temple was therefore built by the Contributions of the whole Country. At about half a League's distance from *Inspruck* stands the Castle of  
*Amras,*

*Amras*, furnish'd with a prodigious quantity of Medals, and many other sorts of Rarities both in Nature and Art, for which I must refer the Reader to Monsieur *Patin's* Account in his Letter to the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, having my self had neither Time or Opportunity to enter into a particular Examination of 'em. From *Inspruck* we came to *Hall*, that lyes at a League distance on the same River. This Place is particularly famous for its Salt-Works. There are in the Neighbourhood vast Mountains of a transparent kind of Rock not unlike Allum, extreamly solid, and as piquant to the Tongue as Salt it self. Four or Five hundred Men are always at Work in these Mountains, where as soon as they have hewn down any quantities of the Rock they let in their Springs and Reservoirs among their Works. The Water eats away and dissolves the Particles of Salt that are mix'd in the Stone, and is convey'd



vey'd by long Troughs and Canals from the Mines to the Town of *Hall*, where 'tis receiv'd in vast Cisterns, and boil'd off from time to time.

They make after the rate of Eight Hundred Loaves a Week, each Loaf Four Hundred Pound Weight. This would raise a great Revenue to the Emperor, were there here such a Tax on Salt as there is in *France*. At present he clears but Two Hundred Thousand Crowns a Year, after having defray'd all the Charges of working it. There are in *Switzerland*, and other Parts of the *Alps*, several of these Quarries of Salt that turn to very little Account, by Reason of the great Quantities of Wood they consume. The Salt-Works at *Hall* have a great Convenience for Fuel that swims down to 'em on the River *Inn*. This River, during its Course through the *Tirol*, is generally shut up between a double Range of Mountains that are most of 'em cover'd with Woods of

Fir-Trees. Abundance of Peasants are employ'd in the hewing down of the largest of these Trees, that after they are Bark'd and cut into Shape are tumbled down from the Mountains into the Stream of the River that carries 'em off to the Salt-Works. At *Inspruck* they take up vast Quantities for the Convents and publick Officers, who have a certain Portion of it allotted 'em by the Emperor, the rest of it passes on to *Hall*. There are generally several Hundred Loads afloat, for they begin to cut above Twenty Five Leagues up the River above *Hall*, and there are other Rivers that flow into the *Inn*, which bring in their Contributions. These Salt-Works, and a Mint that is establish'd at the same Place, have render'd this Town, notwithstanding the Neighbourhood of the Capital City, almost as populous as *Inspruck* it self. The Design of this Mint is to work off part of the Metals that are found in  
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the neighbouring Mountains; where, as we were told, there are Seven Thousand Men in constant Employ. At *Hall* we took a Boat to carry us to *Vienna*. The First Night we lay at *Rottenburg*, where there is a strong Castle above the Town. Count *Serini* is still close Prisoner in this Castle, who, as they told us in the Town, had lost his Senses by his long Imprisonment and Afflictions. The next Day we Din'd at *Kuff-stain*, where there is a Fortrefs on a high Rock above the Town almost inaccessible on all Sides: This being a Frontier Place on the Dutchy of *Bavaria*, where we enter'd after about an Hour's Rowing from *Kuff-stain*. It was the pleasantest Voyage in the World to follow the Windings of this River *Inn* through such a Variety of pleasing Scenes as the Course of it naturally led us. We had sometimes on each Side of us a vast Extent of naked Rocks and Mountains broken into a

Thousand irregular Steeps and Precipices; in other Places we saw a long Forest of Fir-Trees so thick set together, that it was impossible to discover any of the Soil they grew upon, and rising up so regularly one above another, as to give us the View of a whole Wood at once. The time of the Year, that had given the Leaves of the Trees so many different Colours, compleated the Beauty of the Prospect. But as the Materials of a fine Landskip are not always the most profitable to the Owner of 'em, we met with but very little Corn or Pasturage for the Proportion of Earth that we pass'd through, the Lands of the *Tirol* not being able to feed the Inhabitants. This long Valley of the *Tirol* lyes enclos'd on all Sides by the *Alps*, tho' its Dominions shoot out into several Branches that lye among the Breaks and Hollows of the Mountains. It is govern'd by Three Councils residing at *Inspruck*,  
one

one sits upon Life and Death, the other is for Taxes and Impositions, and a third for the common Distributions of Justice. As these Courts regulate themselves by the Orders they receive from the Imperial Court, so in many Cases there are Appeals from 'em to *Vienna*. The Inhabitants of the *Tirol* have many particular Privileges above those of the other Hereditary Countries of the Emperor. For as they are naturally well fortify'd among their Mountains, and at the same time border upon many different Governments, as the *Grisons, Venetians, Swiss, Bavarians, &c.* a severe Treatment might tempt 'em to set up for a Republick, or at least throw themselves under the milder Government of some of their Neighbours. Besides that their Country is poor, and that the Emperor draws considerable Incomes out of its Mines of Salt and Metal. They are these Mines that fill the Country with greater Numbers of People than

it would be able to support without the Importation of Corn from Foreign Parts. The Emperor has Forts and Cittadels at the Entrance of all the Passes that lead into the *Tirol*, which are so advantagiously plac'd upon Rocks and Mountains, that they command all the Vallies and Avenues that lye about 'em. Besides, that the Country it self is cut into so many Hills and Inequalities, as would render it defensible by a very little Army against a numerous Enemy. It was therefore generally thought the Duke of *Bavaria* would not attempt the cutting off any Succours that were sent to Prince *Eugene*; or the forcing his Way through the *Tirol* into *Italy*. The River *Inn*, that had hitherto been shut up among Mountains, passes generally through a wide open Country during all its Course through *Bavaria*, which is a Voyage of Two Days, after the rate of Twenty Leagues a Day.

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